

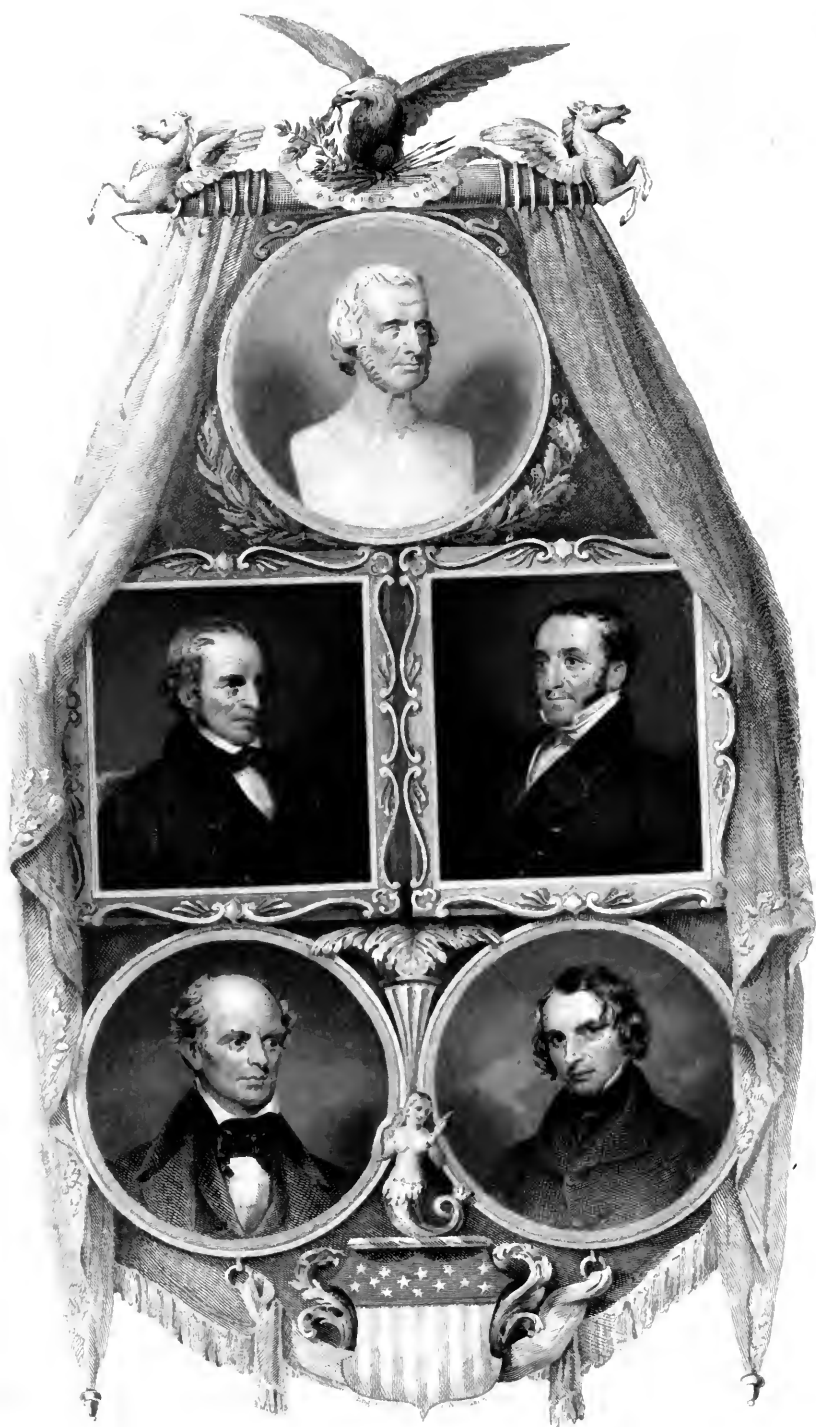


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THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
AMERICA



BY RUFUS WILKINSON GREVILLE.

PHILADELPHIA

GAREY AND HART.



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THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
AMERICA.

WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

HERE THE FREE SPIRIT OF MANKIND AT LENGTH
THROWS ITS LAST FETTERS OFF; AND WHO SHALL PLACE
A LIMIT TO THE GIANT'S UNCHAINED STRENGTH,
OR CURB HIS SWIFTNESS IN THE FORWARD RACE?

BRYANT.

ERE LONG, THINE EVERY STREAM SHALL FIND A TONGUE,
LAND OF THE MANY WATERS!

HOFFMAN.

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:
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TO
WASHINGTON ALLSTON,

THE ELDEST OF THE LIVING POETS OF AMERICA,

AND THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF HER PAINTERS,

This Work

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO THE READER.

THIS work is designed to exhibit the progress and condition of Poetry in the United States. It contains selections from a large number of authors, all of whom have lived in the brief period which has elapsed since the establishment of the national government. Considering the youth of the country, and the many circumstances which have had a tendency to retard the advancement of letters, it speaks well for the past and present, and cheerfully for the future.

Although America has produced many eminent scholars and writers, we have yet but the beginning of a national literature. There have been few greater metaphysicians and theologians than JONATHAN EDWARDS; JAMES MARSH occupies a high rank in philosophy; PRESCOTT belongs to the first class of historians; FRANKLIN, AUDUBON, and WEBSTER have been among the most successful investigators of the sciences; IRVING, COOPER, and HAWTHORNE have composed fictions that will keep green their memories for centuries; CHANNING and EVERETT have won unfading laurels in the departments of polite letters in which they have written; and some whose names are in this book are POETS, in the strictest and highest sense of that term. But how many of them all are free from that vassalage of opinion and style which is produced by a constant study of the literature of that nation whose language we speak, whose manners we adopt, and which was the home of our ancestors, and is the holy land to which our own spirits turn?

It is said that the principles of our fathers are beginning to be regarded with indifference—that love of country is decaying; and that the affections of the people are in the transition state from the simplicity of democracy to the gilded shows of aristocratic government. If it be so, here is the cause: The national tastes and feelings are fashioned by the subjects of kings; and they will continue so to be, until, by an honest and politic system of RECIPROCAL COPYRIGHT, such PROTECTION is given to the native mind as will enable men of the first order of genius to devote themselves to authorship. Literature, not less than wealth, adds to a nation's happiness and greatness; the man of letters should receive as much of the fostering care of the government as is extended to the agriculturist or the manufacturer.

There are, connected with this country, no lack of subjects for poetry and romance. The perilous voyages of the old Norsemen; the sublime heroism of COLUMBUS, his triumphs, and his sufferings; the fall of the Peruvian and Mexican empires; the vast ruins indicating where annihilated nations once had their capitals; the colonization of New England by the Puritans; the belief in witchcraft; the persecutions of the Quakers and Baptists; the wars of PHILIP of Mount Hope; the rise and fall of the French dominion in Canada; the extinction of the great confederacy of the five nations; the settlement of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, by persons of the most varied and picturesque characters; the sublime and poetical mythology of the aborigines; and that grand revolution, resulting in our political independence and the establishment of the democratic principle, which forms for the present a barrier between the traditionary past, and our own time, too familiar to be moulded by the hand of fiction: all abound with themes for the poet. A true creator, with a genius great as JOHN MILTON's, might invent an epic equal to "Paradise Lost," by restoring Palenque and Copan to their meridian splendour, peopling them with a polished and chivalrous race, and describing their decline and final extinction, so that only ruins of temples and palaces, overgrown with trees whose roots penetrate the loam of centuries, tell the brief history that they were and are not.

Turning from the subjects for heroic, to those for descriptive poetry, we have a variety not less extensive and interesting. The mountains of New England and the West; the great inland seas between Itasca and the Saint Lawrence, with their thousand islands; the lesser lakes; the majestic

rivers and their cataracts; the old and limitless forests; the sea-like prairies; the caves in which cities might be hid; the pure and beautiful climate of the north—

Her clear, warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds
 Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eves,
 The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds,
 The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
 That greet his eye in solitude and crowds,
 Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
 Her autumn scenery—

surpassing in gorgeous magnificence all sights in the transatlantic world; and all the varieties of land, lake, river, air, and sky, which lie between the bay of Hudson and the straits of Panama—afford an unbounded diversity of subjects and illustrations for the descriptive poet. No historical associations are needed; a landscape by WIER or COLE would be no more beautiful because the hills or valleys had been crimsoned by battles a thousand years ago; nor would a written picture possess deeper interest for such a reason.

He who looks on Lake George, or sees the sun rise on Mackinaw, or listens to the grand music of a storm, is divested, certainly for a time, of a portion of the alloy of his nature. The elements of power in all sublime sights and heavenly harmonies should live in the poet's song, to which they can be transferred only by him who possesses the creative faculty. The sense of beauty, next to the miraculous divine suasion, is the means through which the human character is purified and elevated. The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, "in words that move in metrical array," is poetry.

This volume embraces specimens from numerous authors; and though it may not contain the names of all who deserve admission, the judicious critic will be more likely to censure me for the wide range of my selections than for any omissions he may discover. In regard to the number of poems I have given from particular writers, it is proper to remark that considerations unconnected with any estimates of their genius have in some cases guided me. The collected works of several poets have been frequently printed, and are already familiar to nearly every American, while poems of much merit, scattered in magazines and other periodicals, unaccompanied by the names of their authors, are comparatively unknown. I have endeavoured to present as much good verse as possible that is new and inaccessible to the general reader.

There is in all this nation hardly a native inhabitant of Saxon origin who cannot read and write. Every house has its book-closet, and every town its public library. The universal prevalence of intelligence, and that self-respect which is imparted by the democratic principle, have caused a great increase of writers. Yet, owing to the absence of a just system of copyright, the rewards of literary exertion are so precarious, that but a small number devote to letters their entire attention. A high degree of excellence, especially in poetry, can be attained only by constant and quiet study and cultivation. With multitudes of verse-writers, we have few poets.

In selecting the specimens in this work, I have regarded humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way, as poetry, though they possess but few of its true elements. So many mistake the form for the divine essence itself, that I might have experienced difficulty in filling so large a volume, had I been governed by a more strict definition. It is a gratifying fact that nearly every thing in the poetic manner produced in this country is free from licentiousness, and harmless, if not elevating in its tendencies. Thus far the chief distinguishing characteristic of American poetry is its moral purity. May it so remain forever.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1842.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A NEW edition of this work having been called for much earlier than was anticipated by the publishers, but little time has been afforded for improvements. A few poems have, however, been added, and such errors as were discovered have been corrected.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1842.

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POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

Introduction.

FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS TO THE REVOLUTION.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE earliest specimens of poetry which I have presented in the body of this work are from the writings of PHILIP FRENEAU, one of those worthies who with both lyre and sword aided in the achievement of the independence of the United States. Before his time but little poetry was written in this country, although from the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth there was at no period a lack of candidates for the poetic laurel. Many of the early colonists were men of erudition, deeply versed in scholastic theology, and familiar with the best ancient literature; but they possessed neither the taste, the fancy, nor the feeling of the poet, and their elaborate metrical compositions are forgotten by all save the antiquary, and by him are regarded as among the least valuable of the relics of the first era of civilization in America.

It is unreasonable to compare the quaint and grotesque absurdities of FOLGER, MATHER, and WIGGLESWORTH with the productions of the first cultivators of the art in older nations; for literature—mental development—had here, in truth, no infancy. The great works of CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, and MILTON were as accessible in their time as now, and the living harmonies of DRYDEN and POPE were borne on every breeze that then fanned the cheek of an Englishman. The bar to progress was that spirit of bigotry—at length broken down by the stronger spirit of freedom—which prevented the cultivation of elegant learning, and regarded as the fruits of profane desire the poet's glowing utterance, strong feeling, delicate fancy, and brilliant imagination. Our fathers were like the labourers of an architect; they planted deep and strong in religious virtue and useful science the foundations of an edifice, not dreaming how great and magnificent it was to be. They did well their part; it was not meet for them to fashion the capitals and adorn the arches of the temple.

The first poem composed in this country was a description of New England, in Latin, by the Reverend WILLIAM MORRELL, who came to Plymouth Colony in 1623, and returned to London in the following year. It has been reprinted, with an English translation made by the author, in the collections of the Massa-

chusetts Historical Society. The first verses by a colonist were written about the year 1630. The name of the author has been lost:

*New England's annoyances, you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly do show them.*

The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that 's fruitful and good:
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below
Being commonly cover'd with ice and with snow:
And when the northwest wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But if any 's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the spring opens, we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroy'd by raccoon and by deer.

And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they 're worn;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish:
And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the clam banks, and *there* we catch fish.
Instead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut tree chips.

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor 's boiling it must have a summing;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

The first book published in British America was "The Psalms in Metre, faithfully Translated, for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New England," printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The version was made by THOMAS WELDE, of Roxbury, RICHARD MATHER, of Dorchester, and JOHN ELIOT, the famous apostle to the Indians. The translators seem

to have been aware that it possessed but little poetical merit. "If," say they, in their preface, "the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language, and DAVID's poetry into English metre." COTTON MATHER laments the inelegance of the version, but declares that the Hebrew was most exactly rendered. After a second edition had been printed, President DUNSTER,* of Harvard College, assisted by Mr. RICHARD LYON, a tutor at Cambridge, attempted to improve it, and in their advertisement to the godly reader they state that they "had special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ and sweetness of the verse." DUNSTER's edition was reprinted twenty-three times in America, and several times in Scotland and England, where it was long used in the dissenting congregations. The following specimen is from the second edition:

PSALM CXXXVII.

The rivers on of Babylon,
There when wee did sit downe,
Yea, even then, wee mourned when
Wee remembered Sion.
Our harp wee did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
Led in captivitee
Requir'd of us a song, and thus
Askt mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
Unto us then they said.
The LORD's song sing can wee, being
In stranger's land? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.
Let cleave my tongue my pallate on
If mind thee doe not I,
If chiefe joyes o're I prize not more
Jerusalem my joy.
Remember, LORD, Edom's sons' word,
Unto the ground, said they,
It rase, it rase, when as it was
Jerusalem her day.
Blest shall he be that payeth thee,
Daughter of Babylon,
Who must be waste, that which thou hast
Rewarded us upon.
O happie hee shall surely bee
That taketh up, that eke
Thy little ones against the stones
Doth into pieces breake.

Mrs. ANNE BRADSTREET, "the mirror of her

* THOMAS DUNSTER was the first president of Harvard College, and was inaugurated on the twenty-seventh of

age, and glory of her sex," as she is styled by JOHN NORTON, of excellent memory, came to America with her husband, SIMON BRADSTREET, governor of the colony, in 1630, when she was but sixteen years of age. She was a daughter of Governor DUDLEY, a miserly, though a "valorous and discreet gentleman," for whom Governor BELCHER wrote the following epitaph:

"Here lies THOMAS DUDLEY, that trusty old stud—
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good."

Mrs. BRADSTREET's verses were printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The volume was entitled, "Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian; and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning, to the end of the last King; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems." NORTON declares her poetry so fine that, were MARO to hear it, he would condemn his own works to the fire; and in a poetical description of her character says—

Her breast was a brave pallace, a broad street,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had tane
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane.

The author of the "Magnalia" speaks of her poems as a "monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marble;" and JOHN ROGERS, one of the presidents of Harvard College, in some verses addressed to her, says—

Your only hand those poesies did compose:
Your head the source, whence all those springs did flow:
Your voice, whence change's sweetest notes arose:
Your feet that kept the dance alone, I trow:
Then veil your bonnets, poetasters all,
Strike, lower amain, and at these humbly fall,
And deem yourselves advanced to be her pedestal.

Should all with lowly congees laurels bring,
Waste Flora's magazine to find a wreath,
Or Pineus' banks, 'twere too mean offering;
Your muse a fairer garland doth bequeath
To guard your fairer front; here 't is your name
Shall stand immarbled; this your little frame
Shall great Colossus be, to your eternal fame.

She died in September, 1672, and "was greatly mourned." The following stanzas are

August, 1640. In 1654 he became unpopular on account of his public advocacy of anti-pædobaptism, and was compelled to resign. When he died, in 1659, he bequeathed legacies to the persons who were most active in causing his separation from the college. In the life of DUNSTER, in the *Magnalia*, is the following admonition, by a Mr. SHEPHERD, to the authors of the New Psalm Book:

You Roxb'ry poets keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give to us very good rhyme.
And you of Dorchester, your verses lengthen,
But with the texts' own words you will them strengthen.

from one of her minor pieces, entitled "Contemplations."

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd-for ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:
O happy flood, quoth I, that holdst thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is 't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:
Thou emblem true, of what I count the best,
O could I lead my rivulets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish, which in this liquid region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,
Eftsoon to NEPTUNE'S glassie hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forrage o'er the spacious seag-en field,
And take the trembling prey before yield, [shleld.
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,*
Sets hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation, [lation.
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st re-

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
Joy's not in hope of an eteraal morrow:
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,

* Anticipate.

In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heaven's bower.
But sad affliction comes and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust;
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, the second governor of Plymouth, who wrote a "History of the People and Colony from 1602 to 1647," composed also "A Descriptive and Historical Account of New England, in Verse," which is preserved in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

When JOHN COTTON, a minister of Boston, died in 1652, BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE, the first graduate of Harvard College, and afterward one of the chaplains of CHARLES the Second, wrote an elegiac poem, from a passage in which it is supposed FRANKLIN borrowed the idea of his celebrated epitaph on himself. COTTON, says WOODBRIDGE, was

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume,
His very name a title-page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.
O what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he'll be,
In leaves and covers of eternity!

The lines of the Reverend JOSEPH CAPEN, on the death of Mr. JOHN FOSTER, an ingenious mathematician and printer, are yet more like the epitaph of FRANKLIN:

Thy body which no activeness did lack,
Now 's laid aside like an old almanack;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state:
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from erratas, new in heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God the great Creator,
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*.

The excellent President URIAN OAKES, styled "the LACTANTIUS of New England," was one of the most distinguished poets of his time. The following verses are from his

Elegy on the death of THOMAS SHEPARD, minister of Charlestown:

Art, nature, grace, in him were all combined
To show the world a matchless paragon;
In whom of radiant virtues no less shined,
Than a whole constellation; but hee's gone!
Hee's gone, alas! down in the dust must ly
As much of this rare person, as could die.

To be descended well, doth that commend?
Can sons their fathers' glory call their own?
Our SHEPARD justly might to this pretend,
(His blessed father was of high renown,
Both Englands speak him great, admire his name,)
But his own personal worth's a better claim.

His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere:
Well humour'd was he, as I ever saw,
And ruled by love and wisdom more than fear.
The muses and the graces too, conspired,
To set forth this rare piece to be admired.

He breathed love, and pursued peace in his day,
As if his soul were made of harmony:
Scarce ever more of goodness crowded lay
In such a piece of frail mortality.

Sure Father WILSON's genuine son was he,
New-England's PAUL had such a TIMOTHY.

My dearest, inmost, bosome friend is gone!
Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight!
Now in a huddling crowd, I'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the world good-night,
Best be my rock! God lives: O! let him be
As he is all, so all in all to me.

At that period the memory of every eminent person was preserved in an ingenious elegy, epitaph, or anagram. SHEPARD, mourned in the above verses by OAKES, on the death of JOHN WILSON, "the Paul of New England," and "the greatest annagrammatizer since the days of LYCOPHRON," wrote—

John Wilson, anagr. John Wilson.

O, change it not! No sweeter name or thing,
Throughout the world, within our ears shall ring.

THOMAS WELDE, a poet of some reputation in his day, wrote the following epitaph on SAMUEL DANFORTH, a minister of Roxbury, who died soon after the completion of a new meeting-house:

Our new-built church now suffers too by this,
Larger its windows, but its lights are less.

PETER FOULGER, a schoolmaster of Nantucket, and the maternal grandfather of Doctor FRANKLIN, in 1676 published a poem entitled "A Looking-glass for the Times," addressed to men in authority, in which he advocates religious liberty, and implores the government to repeal the uncharitable laws against the Quakers and other sects. He says—

The rulers in the country I do owne them in the LORD;
And such as are for government, with them I do accord.
But that which I intend hereby, is that they would keep bound;

And meddle not with God's worship, for which they have no ground.

And I am not alone herein, there's many hundreds more,
That have for many years ago spoke much more upon that
Indeed, I really believe, it's not your business, [score.
To meddle with the church of God in matters more or less.

In another part of his "Looking Glass" he says—

Now loving friends and countrymen, I wish we may be wise;

'T is now a time for every man to see with his own eyes.
'T is easy to provoke the LORD to send among us war;
'T is easy to do violence, to envy and to jar;
To show a spirit that is high; to scorn and domineer;
To pride it out as if there were no God to make us fear;
To covet what is not our own; to cheat and to oppress;
To live a life that might free us from acts of righteousness;
To swear and lie and to be drunk, to backbite one another;
To carry tales that may do hurt and mischief to our brother;

To live in such hypocrisy, as men may think us good,
Although our hearts within are full of evil and of blood.
All these, and many evils more, are easy for to do;
But to repent and to reform we have no strength thereto.

The following are the concluding lines:

I am for peace, and not for war, and that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do, that use to daub and lie.

But I shall cease and set my name to what I here insert:
Because to be a libeller, I hate it with my heart. [here,
From Sherbontown, where now I dwell, my name I do put
Without offence, your real friend, it is PETER FOULGER.

Probably the first native bard was he who is described on a tombstone at Roxbury as "BENJAMIN THOMSON, learned schoolmaster and physician, and ye renowned poet of New England." He was born in the town of Dorchester, (now Quincy,) in 1640, and educated at Cambridge, where he received a degree in 1662. His principal work, "New England's Crisis," appears to have been written during the famous wars of PHILIP, Sachem of the Pequods, against the colonists, in 1675 and 1676. The following is the prologue, in which he laments the growth of luxury among the people:

The times wherein old POMPEY was a saint,
When men fared hardly yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian-maize
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatch'd huts without the cry of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, content,
When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
And men as well as birds had chirping notes.
When Cimmels were accounted noble blood;
Among the tribes of common herbage food.
Of CERES' bounty form'd was many a knack,
Enough to fill poor ROBIN'S Almanack.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good-morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt."
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since "Your servant, Sir," and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanick capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those dayes an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs at religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbour's state.

During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than jonakin and mush.
Although men fared and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautys, which still seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke
The hogsheds of her worse than hellish smok.
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chokolade, dust-gold, and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely doe.
From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot unaided teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our Christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like;
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coates
Were covered up in most contentious souls:
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our counsellors sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These wars will usher in a longer peace.—
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theme is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but blood and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand;
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.
So that the mirror of the Christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd.
Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big-swoll expectant standing by:
Thus the proud ship after a little turn,
Sinks into NEPTUNE'S arms to find its urne:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn:
Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

THOMSON died in April, 1714, aged 74. He wrote besides his "great epic," three shorter poems, neither of which have much merit.

ROGER WILLIAMS, Chief Justice SEWALL, NATHANIEL WARD, of Ipswich, JOHN OSBORN, NATHANIEL PITCHER, and many others were in this period known as poets. The death of PITCHER was celebrated in some verses entitled "Pitchero Threnodia," in which he was compared to PINDAR, HORACE, and other great writers of antiquity.

The most celebrated person of his age in America was COTTON MATHER. He was once revered as a saint, and is still regarded as a man of great natural abilities and profound and universal learning. It is true that he had much of what is usually called scholarship: he could read many languages; and his memory was so retentive that he rarely forgot the most trivial circumstance; but he had too little genius to comprehend great truths; and his attainments, curious rather than valuable, made him resemble a complicate machine, which, turned by the water from year to year, produces only bubbles, and spray, and rainbows in the sun. He was industrious, and, beside his three hundred and eighty-two printed works, left many manuscripts, of which the largest is called "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," on which he laboured daily more than thirty years. It is a mere compilation of ideas and facts from multitudinous sources, and embraces nothing original, or valuable to the modern scholar. His minor works are nearly all forgotten, even by antiquaries. The "Magnalia Christi Americana" is preserved rather as a curiosity than as an authority; for recent investigations have shown that his statements are not to be relied on where he had any interest in misrepresenting acts or the characters of persons. His style abounds with puerilities, puns, and grotesque conceits. His intellectual character, however, was better than his moral; for he was wholly destitute of any high religious principles, and was ambitious, intriguing, and unscrupulous. He fanned into a flame the terrible superstition in regard to witchcraft, and when the frenzy was over, hypocritically endeavoured to persuade the people that instead of encouraging the proceedings, his influence and exertions had been on the side of forbearance and caution. Failing to convince them of this, he attempted to justify his conduct, by *inventing* various personal histories, to show that there had been good cause for the atrocious persecutions.

COTTON MATHER'S verses, scattered through a great number of his works, are not superior to those of many of his contemporaries. The following lines from his "Remarks on the Bright and the Dark Side of that American Pillar, the Reverend Mr. William Thomson," show his customary manner—

APOLLYON owing him a cursed spleen
Who an APOLLOS in the church had been,
Dreading his traffic here would be undone
By num'rous proselytes he daily won,
Accused him of imaginary faults,
And push'd him down so into dismal vaults:
Vaults, where he kept long ember-weeks of grief,
Till Heaven alarmed sent him a relief.

Then was a DANIEL in the lion's den,
 A man, oh, how beloved of God and men!
 By his bedside an Hebrew sword there lay,
 With which at last he drove the devil away.
Quakers, too, durst not bear his keen replies,
 But fearing it half-drawn the trembler flies.
 Like LAZARUS, new raised from death, appears
 The saint that had been dead for many years.
 Our NEHEMIAH said, "shall such as I
 Desert my flock, and like a coward fly!"
 Long had the churches begg'd the saint's release;
 Released at last, he dies in glorious peace.
 The night is not so long, but Phosphor's ray
 Approaching glories doth on high display.
 Faith's eye in him discern'd the morning star,
 His heart leap'd; sure the sun cannot be far.
 In ecstasies of joy, he ravish'd cries,
 "Love, love the LAMB, the LAMB!" in whom he dies.

MATHER died on the thirteenth of February, 1724, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

ROGER WOLCOTT, a major-general at the capture of Louisburg, and afterward governor of Connecticut, published a volume of verses at New London, in 1725. His principal work is "A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable JOHN WINTHROP, Esquire, in the Court of King CHARLES the Second, Anno Domini 1662, when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut." In this he describes a miracle by one of WINTHROP's company, on the return voyage.

The winds awhile
 Are courteous, and conduct them on their way,
 To near the midst of the Atlantic sea,
 When suddenly their pleasant gales they change
 For dismal storms that o'er the ocean range.
 For faithless ÆOLUS, meditating harms,
 Breaks up the peace, and priding much in arms,
 Unbars the great artillery of heaven,
 And at the fatal signal by him given,
 The cloudy chariots threatening take the plains;
 Drawn by wing'd steeds hard pressing on their reins.
 These vast battalions, in dire aspect raised,
 Start from the barriers—night with lightning blazed,
 Whilst clashing wheels, resounding thunders crack,
 Strike mortals deaf, and heavens astonish'd shake.

Here the ship captain, in the midnight watch,
 Stamps on the deck, and thunders up the hatch;
 And to the mariners aloud he cries,
 "Now all from safe recumbency arise:
 All hands aloft, and stand well to your tack,
 Engendering storms have clothed the sky with black,
 Big tempests threaten to undo the world:
 Down topsail, let the mainsail soon be furl'd:
 Haste to the foresail, there take up a reef:
 'Tis time, boys, now! if ever, to be brief;
 Aloof for life; let's try to stem the tide,
 The ship's much water, thus we may not ride:
 Stand roomer then, let's run before the sea,
 That so the ship may feel her steege way:
 Steady at helm!" Swiftly along she scuds
 Before the wind, and cuts the foaming suds.
 Sometimes aloft she lifts her prow so high,
 As if she'd run her bowsprit through the sky;
 Then from the summit ebbs and hurries down,
 As if her way were to the centre shewn.

Meanwhile our founders in the cabin sat,
 Reflecting on their true and sad estate;
 Whilst holy WABHAM's sacred lips did treat
 About God's promises and mercies great.

Still more gigantic births spring from the clouds,
 Which tore the tatter'd canvass from the shrouds,

And dreadful balls of lightning fill the air,
 Shot from the hand of the great THUNDER.

And now a mighty sea the ship o'ertakes,
 Which falling on the deck, the bulk-head breaks;
 The sailors cling to ropes, and frighted cry,
 "The ship is foundered, we die! we die!"

Those in the cabin heard the sailors screech;
 All rise, and reverend WARHAM do beseech,
 That he would now lift up to Heaven a cry
 For preservation in extremity.

He with a faith sure bottom'd on the word
 Of Him that is of sea and winds the LORD,
 His eyes lift up to Heaven, his hands extends,
 And fervent prayers for deliverance sends.
 The winds abate, the threatening waves appease,
 And a sweet calm sits regent on the seas.
 They bless the name of their deliverer,
 Who now they found a God that heareth prayer.

Still further westward on they keep their way,
 Ploughing the pavement of the briny sea,
 Till the vast ocean they had overpast,
 And in Connecticut their anchors cast.

In a speech to the king, descriptive of the valley of the Connecticut, WINTHROP says—

The grassy banks are like a verdant bed,
 With choicest flowers all enamelled,
 O'er which the winged choristers do fly,
 And wound the air with wondrous melody.
 Here Philomel, high perch'd upon a thorn,
 Sings cheerful hymns to the approaching morn.
 The song once set, each bird tunes up his lyre,
 Responding heavenly music through the quire. . . .
 Each plain is bounded at its utmost edge
 With a long chain of mountains in a ridge,
 Whose azure tops advance themselves so high,
 They seem like pendants hanging in the sky.

In an account of King PHILIP's wars, he tells how the soldier—

met his amorous dame,
 Whose eye had often set his heart in flame.
 Urged with the motives of her love and fear,
 She runs and clasps her arms about her dear
 Where, weeping on his bosom as she lies,
 And languishing, on him she sets her eyes,
 Till those bright lamps do with her life expire,
 And leave him weltering in a double fire.

In the next page he describes the rising of the sun—

By this AURORA doth with gold adorn
 The ever beauteous eyelids of the morn;
 And burning TITAN his exhaustless rays,
 Bright in the eastern horizon displays;
 Then soon appearing in majestic awe,
 Makes all the starry deities withdraw;
 Veiling their faces in deep reverence,
 Before the throne of his magnificence.

WOLCOTT retired from public life, after having held many honourable offices, in 1755, and died in May, 1767, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. The next American verse-writer of much reputation was the Reverend MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH. He was born in 1631, and graduated at Harvard College soon after entering upon his twentieth year. When rendered unable to preach, by an affection of the lungs,

In costly verse and most laborious rhymes,
 He dish'd up truths right worthy our regard.

His principal work, "The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a Short Discourse about

Eternity," passed through six editions in this country, and was reprinted in London. A few verses will show its style—

Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
Thought so 't would last for aye.
Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
Much good thou hast in store:
This was their song their cups among,
The evening before.

After the "sheep" have received their reward, the several classes of "goats" are arraigned before the judgment-seat, and, in turn, begin to excuse themselves. When the infants object to damnation on the ground that

Adam is set free
And saved from his trespass,
Whose sinful fall hath spilt them all,
And brought them to this pass,—

the puritan theologian does not sustain his doctrine very well, nor quite to his own satisfaction even; and the judge, admitting the palliating circumstances, decides that although

in bliss
They may not hope to dwell,
Still unto them He will allow
The easiest room in hell.

At length the general sentence is pronounced, and the condemned begin to

wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
And gnash their teeth for terror;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
And gnaw their tongues for horror.
But get away without delay,
CHRIST pities not your cry:
Depart to hell, there may ye yell,
And roar eternally.

WIGGLESWORTH died in 1705.

The Reverend BENJAMIN COLMAN, D.D. "married in succession three widows, and wrote three poems;" but though his diction was more elegant than that of most of his contemporaries, he had less originality. His only daughter, Mrs. JANE TURELL, wrote verses which were much praised by the critics of her time.

The "Poems of the Reverend JOHN ADAMS, M.A.," were published in Boston in 1745, four years after the author's death. The volume contains paraphrases of the Psalms of David, the Book of Revelation in heroic verse, translations from HORACE, and four original compositions, of which the longest is a "Poem on Society," in three cantos. The following picture of parental love is from the first canto.

The parent, warm with nature's tender fire,
Does in the child his second self admire;
The fondling mother views the springing charms
Of the young infant smiling in her arms:
And when imperfect accents show the dawn
Of rising reason, and the future man,
Sweetly she hears what fondly he returns,
And by this fuel her affection burns.

(3)

But when succeeding years have fix'd his growth,
And sense and judgment crown the ripen'd youth:
A social joy thence takes its happy rise,
And friendship adds its force to Nature's ties.

The conclusion of the second canto is a description of love—

But now the Muse in softer measure flows,
And gayer scenes and fairer landscapes shows:
The reign of Fancy, when the sliding hours
Are past with lovely nymph in woven bowers,
Where cool shades, and lawns forever green,
And streams, and warbling birds adorn the scene;
Where smiles and graces, and the wanton train
Of Cytherea, crown the flowery plain.
What can their charms in equal numbers tell?
The glow of roses, and the lily pale;
The waving ringlets of the flowing hair,
The snowy bosom, and the killing air;
Their sable brows in beauteous arches bent,
The darts which from their vivid eyes are sent,
And fixing in our easy-wounded hearts,
Can never be removed by all our arts;
'Tis then with love, and love alone possess'd,
Our reason fled, that passion claims our breast.
How many evils then will fancy form?
A frown will gather, and discharge a storm:
Her smile more soft and cooling breezes brings,
Than zephyrs fanning with their silken wings.
But love, where madness reason does subdue,
E'en angels, were they here, might well pursue.
Lovely the sex, and moving are their charms,
But why should passion sink us to their arms?
Why should the female to a goddess turn,
And flames of love to flames of incense burn?
Either by fancy fired, or fed by lies,
Be all distraction, or all artifice?
True love does flattery as much disdain
As, of its own perfections, to be vain.
The heart can feel what e'er the lips reveal,
Nor Syren's smiles the destined death conceal.
Love is a noble and a generous fire,
Esteem and virtue feed the just desire;
Where honour leads the way it ever moves,
And ne'er from breast to breast, inconstant, roves.
Harbour'd by one, and only harbour'd there,
It likes, but ne'er can love another fair.
Fix'd upon one supreme, and her alone,
Our heart is, of the fair, the constant throne.
Nor will her absence, or her cold neglect,
At once, expel her from our just respect:
Inflamed by virtue, love will not expire,
Unless contempt or hatred quench the fire.

ADAMS died on the twenty-second of January, 1740. I copy from the "Boston Weekly Newsletter,"* printed the day after his interment, the following letter from a correspondent at Cambridge, which shows the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries:

"Last Wednesday morning expired in this place, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and this day was interred with a just solemnity and respect, the reverend and learned JOHN ADAMS, M. A., only son of the Honourable JOHN ADAMS, Esquire.

"The corpse was carried and placed in the

* This was the first newspaper published in America. It was established in 1694, and the first sheet that was printed was taken damp from the press by Chief Justice SEWEL, to exhibit as a curiosity to President WILLARD, of Harvard University. The "Newsletter" was continued seventy-two years.

center of the college hall; from whence, after a portion of Holy Scripture, and a prayer very suitable to the occasion, by the learned head of that society, it was taken and deposited within sight of the place of his own education. The pall was supported by the fellows of the college, the professor of mathematics, and another master of arts. And, next to a number of sorrowful relatives, the remains of this great man were followed by his honour the lieutenant-governor, with some of his majesty's council and justices; who, with the reverend the president, the professor of divinity, and several gentlemen of distinction from this and the neighbouring towns, together with all the members and students of the college, composed the train that attended in an orderly procession, to the place that had been appointed for his mournful interment.

"The character of this excellent person is too great to be comprised within the limits of a paper of intelligence. It deserves to be engraven in letters of gold on a monument of marble, or rather to appear and shine forth from the works of some genius, of an uncommon sublimity, and equal to his own. But sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the latest posterity, are the immortal writings and composites of this departed gentleman; who, for his genius, his learning, and his piety, ought to be enrolled in the highest class in the catalogue of Fame."

The only American immortalized in "The Dunciad" was JAMES RALPH, who went to England with FRANKLIN. POPE exclaims—

Silence, ye wolves! while RALPH to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owls!

RALPH wrote a long "poem" entitled "Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty," which appeared in London in 1729; "Night," and "Sawney," a satire, in which I suppose he attempted to repay the debt he owed to POPE, as it is but an abusive tirade against that poet and his friends. I quote a few lines from "Zeuma:—"

Tascalea's vault, great ZÆONÆ's martial son,
Extended on the rack, no more complains
That realms are wanting to employ his sword;
But, circled with innumerable ghosts,
Who print their keenest vengeance on his soul,
For all the wrongs, and slaughters of his reign,
Howls out repentance to the deafen'd skies,
And shakes hell's concave with continual groans.

In Philadelphia, in 1728 and 1729, THOMAS MAXIN published two Latin poems, "Encomium Pennsylvaniae" and "In laudes Pennsylvaniae." About the same time appeared in Boston JOHN MAVHEW's "Gallic Perfidy" and "Conquest of Louisburg," two smoothly versified but very dull compositions.

THOMAS GODFREY of Philadelphia has been called "the first American dramatic poet," but I believe a play superior to "The Prince of Parthia" had been composed by some students at Cambridge before his time. GODFREY was a son of the inventor of the quadrant claimed in England by HADLEY. He was a lieutenant in the expedition against Fort Du Quesne in 1759, and on the disbanding of the colonial forces went to New Providence, and afterward to North Carolina, where he died, on the third of August, 1763, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. His poems were published in Philadelphia in 1765, in a quarto volume of two hundred and thirty pages. "The Prince of Parthia, a Tragedy," contains a few vigorous passages, but not enough to save it from condemnation as the most worthless composition in the dramatic form that has been printed in America. The following lines from the fifth act, might pass for respectable prose—

O may he never know a father's fondness,
Or know it to his sorrow; may his hopes
Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
Be one continued tempest. If he lives,
Let him be cursed with jealousy and fear;
May torturing Hope present the flowing cup,
Then, hasty, snatch it from his eager thirst,
And, when he dies, base treachery be the means.

The "Court of Fancy," a poem in the heroic measure, is superior to his tragedy in its diction, but has little originality of thought or illustration. Of Fancy he gives this description—

Illth in the midst, raised on her rolling throne,
Sublimely eminent, bright FANCY shone.
A glittering tiara her temples bound,
Rich set with sparkling rubies all around;
A radiant bough, ensign of her command,
Of polished gold, waved in her lily hand;
The same the sybil to ÆNEAS gave,
When the bold Trojan cross'd the Stygian wave.
In silver traces fix'd unto her car,
Four snowy swans, proud of the Imperial fair,
Wing'd lightly on, each in gay beauty dress'd,
Smooth'd the soft plumage that adorn'd her breast.
Sacred to her the lucent chariot drew,
Or whether wildly through the air she flew,
Or whether to the dreary shades of night,
Oppress'd with gloom she downward bent her flight,
Or proud aspiring sought the bless'd abodes,
And boldly shot among the assembled gods.

One of GODFREY's most intimate friends was the Reverend NATHANIEL EVANS, a native of Philadelphia, admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of London in 1765. He died in October, 1767, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and his poems, few of which had been printed in his lifetime, were soon afterward, by his direction, collected and published. The "Ode on the Prospect of Peace," written in 1761, is the most carefully finished of

his productions. I quote the concluding verses—

Thus has Britannia's glory beam'd,
Where'er bright Phoebus, from his car,
To earth his cheerful rays hath stream'd,
Adown the crystal vault of air.
Enough o'er Britain's shining arms,
Hath Victory display'd her charms
Amid the horrid pomp of war—
Descend then, Peace, angelic maid,
And smoothe the BELLONA's haggard brow;
Haste to diffuse thy healing aid,
Where'er implored by scenes of wo.
Henceforth whoe'er disturb thy reign:
Or stains the world with human gore,
Be they from earth (a gloomy train!)
Banish'd to hell's profoundest shore;
Where Vengeance, on Avernus' lake,
Rages, with furious ARE bound;
And black Rebellion's fetters shake,
And Discord's hideous murmurs sound;
Where Envy's noxious snakes entwine
Her temples round, in gorgon mood,
And bellowing Faction rolls supine
Along the flame-becur'd flood!—
Hence, then, to that accursed place,
Disturbers of the human race!

And with you bear Ambition wild, and selfish Pride,
With Persecution foul, and Terror by her side.

Thus driven from earth, War's horrid train—
O Peace, thou nymph divine, draw near!
Here let the muses fix their reign,
And crown with fame each rolling year.
Source of joy and genuine pleasure,
Queen of quiet, queen of leisure,
Haste thy votaries to cheer!
Cherish'd beneath thy hallow'd rule,
Shall Pennsylvania's glory rise;
Her sons, bred up in Virtue's school,
Shall lift her honours to the skies—
A state thrice blest with lenient sway,
Where Liberty exalts the mind;
Where Plenty basks the live-long day
And pours her treasures unconfined.
Hither, ye beauteous virgins tend,
With Art and Science by your side,
Whose skill the untutor'd morals mend,
And mankind to fair honour guide;
And with you bring the graces three,
To fill the soul with glory's blaze;
Whose charms give grace to poetry,
And consecrate the immortal lays—
Such as, when mighty PINDAR sung,
Through the Alphean village rung;
Or such as, Meles, by thy lucid fountains flow'd,
When bold MEONINES with heavenly transports glow'd.

To such, may Delaware, majestic flood,
Lend, from his flowery banks, a ravish'd ear;
Such note as may delight the wise and good,
Or saints celestial may endure to hear!
For if the muse can aught of time descry,
Such notes shall sound thy crystal waves along,
Thy cities fair with glorious Athens vie,
Nor pure Iliuss boast a nobler song.
On thy fair banks, a fane to Virtue's name
Shall rise—and Justice light her holy flame.
All hail, then, Peace! restore the golden days,
And round the ball diffuse Britannia's praise;
Stretch her wide empire to the world's last end,
Till kings remotest to her sceptre bend!

JOHN OSBORN of Sandwich, in Massachusetts, who died in 1753, wrote a "Whaling Song" which was well known in the Pacific

for more than half a century. While in college, in 1735, he addressed an elegiac epistle to one of his sisters, on the death of a member of the family, of which I quote the first part—

Dear sister, see the smiling spring
In all its beauties here;
The groves a thousand pleasures bring,
A thousand grateful scenes appear.
With tender leaves the trees are crown'd,
And scatter'd blossoms all around,
Of various dyes
Salute your eyes,
And cover o'er the speckled ground.
Now thickets shade the glassy fountains;
Trees o'erhang the purling streams;
Whispering breezes brush the mountains,
Grotts are fill'd with balmy steams.

But, sister, all the sweets that grace
The spring and blooming nature's face;

The chirping birds,
Nor lowing herds;
The woody hills,
Nor murmur'ing rills;
The sylvan shades,
Nor flowery meads,

To me their former joys dispense,
Though all their pleasures court my sense,
But melancholy damps my mind;

I lonely walk the field,
With inward sorrow fill'd,
And sigh to every breathing wind.

The facetious MATHER BYLES was in his time equally famous as a poet and a wit. A contemporary bard exclaims—

Would but APOLLO's genial touch inspire
Such sounds as breathe from BYLES's warbling lyre,
Then might my notes in melting measures flow,
And make all nature wear the signs of wo.

And his humour is celebrated in a poetical account of the clergy of Boston, quoted by Mr. SAMUEL KETTEL, in his "Specimens of American Poetry,"—

There's punning BYLES, provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.

He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait, and wig so great,
He walks along the streets;

And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

BYLES was graduated at Cambridge in 1725, and was ordained the first minister of the church in Hollis street, in 1732. He soon became eminent as a preacher, and the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was one of the authors of "A Collection of Poems by several Hands," which appeared in 1744, and of numerous essays and metrical compositions in "The New England Weekly Journal," the merit of which was such as to introduce him to the notice of POPE and other English scholars. One of his poems is entitled "The Conflagration;" and it is "applied to that grand catastrophe of our world when the face of nature is to be changed

by a deluge of fire." The following lines show its style—

Yet shall ye, flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendour shine.
The earth, which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigour dies:
Fresh-dawning glories blush amidst the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever-blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;
Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow:
Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes,
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months, in gay confusion blends.

BYLES was earnestly opposed to the Revolution, and in the spring of 1777 was denounced in the public assemblies as a Tory, and compelled to give bonds for his appearance before a court for trial. In the following June he was convicted of treasonable conversation, and hostility to the country, and sentenced to be imprisoned forty days on board a guard ship, and at the end of that period to be sent with his family to England. The board of war however took his case into consideration, and commuted the punishment to a short confinement under a guard in his own house; but, though he continued to reside in Boston during the remainder of his life, he never again entered a pulpit, nor regained his ante-revolutionary popularity. He died in 1788, in the eighty-second year of his age.

He was a favourite in every social or convivial circle, and no one was more fond of his society than the colonial governor, BELCHER, on the death of whose wife he wrote an elegy ending with—

Meantime my name to thine allied shall stand,
Still our warm friendship, mutual flames extend;
The muse shall so survive from age to age,
And BELCHER's name protect his BYLES's page.

The doctor had declined an invitation to visit with the governor the province of Maine, and BELCHER resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on board the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday afternoon, as soon as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and before the punning parson had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As every thing necessary for his comfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was easily reconciled to the voyage. While

making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn book on board, and he wrote the following lines, which were sung instead of a selection from STERNHOLD and HOPKINS—

Great God, thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.
Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.
Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.
See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downward glide;
Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.
Each various scene, or day or night,
LORD! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight;
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

JOSEPH GREEN, a merchant of Boston, who had been a classmate of BYLES at Cambridge, was little less celebrated than the doctor for humour; and some of his poetical compositions were as popular ninety years ago as in our own time have been those of "CROAKER & Co.," which they resemble in spirit and playful ease of versification. The abduction of the Hollis street minister was the cause of not a little merriment in Boston; and GREEN, between whom and BYLES there was some rivalry, as the leaders of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of it—

In DAVID's Psalms an oversight
BYLES found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.
Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd,
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.
He sat awhile and stroked his muse,*
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring bretheren.
The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.
Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.
Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of MATHER BYLES."
At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

* BYLES's favourite cat, so named by his friends.

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
 The wonders of the deep,
 Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
 And crabs and lobsters creep.
 Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
 And throng the dark abode.
 Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
 And eels, and perch, and cod.
 From raging winds and tempests free,
 So smoothly as we pass,
 The shining surface seems to be
 A piece of Bristol glass.
 But when the winds and tempests rise,
 And foaming billows swell,
 The vessel mounts above the skies
 And lower sinks than hell.
 Our heads the tottering motion feel,
 And quickly we become
 Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reel
 Like Indians drunk with rum.
 What praises then are due that we
 Thus far have safely got,
 Amarecoggin tribe to see,
 And tribe of Penobscot.

In 1750 GREEN published "An Entertainment for a Winter Evening," in which he ridicules the freemasons; and afterward, "The Sand Bank," "A True Account of the Celebration of St. JOHN the Baptist," and several shorter pieces, all of which I believe were satirical. His epigrams are the best written in this country before the Revolution; and many anecdotes are told to show the readiness of his wit and his skill as an improvisator. On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing his reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first rate epitaph" for a favourite servant who had lately died. GREEN asked what were the man's chief qualities, and was told that "COLE excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted." GREEN wrote immediately—

Here lies the body of JOHN COLE,
 His master loved him like his soul;
 He could rake hay, none could rake faster
 Except that raking dog, his master.

In his old age GREEN left Boston for England, rather from the infirmities of age, than from indifference to the cause of liberty.

Contemporary with BYLES and GREEN was the celebrated Doctor BENJAMIN CHURCH. He was born in Boston in 1739, and graduated at Cambridge when in the sixteenth year of his age. After finishing his professional education, he established himself as a physician in his native city, and soon became eminent by his literary and political writings. At the commencement of the revolutionary troubles, he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and after the battle of Lexington

was appointed surgeon-general of the army. In the autumn of 1775 he was suspected of treasonable correspondence with the enemy, arrested by order of the commander-in-chief, tried by the general court, and found guilty. By direction of the Congress, to whom the subject of his punishment was referred, he was confined in a prison in Connecticut; but after a few months, on account of the condition of his health, was set at liberty; and in the summer of 1776 he embarked at Newport for the West Indies, in a ship which was never heard of after the day on which it sailed. CHURCH wrote several of the best poems in *Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiæ apud Novanglos*, published on the accession of George the Third to the throne; and "The Times," a satire, "The Choice," "Elegies on GEORGE WHITEFIELD and Doctor MAYHEW," and several other pieces, all of which were manly in their style, and smoothly versified. The following are the concluding lines of his address to the king:

May one clear calm attend thee to thy close,
 One lengthen'd sunshine of complete repose:
 Correct our crimes, and beam that Christian mind
 O'er the wide wreck of desolate mankind;
 To calm-brow'd Peace, the maddening world restore,
 Or lash the demon thirsting still for gore;
 Till nature's utmost bound thy arms restrain,
 And prostrate tyrants bite the British chain.

JAMES ALLEN, the author of an "epic poem" entitled "Bunker Hill," of which but a few fragments have been published, lived in the same period. The world lost nothing by "his neglect of fame."

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, a member of the first Congress, and the first republican governor of New Jersey, was born in New York in 1723, and was graduated at Yale College in 1741. His poem entitled "Philosophic Solitude," which has been frequently reprinted, is a specimen of elegant mediocrity—superior to most of the compositions which I have already alluded to—but contains nothing worthy of especial praise. The opening verses are not deficient in melody:

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
 Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
 To shining palaces let fools resort,
 And dunces cringe to be esteem'd at court:
 Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
 From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
 Far from the painted belle, and white-gloved beau,
 The lawless masquerade, and midnight show,
 From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
 Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Among the poets who wrote just before the Revolution, and whom I have not before mentioned, was Mrs. ELIZA BLEECKER, the author of several pieces relating to the domestic suf-

ferings which followed in the train of frontier warfare. Some "Lines on Reading Virgil," written in 1778, show her manner—

Now cease those tears, lay gentle VIRGIL by,
Let recent sorrows dim thy pausing eye;
Shall ÆNEAS for lost CREUSA mourn,
And tears be wanting on ABELLA'S urn?
Like him I lost my fair one in my flight,
From cruel foes, and in the dead of night.
Shall he lament the fall of Ilion's towers,
And we not mourn the sudden ruin of ours?
See York on fire—while, borne by winds, each flame
Projects its glowing sheet o'er half the main,
The affrighted savage, yelling with amaze,
From Alleghany sees the rolling blaze.
Far from these scenes of horror, in the shade
I saw my aged parent safe conveyed;
Then sadly followed to the friendly land
With my surviving infant by the hand:
No cumbrous household gods had I, indeed,
To load my shoulders, and my flight impede;
Protection from such impotence who'd claim?
My Gods took care of me—not I of them.
The Trojan saw ANCHISES breathe his last
When all domestic dangers he had passed;
So my lov'd parent, after she had fled,
Lamented, perish'd on a stranger's bed:
—He held his way o'er the Cerulian main,
But I returned to hostile fields again.

During the war several volumes of patriotic and miscellaneous verses were published in New England and New York. The poems of Doctor J. M. SEWELL, contain the well-known epilogue to ADDISON'S "Cato," beginning—

"We see mankind the same in every age:"

and those of Doctor PRIME and GULIAN VERPLANCK are written with unusual taste and care. PRIME finished his professional education in Europe, and on his return applied for a commission in the army, but did not succeed in obtaining one. He alludes to his disappointment in an elegy on the death of his friend Doctor SCUDDER, who was slain in a skirmish at Shrewsbury in New Jersey—

So bright, bless'd shade! thy deeds of virtue shine;
So rich, no doubt, thy recompence on high:
My lot's far more lamentable than thine,
Thou liv'st in death, while I in living die.
With great applause hast thou perform'd thy part,
Since thy first entrance on the stage of life;
Or in the labours of the healing art,
Or in fair Liberty's important strife.
In medicine skilful, and in warfare brave,
In council steady, uncorrupt and wise;
To thee, the happy lot thy Maker gave,
To no small rank in each of these to rise.

Employ'd in constant usefulness thy time,
And thy fine talents in exertion strong;
Thou diest advanc'd in life, though in thy prime,
For, living useful thou hast lived long.

But I, alas! like some unfruitful tree,
That useless stands, a cumberer of the plain,
My faculties unprofitable see,
And five long years have lived almost in vain.

While all around me, like the busy swarms,
That ply the fervent labours of the hive;
Or guide the state, with ardour rush to arms,
Or some less great but needful business drive,

I see my time inglorious glide away,
Obscure and useless like an idle drone;
And uncondusive each revolving day,
Or to my country's int'rest or my own.

Great hast thou lived and glorious hast thou died;
Though trait'rous villains have cut short thy days;
Virtue must shine, whatever fate betide,
Be theirs the scandal, and be thine the praise.

Then, to my soul thy memory shall be,
From glory bright, as from affection, dear;
And while I live to pour my grief for thee,
Glad joy shall sparkle in each trickling tear.

Thy great example, too, shall fire my breast;
If Heaven permit, with thee, again I'll vie;
And all thy conduct well in mine express'd,
Like thee I'll live, though I like thee should die.

PRIME wrote a satire on the Welsh, in Latin and English, entitled "Muscipula sive Cambromyomachia;" and on the passage of the stamp act composed "A Song for the Sons of Liberty in New York," which is superior to any patriotic lyric up to that time written in this country. VERPLANCK was a man of taste and erudition, and his "Vice, a Satire," published soon after his return from his travels, in 1774, is an elegant and spirited poem. Among his shorter pieces is the following "Prophecy," written while he was in England, in 1773—

Hail, happy Britain, Freedom's blest retreat;
Great is thy power, thy wealth, thy glory great,
But wealth and power have no immortal day,
For all things ripen only to decay.
And when that time arrives, the lot of all,
When Britain's glory, power, and wealth shall fall;
Then shall thy sons by Fate's unchanged decree
In other worlds another Britain see,
And what thou art, America shall be.

From this account of the "poets and poetry" of our ante-revolutionary period, it will be seen that until the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character, very little verse worthy of preservation was produced in America. The POETRY OF THE COLONIES was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction.

POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

The world is full of Poetry. The air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd
And mantled with its beauty.

PERCIVAL.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

(Born, 1752. Died, 1832.)

PHILIP FRENEAU* was the most distinguished poet of our revolutionary time. He was a voluminous writer, and many of his compositions are intrinsically worthless, or, relating to persons and events now forgotten, are no longer interesting; but enough remain to show that he had more genius and more enthusiasm than any other bard whose powers were called into action during the great struggle for liberty.

He was of French extraction. His father, an ardent and intelligent Huguenot, came to America immediately after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in company with a number of Protestant gentlemen, who on their arrival founded the old church of Saint Esprit, in New York, and afterward, I believe, the pleasant village of New Rochelle, near that city. The poet was born on the fifteenth of January, in the year 1752. His father died while he was yet a child, but his mother attended carefully to his education, and he entered Nassau Hall at Princeton, in 1767, so far advanced in classical studies, that the president of the college made his proficiency the subject of a congratulatory letter to one of his relatives. His roommate and most devoted friend here was JAMES MADISON, and among his classmates were many others who in after time became eminent as legislators or scholars. He was graduated when nineteen years of age, and soon after removed to Philadelphia, where he was for several years on terms of familiar intimacy with the well-known FRANCIS HOPKINSON, with whom he was associated as a political writer.

He began to compose verses at an early period, and, before leaving Princeton, had formed the plan of an epic poem on the life and discoveries of COLUMBUS, of which the "Address to Ferdinand," in this volume, is probably a fragment. After his removal to Philadelphia his attention was devoted to politics, and his poetical writings related principally to public characters and events. His satires on HUGH GAINE,† and other prominent Tories, were remarkably popular in their time, though deserving of little praise for their chasteness or elegance of diction; and his patriotic songs and

ballads, which are superior to any metrical compositions then written in this country, were everywhere sung with enthusiasm.

FRENEAU enjoyed the friendship of ADAMS, FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, MADISON, and MONROE, and the last three were his constant correspondents while they lived. I have before me two letters, one written by JEFFERSON and the other by MADISON, in which he is commended to certain citizens of New York, for his extensive information, sound discretion, and general high character, as a candidate for the editorship of a journal which it was intended to establish in that city. His application appears to have been unsuccessful: probably because the project was abandoned.

As a reward for the ability and patriotism he had displayed during the war, Mr. JEFFERSON gave him a place in the Department of State; but his public employment being of too sedentary a description for a man of his ardent temperament, he soon relinquished it to conduct in Philadelphia a paper entitled "The Freeman's Journal." He was the only editor who remained at his post, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, in the summer of 1791. The "Journal" was unprofitable, and he gave it up, in 1793, to take the command of a merchant-ship, in which he made several voyages to Madeira, the West Indies, and other places. His naval ballads and other poems relating to the sea, written in this period, are among the most spirited and carefully finished of his productions.

Of the remainder of his history I have been able to learn but little. In 1810 he resided in Philadelphia, and he subsequently removed to Mount Pleasant, in New Jersey. He died, very suddenly, near Freehold, in that state, on the eighteenth day of December, 1832, in the eightieth year of his age.

The first collection of FRENEAU's poems was published in 1786; a second edition appeared in a closely printed octavo volume at Monmouth, in New Jersey, in 1795; and a third, in two duodecimo volumes, in Philadelphia, in 1809. The last is entitled "Poems written and published during the American Revolutionary War, and now republished from the original Manuscripts, interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other Pieces not heretofore in Print." In 1788 he published in Philadelphia his "Miscellaneous Works, containing Essays and additional Poems," and, in 1814, "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs, and a Variety of other Subjects, chiefly Moral and Political, written between 1797 and 1815." His house at Mount Pleasant was destroyed by fire, in 1815 or 1816, and in some of his letters he laments the loss, by that misfortune, of some of his best poems, which had never been printed.

* The name of the poet is sometimes confounded with that of his brother, PETER FRENEAU, a celebrated partisan editor, of South Carolina, who occasionally wrote verses, though I believe nothing of more pretension than a song or an epigram. PETER FRENEAU was a man of wit and education; he was one of Mr. JEFFERSON's most ardent and influential adherents, and when the republican party came into power in South Carolina, he was made Secretary of State. THOMAS, in his "Reminiscences," remarks that "his style of writing combined the beauty and smoothness of ADDISON with the simplicity of CONNERT." He died in 1814.

† The "King's Printer," in New York.

THE DYING INDIAN.

"On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast:—
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng!—
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

To what strange lands must CHEQUI take his way!
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace:
No deer-along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades;
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
But sickly orchards there
Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage shew,
And wither'd hangs the whortleberry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to shew;
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost!—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—
Adieu to all!
To all, that charm'd me where I stray'd,
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,
For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
Nature at last these ruins may repair,
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;

Some real world once more may be assign'd,
Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind!
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell, surrounding woods:
To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,
Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay!
Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle and the venison store;
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep,
Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.*

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dress'd,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale SHEBAN, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c.: and (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dew,
In habit for the chase array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear;
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS
WHO FELL AT EUTAW.*

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by the conquering genius, GREENE,
The Britons they compell'd to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain;
None grieved, in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthians, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

TO AN OLD MAN.

Woe, dotard, wouldst thou longer groan
Beneath a weight of years and woe;
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown,
And age proclaims, "'Tis time to go."

To willows sad and weeping yews
With us a while, old man, repair,
Nor to the vault thy steps refuse;
Thy constant home must soon be there.

To summer suns and winter moons
Prepare to bid a long adieu;
Autumnal seasons shall return,
And spring shall bloom, but not for you.

Why so perplex'd with cares and toil
To rest upon this darksome road?
'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil,
A barren and a bleak abode.

Constrain'd to dwell with pain and care,
These dregs of life are bought too dear;
'Tis better far to die, than bear
The torments of life's closing year.

Subjected to perpetual ills,
A thousand deaths around us grow:
The frost the tender blossom kills,
And roses wither as they blow.

Cold, nipping winds your fruits assail;
The blasted apple seeks the ground;
The peaches fall, the cherries fail;
The grape receives a mortal wound.

The breeze, that gently ought to blow,
Swells to a storm, and rends the main;
The sun, that charm'd the grass to grow,
Turns hostile, and consumes the plain;

The mountains waste, the shores decay,
Once purling streams are dead and dry—
'Twas Nature's work—'tis Nature's play,
And Nature says, that all must die.

Yon flaming lamp, the source of light,
In chaos dark may shroud his beam,
And leave the world to mother Night,
A farce, a phantom, or a dream.

What now is young, must soon be old:
Whate'er we love, we soon must leave:
'Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold—
To live, is nothing but to grieve.

How bright the morn her course begun!
No mists bedimm'd the solar sphere;
The clouds arise—they shade the sun,
For nothing can be constant here.

Now hope the longing soul employs,
In expectation we are bless'd;
But soon the airy phantom flies,
For, lo! the treasure is possess'd.

Those monarchs proud, that havoc spread,
(While pensive REASON dropt a tear,)
Those monarchs have to darkness fled,
And ruin bounds their mad career.

The grandeur of this earthly round,
Where folly would forever stay,
Is but a name, is but a sound—
Mere emptiness and vanity.

* The Battle of Eutaw, South Carolina, was fought September 8, 1781.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,
Give me the heaven's remotest sphere,
Above these gloomy scenes to rise
Of desolation and despair.

Those native fires, that warm'd the mind,
Now languid grown, too dimly glow,
Joy has to grief the heart resign'd,
And love, itself, is changed to wo.

The joys of wine are all you boast,—
These, for a moment, damp your pain;
The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost—
And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below,
Where real bliss can ne'er be found;
Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow,
And fairer flowers bedeck the ground;

Where plants of life the plains invest,
And green eternal crowns the year:—
The little god, that warms the breast,
Is weary of his mansion here.

Like Phosphor, sent before the day,
His height meridian to regain,
The dawn arrives—he must not stay
To shiver on a frozen plain.

Life's journey past, for fate prepare,—
'Tis but the freedom of the mind;
Jove made us mortal—his we are,
To Jove be all our cares resign'd.

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.*

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.

While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main:
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And, what must please thee more, for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe, how small a part we know—
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
How disproportion'd to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human prospect lie!

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arrived,
Spend her moist beam upon the barren main,
And ne'er illumine with midnight splendour, she,
The natives dancing on the lightsome green?

Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean and such scanty land?
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.

* Columbus was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined to exist somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiations, he is here supposed to address King Ferdinand in the above stanzas.

Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light mere waves and monsters of the seas?
No; be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame my breast inspires
To seek new lands amid the barren waves,
Where, falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage: *
"The time may come, when numerous years
are past,

When ocean will unloose the bands of things,
And an unbounded region rise at last;

And TYPHIS may disclose the mighty land,
Far, far away, where none have roved before;
Nor will the world's remotest region be
Gibraltar's rock, or THULE's savage shore."

Fired at the theme, I languish to depart;
Supply the bark, and bid Columbus sail;
He fears no storms upon the untravell'd deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

Nor does he dread to miss the intended course,
Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

Think not that Nature has unveil'd in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye:
So late have we the guiding needle plann'd,
Only to sail beneath our native sky!

Ere this was known, the ruling power of all
Form'd for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small, we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighbouring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars,
But stars no more must point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned,
And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,

When southward we shall steer—O grant my wish,
Supply the bark, and bid Columbus sail,
He dreads no tempests on the untravell'd deep,
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FATR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

* Seneca, the poet, a native of Cordova in Spain:

"Venient annis secula seris,
Quibus oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Typhisque novos detegat orbes;
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Seneca, Med., act iii., v. 375.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
Unpitied frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

DISASTERS on disasters grow,
And those which are not sent we make ;
The good we rarely find below,
Or, in the search, the road mistake.

The object of our fancied joys
With eager eye we keep in view :
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

The hat that hid Belinda's hair
Was once the darling of her eye ;
'Tis now dismiss'd, she knows not where ;
Is laid aside, she knows not why.

Life is to most a nauseous pill,
A treat for which they dearly pay :
Let's take the good, avoid the ill,
Discharge the debt, and walk away.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Though clad in winter's gloomy dress
All Nature's works appear,
Yet other prospects rise to bless
The new returning year :
The active sail again is seen
To greet our western shore,
Gay plenty smiles, with brow serene,
And wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains
An iron harvest yield ;
Peace guards our doors, impels our swains
To till the grateful field :

From distant climes, no longer foes,
(Their years of misery past,)
Nations arrive, to find repose
In these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene
Attracts the mortal eye,
Where clouds nor darkness intervene,
Behold, aspiring high,
On freedom's soil those fabrics plann'd,
On virtue's basis laid,
That make secure our native land,
And prove our toils repaid.

Ambitious aims and pride severe,
Would you at distance keep,
What wanderer would not tarry here,
Here charm his cares to sleep !
O, still may health her balmy wings
O'er these fair fields expand,
While commerce from all climates brings
The products of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views,
That share alike our span,
Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues,
The eternal friend of man :
The darkness of the days to come
She brightens with her ray,
And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb,
When sickening to decay !

TO A NIGHT-FLY, APPROACHING A CANDLE.

ATTRACTED by the taper's rays,
How carelessly you come to gaze
On what absorbs you in its blaze !

O fly ! I bid you have a care :
You do not heed the danger near—
This light, to you a blazing star.

Already you have scorch'd your wings :
What courage, or what folly brings
You, hovering near such blazing things ?

Ah, me ! you touch this little sun—
One circuit more, and all is done !—
Now to the furnace you are gone !—

Thus folly, with ambition join'd,
Attracts the insects of mankind,
And sways the superficial mind :

Thus, power has charms which all admire,
But dangerous is that central fire—
If you are wise, in time retire.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[Born 1750. Died 1831.]

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D., the author of "McFingal," was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, on the twenty-fourth day of April, 1750. His father was a Congregational clergyman, and for many years one of the trustees of Yale College. He early instructed his son in the elementary branches of education, and was induced by the extraordinary vigour of his intellect, and his unremitted devotion to study, to give him lessons in the Greek and Latin languages before he was six years old. At the age of seven, after a careful examination, young TRUMBULL was declared to be sufficiently advanced to merit admission into Yale College. On account of his extreme youth, however, at that time, and his subsequent ill health, he was not sent to reside at New Haven until 1763, when he was in his thirteenth year. His college life was a continued series of successes. His superior genius, attainments and industry enabled him in every trial to surpass his competitors for academic honours; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been printed evince a discipline of thought and style rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of improvement. He was graduated in 1767, but remained in the college three years longer, devoting his attention principally to the study of polite letters. In this period he became acquainted with DWIGHT, then a member of one of the younger classes, who had attracted considerable attention by translating in a very creditable manner two of the finest odes of Horace, and contracted with him a lasting friendship. On the resignation of two of the tutors in the college in 1771, TRUMBULL and DWIGHT were elected to fill the vacancies, and exerted all their energies for several years to introduce an improved course of study and system of discipline into the seminary. At this period the ancient languages, scholastic theology, logic, and mathematics were dignified with the title of "solid learning," and the study of belles lettres was decrised as useless and an unjustifiable waste of time. The two friends were exposed to a torrent of censure and ridicule, but they persevered, and in the end were successful. TRUMBULL wrote many humorous prose and poetical essays while he was a tutor, which were published in the gazettes of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and with DWIGHT produced a series in the manner of the "Spectator," which extended to more than forty numbers. The "Progress of Dulness" was published in 1772. It is the most finished of TRUMBULL's poems, and was hardly less serviceable to the cause of education than "McFingal" was to that of liberty. The puerile absurdity of regarding a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages as of more importance to a clergyman than the most perfect ac-

quaintance with rhetoric and belles lettres, then obtained more generally than now, and dunces had but to remain four years in the neighbourhood of a university to be admitted to the fellowship of scholars and the ministers of religion. In the satire, TOM BRAINLESS, a country clown, too indolent to follow the plough, is sent by his weak-minded parents to college, where a degree is gained by residence, and soon after appears as a full-wigged parson, half-fanatic, half-fool, to do his share toward bringing Christianity into contempt. Another principal person is DICK HAIRBRAIN, an impudent fop, who is made a master of arts in the same way; and in the third part is introduced a character of the same description, belonging to the other sex.

During the last years of his residence at College, TRUMBULL paid as much attention as his other avocations would permit to the study of the law, and in 1773 resigned his tutorship and was admitted to the bar of Connecticut. He did not seek business in the courts, however, but went immediately to Boston, and entered as a student the office of JOHN ADAMS, afterward President of the United States, and at that time an eminent advocate and counsellor. He was now in the focus of American politics. The controversy with Great Britain was rapidly approaching a crisis, and he entered with characteristic ardour into all the discussions of the time, employing his leisure hours in writing for the gazettes and in partisan correspondence. In 1774, he published anonymously his "Essay on the Times," and soon after returned to New Haven, and with the most flattering prospects commenced the practice of his profession.

The first gun of the revolution echoed along the continent in the following year, and private pursuits were abandoned in the general devotion to the cause of liberty. TRUMBULL wrote the first part of "McFingal," which was immediately printed in Philadelphia, where the Congress was then in session, and soon after republished in numerous editions in different parts of this country and in England. It was not finished until 1782, when it was issued complete in three cantos at Hartford, to which place TRUMBULL had removed in the preceding year.

"McFingal" is in the Hudibrastic vein, and much the best imitation of the great satire of BUTLER that has been written. The hero is a Scottish justice of the peace residing in the vicinity of Boston at the beginning of the revolution, and the first two cantos are principally occupied with a discussion between him and one HONORATUS on the course of the British government, in which MCFINGAL, an unyielding loyalist, endeavours to

make proselytes, while all his arguments are directed against himself. His zeal and his logic are together irresistibly ludicrous, but there is nothing in the character unnatural, as it is common for men who read more than they think, or attempt to discuss questions they do not understand, to use arguments which refute the positions they wish to defend. The meeting ends with a riot, in which McFINGAL is seized, tried by the mob, convicted of violent toryism, and tarred and feathered. On being set at liberty, he assembles his friends around him in his cellar, and harangues them until they are dispersed by the whigs, when he escapes to Boston, and the poem closes. These are all the important incidents of the story, yet it is never tedious, and few commence reading it who do not follow it to the end and regret its termination. Throughout the three cantos the wit is never separated from the character of the hero.

After the removal of TRUMBULL to Hartford a social club was established in that city, of which BARLOW, Colonel HUMPHRIES, Doctor LEMUEL HOPKINS, and our author, were members. They produced numerous essays on literary, moral, and political subjects, none of which attracted more applause than a series of papers in imitation of the "Rolliad," (a popular English work, ascribed to FOX, SHERIDAN, and their associates,) entitled "American Antiquities" and "Extracts from the Anarchiad," originally printed in the New Haven

Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected, but they were republished from one end of the country to the other in the periodicals of the time, and were supposed to have had considerable influence on public taste and opinions, and by the boldness of their satire to have kept in abeyance the leaders of political disorganization and infidel philosophy. TRUMBULL also aided BARLOW in the preparation of his edition of WATTS's version of the Psalms, and wrote several of the paraphrases in that work which have been generally attributed to the author of "The Columbiad."

TRUMBULL was a popular lawyer, and was appointed to various honourable offices by the people and the government. From 1795, in consequence of ill health, he declined all public employment, and was for several years an invalid. At length, recovering his customary vigour, in 1800 he was elected a member of the legislature, and in the year following a judge of the Superior Court. In 1808 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, and held the office until 1819, when he finally retired from public life. His poems were collected and published in 1820, and in 1825 he removed to Detroit, where his daughter, the wife of the Honourable WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE, now a member of the United States Senate for Michigan, was residing, and died there in May, 1831, in the eighty-first year of his age.

ODE TO SLEEP.

I.

Come, gentle Sleep!

Balm of my wounds and softener of my woes,
And lull my weary heart in sweet repose,
And bid my sadden'd soul forget to weep,
And close the tearful eye;

While dewy eve, with solemn sweep,
Hath drawn her fleecy mantle o'er the sky,
And chased afar, adown the ethereal way,
The din of bustling care and gaudy eye of day.

II.

Come, but thy leaden sceptre leave,
Thy opiate rod, thy poppies pale,
Dipp'd in the torpid fount of Lethe's stream,
That shroud with night each intellectual beam,
And quench the immortal fire, in deep Oblivion's
wave.

Yet draw the thick, impervious veil
O'er all the scenes of tasted wo;
Command each cypress shade to flee;
Between this toil-worn world and me
Display thy curtain broad, and hide the realms be-
low.

III.

Descend, and, graceful, in thy hand,
With thee bring thy magic wand,
And thy pencil, taught to glow
In all the hues of Iris' bow.
And call thy bright, aerial train,
Each fairy form and visionary shade,
That in the Elysian land of dreams,
The flower-enwoven banks along,
Or bowery maze, that shades the purple streams,
Where gales of fragrance breathe the enamour'd
In more than mortal charms array'd, [song,
People the airy vales and revel in thy reign.

IV.

But drive afar the haggard crew,
That haunt the guilt-encrimson'd bed,
Or dim before the frenzied view
Stalk with slow and sullen tread;
While furies, with infernal glare,
Wave their pale torches through the troubled air;
And deep from Darkness' inmost womb,
Sad groans dispart the icy tomb,
And bid the sheeted spectre rise,
Mid shrieks and fiery shapes and deadly fantasies.

* See a note on this subject appended to the Life of BARLOW in this volume.

V.

Come and loose the mortal chain,
 That binds to clogs of clay the ethereal wing;
 And give the astonish'd soul to rove,
 Where never sunbeam stretch'd its wide domain;
 And hail her kindred forms above,
 In fields of uncreated spring,
 Aloft where realms of endless glory rise,
 And rapture paints in gold the landscape of the
 skies.

VI.

Then through the liquid fields we'll climb,
 Where Plato treads empyreal air,
 Where daring Homer sits sublime,
 And Pindar rolls his fiery car;
 Above the cloud-encircled hills,
 Where high Parnassus lifts his airy head,
 And Helicon's melodious rills
 Flow gently through the warbling glade;
 And all the Nine, in deathless choir combined,
 Dissolve in harmony the enraptured mind,
 And every bard, that tuned the immortal lay,
 Basks in the ethereal blaze, and drinks celestial
 day.

VII.

Or call to my transported eyes
 Happier scenes, for lovers made;
 Bid the twilight grove arise,
 Lead the rivulet through the glade.
 In some flowering arbour laid,
 Where opening roses taste the honey'd dew,
 And plummy songsters carol through the shade,
 Recall my long-lost wishes to my view.
 Bid Time's inverted glass return
 The scenes of bliss, with hope elate,
 And hail the once expected morn,
 And burst the iron bands of fate
 Graced with all her virgin charms,
 Attractive smiles and past, responsive flame,
 Restore my ***** to my arms,
 Just to her vows and faithful to her fame.

VIII.

Hymen's torch, with hallow'd fire,
 Rising beams the auspicious ray.
 Wake the dance, the festive lyre
 Warbling sweet the nuptial lay;
 Gay with beauties, once alluring,
 Bid the bright enchantress move,
 Eyes that languish, smiles of rapture,
 And the rosy blush of love.
 On her glowing breast reclining,
 Mid that paradise of charms,
 Every blooming grace combining,
 Yielded to my circling arms,
 I clasp the fair, and, kindling at the view,
 Press to my heart the dear deceit, and think the
 transport true.

IX.

Hence, false, delusive dreams,
 Fantastic hopes and mortal passions vain

Ascend, my soul, to nobler themes
 Of happier import and sublimer strain.
 Rising from this sphere of night,
 Pierce yon blue vault, ingemm'd with golden fires;
 Beyond where Saturn's languid car retires,
 Or Sirius keen outvies the solar ray,
 To worlds from every dross terrene refined,
 Realms of the pure, ethereal mind,
 Warm with the radiance of unchanging day:
 Where cherub-forms and essences of light,
 With holy song and heavenly rite,
 From rainbow clouds their strains immortal pour;
 An earthly guest, in converse high,
 Explore the wonders of the sky,
 From orb to orb with guides celestial soar,
 And take, through heaven's wide round, the uni-
 versal tour;

X.

And find that mansion of the blest,
 Where, rising ceaseless from this lethal stage,
 Heaven's favourite sons, from earthly chains re-
 leased,
 In happier Eden pass the eternal age.
 The new-born soul beholds the angelic face
 Of holy sires, that throng the blissful plain,
 Or meets his consort's loved embrace,
 Or clasps the son, so lost, so mourn'd in vain.
 There, charm'd with each endearing wile,
 Maternal fondness greets her infant's smile;
 Long-sever'd friends, in transport doubly dear,
 Unite and join the interminable train—
 And, hark! a well-known voice I hear
 I spy my sainted friend! I meet my Howe* again!

XI.

Hail, sacred shade! for not to dust consign'd,
 Lost in the grave, thine ardent spirit lies,
 Nor fail'd that warm benevolence of mind
 To claim the birthright of its native skies.
 What radiant glory and celestial grace,
 Immortal meed of piety and praise!
 Come to my visions, friendly shade,
 'Gainst all assaults my wayward weakness arm,
 Raise my low thoughts, my nobler wishes aid,
 When passions rage, or vain allurements charm;
 The pomp of learning and the boast of art,
 The glow, that fires in genius' boundless range,
 The pride, that wings the keen, satiric dart,
 And hails the triumph of revenge.
 Teach me, like thee, to feel and know
 Our humble station in this vale of wo,
 Twilight of life, illum'd with feeble ray,
 The infant dawning of eternal day;
 With heart expansive, through this scene improve
 The social soul of harmony and love;
 To heavenly hopes alone aspire and prize
 The virtue, knowledge, bliss, and glory of the
 skies.

* Rev. JOSEPH HOWE, pastor of a church in Boston;
 some time a fellow-tutor with the author at Yale College.
 He died in 1775. The conclusion of the ode was varied,
 by inserting this tribute of affection.

THE COUNTRY CLOWN.*

BRED in distant woods, the clown
 Brings all his country airs to town;
 The odd address, with awkward grace,
 That bows with all-averted face;
 The half-heard compliments, whose note
 Is swallow'd in the trembling throat;
 The stiffen'd gait, the drawling tone,
 By which his native place is known;
 The blush, that looks, by vast degrees,
 Too much like modesty to please;
 The proud displays of awkward dress,
 That all the country fop express:
 The suit right gay, though much belated,
 Whose fashion's superannuated;
 The watch, depending far in state,
 Whose iron chain might form a grate
 The silver buckle, dread to view,
 O'ershadowing all the clumsy shoe;
 The white-gloved hand, that tries to peep
 From ruffle, full five inches deep;
 With fifty odd affairs beside,
 The foppishness of country pride.
 Poor Dick! though first thy airs provoke
 The obstreperous laugh and scornful joke,
 Doom'd all the ridicule to stand,
 While each gay dunce shall lend a hand;
 Yet let not scorn dismay thy hope
 To shine a witling and a fop.
 Blest impudence the prize shall gain,
 And bid thee sigh no more in vain.
 Thy varied dress shall quickly show
 At once the spendthrift and the beau.
 With pert address and noisy tongue,
 That scorns the fear of prating wrong
 'Mongst listening coxcombs shalt thou shine,
 And every voice shall echo thine.

THE FOP.†

How blest the brainless fop, whose praise
 Is doom'd to grace these happy days,
 When well-bred vice can genius teach,
 And fame is placed in folly's reach;
 Impertinence all tastes can hit,
 And every rascal is a wit.
 The lowest dunce, without despairing,
 May learn the true sublime of swearing;
 Learn the nice art of jests obscene,
 While ladies wonder what they mean;
 The heroism of brazen lungs,
 The rhetoric of eternal tongues;
 While whim usurps the name of spirit,
 And impudence takes place of merit,
 And every money'd clown and dunce
 Commences gentleman at once.
 For now, by easy rules of trade,
 Mechanic gentlemen are made!
 From handicrafts of fashion born;
 Those very arts so much their scorn.

To tailors half themselves they owe,
 Who make the clothes that make the beau.

Lo! from the seats, where, fops to bless,
 Learn'd artists fix the forms of dress,
 And sit in consultation grave
 On folded skirt, or straiten'd sleeve,
 The coxcomb trips with sprightly haste,
 In all the flush of modern taste;
 Oft turning, if the day be fair,
 To view his shadow's graceful air;
 Well pleased, with eager eye runs o'er
 The laced suit glittering gay before;*
 The ruffle, where from open'd vest
 The rubied brooch adorns the breast;
 The coat, with lengthening waist behind,
 Whose short skirts dangle in the wind;
 The modish hat, whose breadth contains
 The measure of its owner's brains;
 The stockings gay, with various hues;
 The little toe-encircling shoes;
 The cane, on whose carved top is shown
 A head, just emblem of his own;
 While, wrapp'd in self, with lofty stride,
 His little heart elate with pride,
 He struts in all the joys of show
 That tailors give, or beaux can know.

And who for beauty need repine,
 That's sold at every barber's sign;
 Nor lies in features or complexion,
 But curls disposed in meet direction,
 With strong pomatum's grateful odour,
 And *quantum sufficit* of powder?
 These charms can shed a sprightly grace
 O'er the dull eye and clumsy face;
 While the trim dancing-master's art
 Shall gestures, trips, and bows impart,
 Give the gay piece its final touches,
 And lend those airs, would lure a duchess.

Thus shines the form, nor ought behind,
 The gifts that deck the coxcomb's mind;
 Then hear the daring muse disclose
 The sense and piety of beaux.

To grace his speech, let France bestow
 A set of compliments for show.
 Land of politeness! that affords
 The treasure of new-fangled words,
 And endless quantities disburses
 Of bows and compliments and curses;
 The soft address, with airs so sweet,
 That cringes at the ladies' feet;
 The pert, vivacious, play-house style,
 That wakes the gay assembly's smile;
 Jest that his brother beaux may hit,
 And pass with young coquettes for wit,
 And prized by fops of true discerning,
 Outface the pedantry of learning.
 Yet learning too shall lend its aid
 To fill the coxcomb's spongy head;
 And studious oft he shall peruse
 The labours of the modern muse.
 From endless loads of novels gain
 Soft, simpering tales of amorous pain,

* From the "Progress of Dulness."

† From the same.

* This passage alludes to the mode of dress then in fashion.

With double meanings, neat and handy,
 From ROCHESTER and TRISTRAM SHANDY.*
 The blundering aid of weak reviews,
 That forge the fetters of the muse,
 Shall give him airs of criticising
 On faults of books, he ne'er set eyes on.
 The magazines shall teach the fashion,
 And commonplace of conversation,
 And where his knowledge fails, afford
 The aid of many a sounding word.

Then, lest religion he should need,
 Of pious HUME he'll learn his creed,
 By strongest demonstration shown,
 Evince that nothing can be known;
 Take arguments, unvex'd by doubt,
 On VOLTARE's trust, or go without;
 'Gainst Scripture rail in modern lore,
 As thousand fools have rail'd before;
 Or pleased a nicer art display
 To expound its doctrines all away,
 Suit it to modern tastes and fashions
 By various notes and emendations;
 The rules the ten commands contain,
 With new provisos well explain;
 Prove all religion was but fashion,
 Beneath the Jewish dispensation.
 A ceremonial law, deep hooded
 In types and figures long exploded;
 Its stubborn fetters all unfit
 For these free times of gospel light,
 This rake's millennium, since the day
 When Sabbaths first were done away;
 Since pander-conscience holds the door,
 And lewdness is a vice no more;
 And shame, the worst of deadly fiends,
 On virtue, as its squire, attends.

Alike his poignant wit displays
 The darkness of the former days,
 When men the paths of duty sought,
 And own'd what revelation taught;
 Ere human reason grew so bright,
 Men could see all things by its light,
 And summon'd Scripture to appear,
 And stand before its bar severe,
 To clear its page from charge of fiction,
 And answer pleas of contradiction;
 Ere miracles were held in scorn,
 Or BOLINGBROKE, or HUME were born.

And now the fop, with great energy,
 Levels at priestcraft and the clergy,
 At holy cant and godly prayers,
 And bigots' hypocritic airs;
 Musters each veteran jest to aid,
 Calls piety the parson's trade;
 Cries out 't is shame, past all abiding,
 The world should still be so priest-ridden;
 Applauds free thought that scorns control,
 And generous nobleness of soul,
 That acts its pleasure, good or evil,
 And fears nor deity nor devil.
 These standing topics never fail
 To prompt our little wits to rail,

With mimic drollery of grimace,
 And pleased impertinence of face,
 'Gainst virtue arm their feeble forces,
 And sound the charge in peals of curses.

Blest be his ashes! under ground
 If any particles be found,
 Who, friendly to the coxcomb race,
 First taught those arts of commonplace,
 Those topics fine, on which the beau
 May all his little wits bestow,
 Secure the simple laugh to raise,
 And gain the dunce's palm of praise.
 For where 's the theme that beaux could hit
 With least similitude of wit,
 Did not religion and the priest
 Supply materials for the jest;
 The poor in purse, with metals vile
 For current coins, the world beguile;
 The poor in brain, for genuine wit
 Pass off a viler counterfeit;
 While various thus their doom appears,
 These lose their souls, and those their ears;
 The want of fancy, whim supplies,
 And native humour, mad caprice;
 Loud noise for argument goes off,
 For mirth polite, the ribald's scoff;
 For sense, lewd drolleries entertain us,
 And wit is mimick'd by profaneness.

CHARACTER OF McFINGAL.*

WHEN Yankces, skill'd in martial rule,
 First put the British troops to school;
 Instructed them in warlike trade,
 And new manœuvres of parade;
 The true war-dance of Yankee-reels,
 And *manual exercise* of heels;
 Made them give up, like saints complete,
 The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
 And work, like Christians undissembling,
 Salvation out by fear and trembling;
 Taught Percy fashionable races,
 And modern modes of Chevy-Chaces †
 From Boston, in his best array,
 Great SQUIRE McFINGAL took his way,
 And, graced with ensigns of renown,
 Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
 To Ossian's famed Fingalian race;
 For though their name some part may lack,
 Old FINGAL spelt it with a Mac;
 Which great McPHERSON, with submission,
 We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
 Of Scotia's fog-benighted island;
 Whence gain'd our squire two gifts by right,
 Rebellion and the second-sight.

* From "McFingal."

† LORD PERCY commanded the party that was first opposed by the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chace arose from the precipitate manner of his quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston.

* STERNE'S Tristram Shandy was then in the highest vogue, and in the zenith of its transitory reputation.

Of these the first, in ancient days,
 Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise;
 'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd
 With terror of its might confounded; [head
 Till rose a king with potent charm
 His foes by goodness to disarm;
 Whom every Scot and Jacobite
 Straight fell in love with—at first sight;
 Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
 Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
 And with the sound of potent metal,
 Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
 Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
 Till loud sedition sung hosannas;
 The good lords-bishops and the kirk
 United in the public work;
 Rebellion from the northern regions,
 With BUTE and MANSFIELD swore allegiance,
 And all combined to raze, as nuisance,
 Of church and state, the constitutions;
 Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
 They meant to edify their new ones;
 Enslave the American wildernesses,
 And tear the provinces in pieces.
 For these our squire, among the valiant'st,
 Employ'd his time, and tools, and talents;
 And in their cause, with manly zeal,
 Used his first virtue—to rebel;
 And found this new rebellion pleasing
 As his old king-destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
 And Scottish gift of second-sight.
 No ancient sibyl, famed in rhyme,
 Saw deeper in the womb of time;
 No block in old Dodona's grove
 Could ever more oracular prove.
 Nor only saw he all that was,
 But much that never came to pass;
 Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
 Though former days produced a plenty:
 For any man with half an eye
 What stands before him may espy;
 But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
 To see what is not to be seen.
 As in the days of ancient fame,
 Prophets and poets were the same,
 And all the praise that poets gain
 Is but for what they invent and feign:
 So gain'd our squire his fame by seeing
 Such things as never would have being;
 Whence he for oracles was grown
 The very tripod of his town.
 Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,
 But straight he fell to prophesying;
 Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
 O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse;
 Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings
 Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;*

* This prophecy, like some of the prayers of Homer's heroes, was but half accomplished. The Hanoverians, &c., indeed came over, and much were they feasted with blood; but the hanging of the rebels and the dividing their estates remain unfulfilled. This, however, cannot be the fault of the hero, but rather the British minister, who left off the war before the work was completed.

Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
 And hang'd all rebels to a man;
 Divided their estates and pelf,
 And took a goodly share himself.
 All this, with spirit energetic,
 He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stored with intellectual riches,
 Skill'd was our squire in making speeches,
 Where strength of brains united centres
 With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
 But as some muskets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And, though well aim'd at duck or plover,
 Bear wide and kick their owners over:
 So fared our squire, whose reas'ning toil
 Would often on himself recoil,
 And so much injured more his side,
 The stronger arguments he applied;
 As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
 Trod down the troops they came to aid,
 And hurt their own side more in battle
 Than less and ordinary cattle:
 Yet at town meetings ev'ry chief
 Pinn'd faith on great McFINGAL's sleeve,
 And, as he motioned, all, by rote,
 Raised sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our hero's scene of action,
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction;
 And as each party's strength prevails,
 It turn'd up different heads or tails;
 With constant rattling, in a trice
 Show'd various sides, as oft as dice:
 As that famed weaver, wife to Ulysses,
 By night each day's work pick'd in pieces;
 And though she stoutly did bestir her,
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer:
 So did this town, with steadfast zeal,
 Weave cobwebs for the public weal;
 Which when completed, or before,
 A second vote in pieces tore.
 They met, made speeches full long-winded,
 Resolved, protested, and rescinded;
 Addresses sign'd, then chose committees,
 To stop all drinking of Bohea-teas;
 With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
 And turn'd all Whig committees out.
 Meanwhile our hero, as their head,
 In pomp the Tory faction led,
 Still following, as the squire should please,
 Successive on, like files of geese.

EXTREME HUMANITY.*

THUS GAGE's arms did fortune bless
 With triumph, safety, and success:
 But mercy is without dispute
 His first and darling attribute;
 So great, it far outwent, and conquer'd
 His military skill at Concord.
 There, when the war he chose to wage,
 Shone the benevolence of GAGE;

* From "McFingal."

Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
 On errands mere of special grace,
 And all the work he chose them for
 Was to prevent a civil war;
 And for that purpose he projected
 The only certain way to effect it,
 To take your powder, stores, and arms,
 And all your means of doing harms:
 As prudent folks take knives away,
 Lest children cut themselves at play.
 And yet, though this was all his scheme,
 This war you still will charge on him;
 And though he oft has sworn and said it,
 Stick close to facts, and give no credit,
 Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard
 him!

Why, 'twas the very thing that scared him.
 He'd rather you should all have run,
 Than stay'd to fire a single gun.
 And for the civil law you lament,
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't;
 For had you then, as he intended,
 Given up your arms, it must have ended;
 Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
 Where one side only gives the blows,
 And the other bear 'em; on reflection
 The most you'll call it, is correction.
 Nor could the contest have gone higher,
 If you had ne'er return'd the fire;
 But when you shot and not before,
 It then commenced a civil war.
 Else GAGE, to end this controversy,
 Had but corrected you in mercy:
 Whom mother Britain, old and wise,
 Sent o'er the colonies to chastise;
 Command obedience on their peril
 Of ministerial whip and ferule,
 And, since they ne'er must come of age,
 Govern'd and tutor'd them by GAGE.
 Still more, that this was all their errand,
 The army's conduct makes apparent.
 What though at Lexington you can say
 They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
 At Concord then, with manful popping,
 Discharg'd a round, the ball to open—
 Yet, when they saw your rebel-rout
 Determined still to hold it out;
 Did they not show their love to peace,
 And wish that discord straight might cease,
 Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,
 Their orders were to injure no man!
 For did not every regular run
 As soon as e'er you fired a gun?
 Take the first shot you sent them greeting,
 As meant their signal for retreating;

And fearful, if they stay'd for sport,
 You might by accident be hurt,
 Convey themselves with speed away
 Full twenty miles in half a day;
 Race till their legs were grown so weary,
 They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry!
 Whence GAGE extols, from general hearsay,
 The great activity of LORD PERCY,
 Whose brave example led them on,
 And spirited the troops to run;
 And now may boast, at royal levees,
 A Yankee chace worth forty Chevys.
 Yet you, as vile as they were kind,
 Pursued, like tigers, still behind;
 Fired on them at your will, and shut
 The town, as though you'd starve them out;
 And with parade preposterous hedged,
 Affect to hold him there besieged.

THE DECAYED COQUETTE.*

New beauties push her from the stage;
 She trembles at the approach of age,
 And starts to view the alter'd face
 That wrinkles at her in her glass:
 So Satan, in the monk's tradition,
 Fear'd, when he met his apparition.
 At length her name each coxcomb cancels
 From standing lists of toasts and angels;
 And slighted where she shone before,
 A grace and goddess now no more,
 Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
 Her lovers at her rival's feet,
 She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
 And cries out, vanity, on all;
 Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
 Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;
 Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
 The tracks of age upon her face.
 Now careless grown of airs polite,
 Her noonday nightcap meets the sight;
 Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
 With ornaments of many a feather;
 Her stays for easiness thrown by,
 Her rumpled handkerchief awry,
 A careless figure half undress'd,
 (The reader's wits may guess the rest;)
 All points of dress and neatness carried,
 As though she'd been a twelvemonth married;
 She spends her breath, as years prevail,
 At this sad wicked world to rail,
 To slander all her sex *impromptu*,
 And wonder what the times will come to.

* From the "Progress of Dulness."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

[Born 1752. Died 1817.]

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., LL.D., was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, on the fourteenth of May, 1752. His father was a merchant, of excellent character and liberal education; and his mother, a daughter of the great JONATHAN EDWARDS, was one of the noblest matrons of her time, distinguished not less for her maternal solicitude, ardent temperament, and patriotism, than for the intellectual qualities which made so illustrious the name of the New England metaphysician. She early perceived the indications of superior genius in her son; and we are told by his biographers that under her direction he became familiar with the rudiments of the Latin language before he was six years old, and at the same early period laid the foundation of his remarkable knowledge of history, geography, and the kindred departments of learning. When thirteen years old he entered Yale College. His previous unremitted attention to study had impaired his health, and he made little progress during the first two years of his residence at New Haven; but his subsequent intense and uninterrupted application enabled him to graduate in 1769, the first scholar in the institution. Immediately after obtaining the degree of bachelor of arts, he opened a grammar-school in New Haven, in which he continued two years, at the end of which time he was elected a tutor in his *alma mater*. Yale College was established in the year 1700 by several Congregational clergymen, and had, before the period at which DWIGHT returned to it, become generally unpopular, in consequence of the alleged illiberality of the trustees towards other denominations of Christians. At this time two of the tutors had resigned, leaving in office Mr. JOSEPH HOWE, a man of erudition and liberal sentiments, and DWIGHT and JOHN TRUMBULL were chosen in their places. The regeneration of the seminary now commenced; the study of belles lettres was successfully introduced; its character rapidly rose, and so popular did DWIGHT become with the students, that when, at the age of twenty-five, he resigned his office, they drew up and almost unanimously signed a petition to the corporation that he might be elected to the presidency. He, however, interfered and prevented the formal presentation of the application.

In 1771, DWIGHT commenced writing the "Conquest of Canaan," an "epic poem in eleven books," which he finished in 1774, before he was twenty-three years of age. The subject probably was not the most fortunate that could have been chosen, but a poet with passion and a brilliant imagination, by attempting to paint the manners of the time and the natural characteristics of the oriental world, might have treated it more successfully. DWIGHT

"endeavoured to represent such manners as are removed from the peculiarities of any age or country, and might belong to the amiable and virtuous of any period; elevated without design, refined without ceremony, elegant without fashion, and agreeable because they are ornamented with sincerity, dignity, and religion;" his poem therefore has no distinctive features, and with very slight changes would answer as well for any other land or period as for Judea at the time of its conquest by JOSHUA. Its versification is harmonious, but monotonous, and the work is free from all the extravagances of expression and sentiment which so frequently lessen the worth of poetry by youthful and inexperienced writers. Some of the passages which I have quoted from the "Conquest of Canaan" are doubtless equal to any American poetry produced at this period.

In 1777, the classes in Yale College were separated on account of the war, and, in the month of May, DWIGHT repaired with a number of students to Weathersfield, in Connecticut, where he remained until the autumn, when, having been licensed to preach as a Congregational minister, he joined the army as a chaplain. In this office he won much regard by his professional industry and eloquence, and at the same time exerted considerable influence by writing patriotic songs, which became popular throughout New England. The death of his father, in 1778, induced him to resign his situation in the army, and return to Northampton, to assist his mother to support and educate her family. He remained there five years, labouring on a farm, preaching, and superintending a school, and was in that period twice elected a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Declining offers of political advancement, he was, in 1783, ordained a minister in the parish of Greenfield, in Connecticut, where he remained twelve years, discharging his pastoral duties in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory to his people, and taking charge of an academy, established by himself, which soon became the most popular school of the kind that had ever existed in America.

The "Conquest of Canaan," although finished ten years before, was not printed until the spring of 1785. It was followed by "Greenfield Hill," a descriptive, historical, and didactic poem, which was published in 1794. This work is divided into seven parts, entitled "The Prospect," "The Flourishing Village," "The Burning of Fairfield," "The Destruction of the Pequods," "The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers," "The Farmer's Advice to the Villagers," and "The Vision, or Prospect of the Future Happiness of America." It contains some pleasing pictures of rural life, but added little to the author's reputation as a

poet. The "Triumph of Infidelity," a satire induced by the appearance of a work defending the doctrines of the Universalists, was DWIGHT's next attempt at poetry. It was published anonymously, and the writer's fame would not have been less, had his authorship never been made known.

On the death of Dr. STILES, in 1795, Mr. DWIGHT was elected to the presidency of Yale College. The seminary at the time was in a disordered condition, and suffering from pecuniary embarrassments; but the reputation of the new president as a teacher soon brought around him a very large number of students, and it rapidly rose in the public favour. New professorships were established, the library and philosophical apparatus extended, and the course of study and the system of government changed. Besides acting as president, Dr. DWIGHT was the stated preacher, the professor of theology, and the teacher of the senior class for nearly twenty-one years, during which time the college maintained a place among the first institutions of learning in America.

Dr. DWIGHT died at his residence in New Haven, on the eleventh of January, 1817, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The following catalogue of his works is probably nearly perfect. "America, a Poem," in the style of Pope's "Windsor Forest," 1772; "The History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible," 1772; "The Conquest of Canaan, a Poem," 1785; "An Election Sermon," 1791; "The Genuineness and Authenticity of the New Testament," 1793; "Greenfield Hill, a Poem," 1794; "The Triumph of Infidelity," a satire, and "Two Discourses on the Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy," 1797; "The Duty of Americans in the Present Crisis," 1798; "Discourse on the Character of

Washington," 1800; "Discourse on some Events in the last Century," 1801; "Sermon on the Death of E. G. Marsh," 1804; "Sermon on Duelling," 1805; "Sermon at the Theological Seminary, Andover," 1808; "Sermon at the Ordination of E. Pearson," 1808; "Sermon on the Death of Governor Trumbull," 1809; "A Charity Sermon," 1810; "Sermon at the Ordination of N. W. Taylor," 1812; two "Fast Sermons," 1812; "Sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," 1813; "Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters," 1815; "Observations on Language," and an "Essay on Light," 1816; "Theology explained and defended, in a Series of Sermons," delivered before the theological class in Yale College, and published after Dr. DWIGHT's death, in four large octavo volumes; "Travels in New England and New York," giving an account of excursions during spring and autumn college vacations, for several years, published after the author's death, in four volumes.

As a poet President DWIGHT was little inferior to any of his contemporaries in America; but it was not on his poetry that his claims to the respect of mankind were based. As an instructor probably he was never surpassed in this country, and as a theologian he had no equal among the men of his time. An eloquent preacher, with a handsome person, an expressive countenance, polished and affable manners, brilliant conversational abilities, and vast stores of learning,—it was almost impossible that he should fail of success in any effort, and least of all in the administration of the important office which he so long and so honourably filled. When he died, the country was bereaved of a great and good man.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUODS.

Aw me! while up the long, long vale of time,
Reflection wanders towards the eternal vast,
How starts the eye at many a change sublime,
Unbosom'd dimly by the ages pass'd!
What mausoleums crowd the mournful waste!
The tombs of empires fallen! and nations gone!
Each, once inscribed in gold with "AYE TO
LAST,"

Sate as a queen; proclaim'd the world her own,
And proudly cried, "By me no sorrows shall be
known."

Soon fleets the sunbright form by man adored:
Soon fell the head of gold, to Time a prey;
The arms, the trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd,
And whirlwinds blew the iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur! far astray,
Some lonely-musing pilgrim now inquires:
And, rack'd by storms, and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's mosque foresees its final fires,
And Rome's more lordly temple day by day expires.

As o'er proud Asian realms the traveller winds,
His manly spirit, hush'd by terror, falls;
When some deceased town's lost site he finds,
Where ruin wild his pondering eye appals;
Where silence swims along the moulder'd walls,
And broods upon departed Grandeur's tomb.
Through the lone, hollow aisles sad Echo calls
At each slow step; deep sighs the breathing
gloom,
And weeping fields around bewail their empress'
doom.

Where o'er a hundred realms the throne uprose,
The screech-owl nests, the panther builds his
home;
Sleep the dull newts, the lazy adders doze,
Where pomp and luxury danced the golden
room.

Low lies in dust the sky-resembled dome;
Tall grass around the broken column waves;
And brambles climb, and lonely thistles bloom:
The moulder'd arch the weedy streamlet laves,
And low resound, beneath, unnumber'd sunken
graves.

Soon fleets the sunbright form by man adored,
 And soon man's demon chiefs from memory fade.
 In musty volume now must be explored,
 Where dwelt imperial nations, long decay'd.
 The brightest meteors angry clouds invade;
 And where the wonders glitter'd, none explain.
 Where Carthage, with proud hand, the trident
 away'd,
 Now mud-wall'd cots sit sullen on the plain,
 And wandering, fierce, and wild, sequester'd Arabs
 reign.

In thee, O Albion! queen of nations, live
 Whatever splendours earth's wide realms have
 known;
 In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive,
 And Greece her arts, and Rome her lordly throne:
 By every wind thy Tyrian fleets are blown;
 Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand;
 All ocean's realms thy naval sceptre own;
 Of bards, of sages, how august thy band!
 And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd
 land.

But, O how vast thy crimes! Though Heaven's
 great year,
 When few centurial suns have traced their way;
 When Southern Europe, worn by feuds severe,
 Weak, doting, fallen, has bow'd to Russian sway,
 And setting Glory beam'd her farewell ray,
 To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall
 turn;
 In dust thy temples, towers, and towns decay;
 The forest howl, where London's turrets burn,
 And all thy garlands deck thy sad, funereal urn.

Some land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
 Scepter'd with arts and arms, (if I divine,)
 Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
 In all thy pomp shall then majestic shine.
 As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
 Not ruins only meet the inquiring eye:
 Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles
 twine,
 The filial stem, already towering high,
 Ere long shall stretch his arms, and nod in yonder
 sky.

Where late resounded the wild woodland roar,
 Now heaves the palace, now the temple smiles;
 Where frown'd the rude rock and the desert shore,
 Now pleasure sports, and business want beguiles,
 And Commerce wings her flight to thousand
 isles;
 Culture walks forth; gay laugh the loaded fields;
 And jocund Labour plays his harmless wiles;
 Glad Science brightens; Art her mansion builds;
 And Peace uplifts her wand, and HEAVEN his
 blessing yields.

O'er these sweet fields, so lovely now and gay,
 Where modest Nature finds each want supplied,
 Where homeborn Happiness delights to play,
 And counts her little flock with household pride,
 Long frown'd, from age to age, a forest wide:
 Here hung the slumbering bat; the serpent dire
 Nested his brood, and drank the im poison'd tide;

Wolves peal'd the dark, drear night in hideous
 choir,
 Nor shrunk the unmeasured howl from Sol's terrific
 fire.

No charming cot embark'd the pebbly stream;
 No mansion tower'd, nor garden teem'd with
 good;
 No lawn expanded to the April beam,
 Nor mellow harvest hung its bending load;
 Nor science dawn'd, nor life with beauty glow'd,
 Nor temple whiten'd in the enchanting dell;
 In clusters wild the sluggish wigwam stood;
 And, borne in snaky paths, the Indian fell
 Now aim'd the death unseen, now screamed the
 tiger yell.

Even now, perhaps, on human dust I tread,
 Pondering with solemn pause the wrecks of time;
 Here sleeps, perchance, among the vulgar dead,
 Some chief, the lofty theme of Indian rhyme,
 Who loved Ambition's cloudy steep to climb,
 And smiled, deaths, dangers, rivals to engage;
 Who roused his followers' souls to deeds sublime,
 Kindling to furnace heat vindictive rage,
 And soar'd Caesarean heights, the phoenix of his
 age.

In yon small field that dimly steals from sight,
 (From yon small field these meditations grow,)
 Turning the sluggish soil from morn to night,
 The plodding hind, laborious, drives his plough,
 Nor dreams a nation sleeps his foot below.
 There, undisturbed by the roaring wave,
 Released from war, and far from deadly foe,
 Lies down in endless rest a nation brave,
 And trains in tempests born there find a quiet
 grave.

Oft have I heard the tale, when matrons sere
 Sung to my infant ear the song of wo;
 Of maiden meek consumed with pining care,
 Around whose tomb the wild rose loved to blow;
 Or told, with swimming eyes, how, long ago,
 Remorseless Indians, all in midnight dire,
 The little sleeping village did o'erthrow,
 Bidding the cruel flames to heaven aspire,
 And scalp'd the hoary head, and burn'd the babe
 with fire.

Then, fancy-fired, her memory wing'd its flight
 To long-forgotten wars and dread alarms,
 To chiefs obscure, but terrible in fight,
 Who mock'd each foe, and laugh'd at deadliest
 harms,
 Sidneys in zeal, and Washingtons in arms.
 By instinct tender to the woes of man,
 My heart bewildering with sweet Pity's charms,
 Through solemn scenes, with Nature's step she
 ran,
 And hush'd her audience small, and thus the tale
 began.

"Thro' verdant banks, where Thames's branches
 glide,
 Long held the Pequods an extensive sway;
 Bold, savage, fierce, of arms the glorious pride,
 And bidding all the circling realms obey.

Jealous, they saw the tribes beyond the sea
Plant in their climes ; and towns and cities rise ;
Ascending castles foreign flags display ;
Mysterious art new scenes of life devise ;
And steeds insult the plains, and cannon rend the
skies.

"They saw, and soon the strangers' fate decreed,
And soon of war disclosed the crimson sign ;
First, hapless STONE ! they bade thy bosom bleed,
A guiltless offering at the infernal shrine :
Then, gallant NORTON ! the hard fate was thine,
By ruffians butcher'd, and denied a grave :
Thee, generous OLDHAM ! next the doom malign
Arrested ; nor could all thy courage save ;
Forsaken, plunder'd, cleft, and buried in the
wave.

"Soon the sad tidings reach'd the general ear,
And prudence, pity, vengeance, all inspire :
Invasive war their gallant friends prepare ;
And soon a noble band, with purpose dire,
And threatening arms, the murderous fiends re-
quire :
Small was the band, but never taught to yield ;
Breasts faced with steel, and souls instinct with
fire :
Such souls from Sparta Persia's world repell'd,
When nations paved the ground, and XERXES flew
the field.

"The rising clouds the savage chief descried,
And round the forest bade his heroes arm ;
To arms the painted warriors proudly hied,
And through surrounding nations rung the alarm.
The nations heard ; but smiled to see the storm,
With ruin fraught, o'er Pequod mountains
driven ;
And felt infernal joy the bosom warm,
To see their light hang o'er the skirts of even,
And other suns arise, to gild a kinder heaven.

"Swift to the Pequod fortress MASON sped,
Far in the wildering wood's impervious gloom ;
A lonely castle, brown with twilight dread,
Where oft the embowell'd captive met his doom,
And frequent heaved around the hollow tomb ;
Scalps hung in rows, and whitening bones were
strew'd ;
Where, round the broiling babe, fresh from the
womb,
With howls the Powaw fill'd the dark abode,
And screams and midnight prayers invoked the
evil god.

"There too, with awful rites, the hoary priest,
Without, beside the moss-grown altar stood,
His sable form in magic cincture dress'd,
And heap'd the mingled offering to his god,
What time, with golden light, calm evening
glow'd.
The mystic dust, the flower of silver bloom,
And spicy herb, his hand in order strew'd ;
Bright rose the curling flame ; and rich perfume
On smoky wings upflew, or settled round the
tomb.

"Then o'er the circus danced the maddening
throng,
As erst the Thyas roam'd dread Nysa round,
And struck to forest notes the ecstatic song,
While slow beneath them heaved the wavy
ground.
With a low, lingering groan of dying sound,
The woodland rumbled ; murmur'd deep each
stream ;
Shrill sung the leaves ; all ether sigh'd profound ;
Pale tufts of purple topped the silver flame,
And many-colour'd forms on evening breezes
came.

"Thin, twilight forms, attired in changing sheen
Of plumes high-tinctured in the western ray ;
Bending, they peep'd the fleecy folds between,
Their wings light-rustling in the breath of May.
Soft-hovering round the fire in mystic play,
Pale tufts of purple topped the silver flame,
Then, silent, floated towards the setting day :
Eve reddened each fine form, each misty car,
And through them faintly gleam'd, at times, the
western star.

"Then (so tradition sings) the train behind,
In plumy zones of rainbow'd beauty dress'd,
Rode the Great Spirit in the obedient wind,
In yellow clouds slow-sailing from the west.
With dawning smiles the God his votaries blest,
And taught where deer retired to ivy dell ;
What chosen chief with proud command to
invest ;
Where crept the approaching foe, with purpose fell,
And where to wind the scout, and war's dark
storm dispel.

"There, on her lover's tomb, in silence laid,
While still and sorrowing shower'd the moon's
pale beam,
At times expectant, slept the widow'd maid,
Her soul far-wandering on the sylph-wing'd
dream.
Wasted from evening skies on sunny stream,
Her darling youth with silver pinions shone ;
With voice of music, tuned to sweetest theme,
He told of shell-bright bowers beyond the sun,
Where years of endless joy o'er Indian lovers run.

"But now nor awful rites nor potent spell
To silence charm'd the peals of coming war ;
Or told the dread recesses of the dell,
Where glowing MASON led his bands from far :
No spirit, buoyant on his airy car,
Controll'd the whirlwind of invading fight :
Deep dyed in blood, dun evening's falling star
Sent sad o'er western hills its parting light,
And no returning morn dispersed the long, dark
night.

"On the drear walls a sudden splendour glow'd,
There MASON shone, and there his veterans
poured.
Anew the hero claim'd the fiends of blood,
While answering storms of arrows round him
shower'd,

And the war-scream the ear with anguish gored.
Alone he burst the gate: the forest round
Re-echoed death; the peal of onset roar'd;
In rush'd the squadrons; earth in blood was
drown'd;
And gloomy spirits fled, and corpses hid the ground.

"Not long in dubious fight the host had striven,
When, kindled by the musket's potent flame,
In clouds and fire the castle rose to heaven,
And gloom'd the world with melancholy beam.
Then hoarser groans with deeper anguish came,
And fiercer fight the keen assault repell'd:
Nor even these ills the savage breast could tame;
Like hell's deep caves the hideous region yell'd,
Till death and sweeping fire laid waste the hostile
field.

"Soon the sad tale their friends surviving heard,
And MASON, MASON, rung in every wind:
Quick from their rugged wilds they disappear'd,
Howl'd down the hills, and left the blast behind.
Their fastening foes, by generous STOUTERON
join'd,
Hung o'er the rear, and every brake explor'd;
But such dire terror seized the savage mind,
So swift and black a storm behind them lower'd,
On wings of raging fear, through spacious realms
they scour'd.

"Amid a circling marsh expanded wide,
To a lone hill the Pequods wound their way;
And none but Heaven the mansion had descried,
Close-tangled, wild, impervious to the day;
But one poor wanderer, loitering long astray,
Wilderd in labyrinths of pathless wood,
In a tall tree embower'd, obscurely lay:
Straight summon'd down, the trembling suppliant
show'd

Where lurk'd his vanish'd friends within their
drear abode.

"To death the murderers were anew required,
A pardon proffer'd, and a peace assured;
And, tho' with vengeful heat their foes were fired,
Their lives, their freedom, and their lands secured.
Some yielding heard. In fastness strong im-
mured,

The rest the terms refused with brave disdain;
Near and more near the peaceful herald lured,
Then bade a shower of arrows round him rain,
And wing'd him swift from danger to the distant
plain.

"Through the sole, narrow way, to vengeance led,
To final fight our generous heroes drew;
And STOUTERON now had pass'd the moor's black
shade,

When hell's terrific legion scream'd anew.
Undaunted on their foes they fiercely flew;
As fierce, the dusky warriors crowd the fight;
Despair inspires; to combat's face they glue;
With groans and shouts they rage, unknowing
flight,
And close their sullen eyes in shades of endless
night."

Indulge, my native land! indulge the tear
That steals impassion'd o'er a nation's doom:
To me each twig from Adam's stock is near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb.
And, O ye chiefs! in yonder starry home,
Accept the humble tribute of this rhyme.
Your gallant deeds, in Greece or haughty Rome,
By MARO sung, or HOMER's harp sublime,
Had charm'd the world's wide round, and tri-
umph'd over time.

THE SOCIAL VISIT.*

YE Muses! dames of dignified renown,
Revered alike in country and in town,
Your bard the mysteries of a visit show;
For sure your ladyships those mysteries know:
What is it, then, obliging sisters! say,
The debt of social visiting to pay?

'Tis not to toil before the idol pier;
To shine the first in fashion's lunar sphere;
By sad engagements forced abroad to roam,
And dread to find the expecting fair at home!
To stop at thirty doors in half a day,
Drop the gilt card, and proudly roll away;
To alight, and yield the hand with nice parade;
Up stairs to rustle in the stiff brocade;
Swim through the drawing-room with studied air,
Catch the pink'd beau, and shade the rival fair;
To sit, to curb, to toss with bridled mien,
Mince the scant speech, and lose a glance between;
Unfurl the fan, display the snowy arm,
And ope, with each new motion, some new charm:
Or sit in silent solitude, to spy
Each little failing with malignant eye;
Or chatter with incessancy of tongue,
Careless if kind or cruel, right or wrong;
To trill of us and ours, of mine and me,
Our house, our coach, our friends, our family,
While all the excluded circle sit in pain,
And glance their cool contempt or keen disdain:
To inhale from proud Nanking a sip of tea,
And wave a courtesy trim and flirt away:
Or waste at cards peace, temper, health, and life,
Begin with sullenness, and end in strife;
Lose the rich feast by friendly converse given,
And backward turn from happiness and heaven.

It is in decent habit, plain and neat,
To spend a few choice hours in converse sweet,
Careless of forms, to act the unstudied part,
To mix in friendship, and to blend the heart;
To choose those happy themes which all must feel,
The moral duties and the household weal,
The tale of sympathy, the kind design,
Where rich affections soften and refine;
To amuse, to be amused, to bless, be bless'd,
And tune to harmony the common breast;
To cheer with mild good-humour's sprightly ray,
And smooth life's passage o'er its thorny way;
To circle round the hospitable board,
And taste each good our generous climes afford;
To court a quick return with accents kind,
And leave, at parting, some regret behind.

* From "Greenfield Hill."

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.*

Ah! knew he but his happiness, of men
 Not the least happy he, who, free from broils
 And base ambition, vain and bustling pomp,
 Amid a friendly cure, and competence,
 Tastes the pure pleasures of parochial life.
 What though no crowd of clients, at his gate,
 To falsehood and injustice bribe his tongue,
 And flatter into guilt?—what though no bright
 And gilded prospects lure ambition on
 To legislative pride, or chair of state?
 What though no golden dreams entice his mind
 To burrow, with the mole, in dirt and mire?
 What though no splendid villa, Eden'd round
 With gardens of enchantment, walks of state,
 And all the grandeur of superfluous wealth,
 Invite the passenger to stay his steed,
 And ask the liveried foot-boy, "Who dwells here?"
 What though no swarms, around his sumptuous
 board,

Of soothing flatterers, humming in the shine
 Of opulence, and honey from his flowers
 Devouring, till their time arrives to sting,
 Inflate his mind; his virtues round the year
 Repeating, and his faults, with microscope
 Inverted, lessen, till they steal from sight?—
 Yet from the dire temptations these present
 His state is free; temptations, few can stem;
 Temptations, by whose sweeping torrent hurl'd
 Down the dire steep of guilt, unceasing fall
 Sad victims, thousands of the brightest minds
 That time's dark reign adorn; minds, to whose grasp
 Heaven seems most freely offer'd; to man's eye,
 Most hopeful candidates for angels' joys.

His lot, that wealth, and power, and pride forbids,
 Forbids him to become the tool of fraud,
 Injustice, misery, ruin; saves his soul
 From all the needless labours, griefs, and cares,
 That avarice and ambition agonize;
 From those cold nerves of wealth, that, palsied, feel
 No anguish, but its own; and ceaseless lead
 To thousand meanesses, as gain allures.

Though oft compell'd to meet the gross attack
 Of shameless ridicule and towering pride,
 Sufficient good is his; good, real, pure,
 With guilt unmingled. Rarely forced from home,
 Around his board his wife and children smile;
 Communion sweetest, nature here can give,
 Each fond endearment, office of delight,
 With love and duty blending. Such the joy
 My bosom oft has known. His, too, the task
 To rear the infant plants that bud around;
 To ope their little minds to truth's pure light;
 To take them by the hand, and lead them on
 In that straight, narrow road where virtue walks;
 To guard them from a vain, deceiving world,

* From "Greenfield Hill."

† Ah! knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he, &c. THOMSON.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
 Agricolas! VIRGIL, *Georg.* 2.

And point their course to realms of promised life.
 His too the esteem of those who weekly hear
 His words of truth divine; unnumber'd acts
 Of real love attesting to his eye
 Their filial tenderness. Where'er he walks,
 The friendly welcome and inviting smile
 Wait on his steps, and breathe a kindred joy.

Oft too in friendliest association join'd,
 He greets his brethren, with a flowing heart,
 Flowing with virtue; all rejoiced to meet,
 And all reluctant parting; every aim,
 Benevolent, aiding with purpose kind;
 While, season'd with unblemish'd cheerfulness,
 Far distant from the tainted mirth of vice,
 Their hearts disclose each contemplation sweet
 Of things divine; and blend in friendship pure,
 Friendship sublimed by piety and love.

All virtue's friends are his: the good, the just,
 The pious, to his house their visits pay,
 And converse high hold of the true, the fair,
 The wonderful, the moral, the divine:
 Of saints and prophets, patterns bright of truth,
 Lent to a world of sin, to teach mankind
 How virtue in that world can live and shine;
 Of learning's varied realms; of Nature's works;
 And that bless'd book which gilds man's darkness
 way

With light from heaven; of bless'd Messiah's throne
 And kingdom; prophecies divine fulfill'd,
 And prophecies more glorious yet to come
 In renovated days; of that bright world,
 And all the happy trains which that bright world
 Inhabit, whither virtue's sons are gone:
 While God the whole inspires, adorns, exalts;
 The source, the end, the substance, and the soul.

This too the task, the bless'd, the useful task,
 To invigour order, justice, law, and rule;
 Peace to extend, and bid contention cease;
 To teach the words of life; to lead mankind
 Back from the wild of guilt and brink of woe
 To virtue's house and family; faith, hope,
 And joy to inspire; to warm the soul
 With love to God and man; to cheer the sad,
 To fix the doubting, rouse the languid heart;
 The wandering to restore; to spread with down
 The thorny bed of death; console the poor,
 Departing mind, and aid its lingering wing.

To him her choicest pages Truth expands,
 Unceasing, where the soul-entrancing scenes
 Poetic fiction boasts are real all:
 Where beauty, novelty, and grandeur wear
 Superior charms, and moral values unfold
 Sublimities transporting and divine.

Not all the scenes Philosophy can boast,
 Though them with nobler truths he ceaseless blends,
 Compare with these. They, as they found the mind,
 Still leave it; more inform'd, but not more wise.
 These wiser, nobler, better, make the man.

Thus every happy mean of solid good
 His life, his studies, and profession yield.
 With motives hourly new, each rolling day
 Allures, through wisdom's path and truth's fair field,
 His feet to yonder skies. Before him heaven
 Shines bright, the scope sublime of all his prayers,
 The meed of every sorrow, pain, and toil.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.*

WHERE yonder humble spire salutes the eye,
 (Its vane slow-turning in the liquid sky,
 Where, in light gambols, healthy striplings sport,
 Ambitious learning builds her outer court;
 A grave preceptor, there, her usher stands,
 And rules without a rod her little bands.
 Some half-grown sprigs of learning graced his brow:
 Little he knew, though much he wish'd to know;
 Enchanted hung o'er VIRGIL'S honey'd lay,
 And smiled to see desipient HORACE play;
 Glean'd scraps of Greek; and, curious, traced afar,
 Through POPE'S clear glass the bright Mæonian star.
 Yet oft his students at his wisdom stared,
 For many a student to his side repair'd;
 Surprised, they heard him DILWORTH'S knots untie,
 And tell what lands beyond the Atlantic lie.
 Many his faults; his virtues small and few;
 Some little good he did, or strove to do;
 Laborious still, he taught the early mind,
 And urged to manners meek and thoughts refined;
 Truth he impress'd, and every virtue praised;
 While infant eyes in wondering silence gazed;
 The worth of time would day by day unfold,
 And tell them every hour was made of gold.

THE BATTLE OF AI.†

NOW near the burning domes the squadrons stood,
 Their breasts impatient for the scenes of blood:
 On every face a death-like glimmer sate,
 The unblest'd harbinger of instant fate. [spires,
 High through the gloom, in pale and dreadful
 Rose the long terrors of the dark-red fires;
 Torches, and torrent sparks, by whirlwinds driven,
 Stream'd through the smoke, and fired the clouded
 heaven;
 As oft tall turrets sunk, with rushing sound,
 Broad flames burst forth, and sweep the ethereal
 round;
 The bright expansion lighten'd all the scene,
 And deeper shadows lengthen'd o'er the green.
 Loud through the walls, that cast a golden gleam,
 Crown'd with tall pyramids of bending flame,
 As thunders rumble down the darkening vales,
 Roll'd the deep, solemn voice of rushing gales:
 The bands, admiring, saw the wondrous sight,
 And expectation trembled for the fight.
 At once the sounding clarion breathed alarms;
 Wide from the forest burst the flash of arms;
 Thick gleam'd the helms; and o'er astonish'd fields,
 Like thousand meteors rose the flame-bright shields.
 In gloomy pomp, to furious combat roll'd [gold;
 Ranks sheath'd in mail, and chiefs in glimmering
 In floating lustre bounds the dim-seen steed,
 And cars unfinish'd, swift to cars succeed:
 From all the host ascends a dark-red glare,
 Here in full blaze, in distant twinklings there;

Slow waves the dreadful light, as round the shore
 Night's solemn blasts with deep confusion roar:
 So rush'd the footsteps of the embattled train,
 And send an awful murmur o'er the plain.

Tall in the opposing van, bold IRAN stood,
 And bid the clarion sound the voice of blood.
 Loud blew the trumpet on the sweeping gales,
 Rock'd the deep groves, and echoed round the vales;
 A ceaseless murmur all the concave fills,
 Waves through the quivering camp, and trembles
 o'er the hills.

High in the gloomy blaze the standards flew;
 The impatient youth his burnish'd falchion drew;
 Ten thousand swords his eager bands display'd,
 And crimson terrors danced on every blade.
 With equal rage, the bold, Hazonian train
 Pour'd a wide deluge o'er the shadowy plain;
 Loud rose the songs of war, loud clang'd the shields,
 Dread shouts of vengeance shook the shuddering
 fields;

With mingled din, shrill, martial music rings,
 And swift to combat each fierce hero springs.
 So broad, and dark, a midnight storm ascends,
 Bursts on the main, and trembling nature rends;
 The red foam burns, the watery mountains rise,
 One deep, unmeasured thunder heaves the skies;
 The bark drives lonely; shivering and forlorn,
 The poor, sad sailors wish the lingering morn:
 Not with less fury rush'd the vengeful train;
 Not with less tumult roar'd the embattled plain.
 Now in the oak's black shade they fought conceal'd;
 And now they shouted through the open field;
 The long, pale splendours of the curling flame
 Cast o'er their polish'd arms a livid gleam;
 An umber'd lustre floated round their way,
 And lighted falchions to the fierce affray.
 Now the swift chariots 'gainst the stubborn oak
 Dash'd; and the earth re-echoes to the shock.
 From shade to shade the forms tremendous stream,
 And their arms flash a momentary flame.
 Mid hollow tombs as fleets an airy train,
 Lost in the skies, or fading o'er the plain;
 So visionary shapes, around the fight,
 Shoot through the gloom, and vanish from the sight;
 Through twilight paths the maddening coursers
 bound,

The shrill swords crack, the clashing shields resound.
 There, lost in grandeur, might the eye behold
 The dark-red glimmerings of the steel and gold;
 The chief; the steed; the nimbly-rushing car;
 And all the horrors of the gloomy war.
 Here the thick clouds, with purple lustre bright,
 Spread o'er the long, long host, and gradual sunk
 in night;
 Here half the world was wrapp'd in rolling fires,
 And dreadful valleys sunk between the spires.
 Swift ran black forms across the livid flame,
 And oaks waved slowly in the trembling beam:
 Loud rose the mingled noise; with hollow sound,
 Deep rolling whirlwinds roar, and thundering
 flames resound.

As drives a blast along the midnight heath,
 Rush'd raging IRAN on the scenes of death;
 High o'er his shoulder gleam'd his brandish'd blade,
 And scatter'd ruin round the twilight shade.

* From "Greenfield Hill."

† This and the three following extracts are from "The Conquest of Canaan."

Full on a giant hero's sweeping car
 He pour'd the tempest of resistless war;
 His twinkling lance the heathen raised on high,
 And hurl'd it, fruitless, through the gloomy sky;
 From the bold youth the maddening coursers wheel,
 Gash'd by the vengeance of his slaughtering steel;
 'Twixt two tall oaks the helpless chief they drew;
 The shrill car dash'd; the crack'd wheels rattling
 flew;

Crush'd in his arms, to rise he strove in vain,
 And lay unpitied on the dreary plain.

THE LAMENTATION OF SELIMA.

CANST thou forget, when, call'd from southern
 bowers,
 Love tuned the groves, and spring awaked the
 flowers,

How, loosed from slumbers by the morning ray,
 O'er balmy plains we bent our frequent way?
 On thy fond arm, with pleasing gaze, I hung,
 And heard sweet music murmur o'er thy tongue;
 Hand lock'd in hand, with gentle ardour press'd,
 Pour'd soft emotions through the heaving breast;
 In magic transport heart with heart entwined,
 And in sweet languor lost the melting mind.

'T was then thy voice, attuned to wisdom's lay,
 Show'd fairer worlds, and traced the immortal way;
 In virtue's pleasing paths my footsteps tried,
 My sweet companion and my skilful guide;
 Through varied knowledge taught my mind to soar,
 Search hidden truths, and new-found walks explore:
 While still the tale, by nature learn'd to rove,
 Slid, unperceived, to scenes of happy love.

Till, weak and lost, the faltering converse fell,
 And eyes disclosed what eyes alone could tell;
 In rapturous tumult bade the passions roll,
 And spoke the living language of the soul.

With what fond hope, through many a blissful hour,
 We gave the soul to fancy's pleasing power;
 Lost in the magic of that sweet employ

To build gay scenes, and fashion future joy!
 We saw mild peace o'er fair Canaan rise,

And shower her pleasures from benignant skies.
 On airy hills our happy mansion rose,

Built but for joy, nor room reserved for woes.

Round the calm solitude, with ceaseless song,

Soft roll'd domestic ecstasy along:

Sweet as the sleep of innocence, the day,

By raptures number'd, lightly danced away:

To love, to bliss, the blended soul was given,

And each, too happy, ask'd no brighter heaven.

Yet then, even then, my trembling thoughts would
 rove,

And steal an hour from IRAN, and from love,

Through dread futurity all anxious roam,

And cast a mournful glance on ills to come. . . .

And must the hours in ceaseless anguish roll?

Must no soft sunshine cheer my clouded soul?

Spring charm around me brightest scenes, in vain,

And youth's angelic visions wake to pain!

O, come once more; with fond endearments come!

Burst the cold prison of the sullen tomb;

Through favourite walks thy chosen maid attend,
 Where well known shades for thee their branches
 bend;

Shed the sweet poison from thy speaking eye,
 And look those raptures lifeless words deny!
 Still be the tale rehearsed, that ne'er could tire,
 But, told each eve, fresh pleasure could inspire;
 Still hoped those scenes which love and fancy drew,
 But, drawn a thousand times, were ever new!

Again all bright shall glow the morning beam,
 Again soft suns dissolve the frozen stream,
 Spring call young breezes from the southern skies,
 And, clothed in splendour, flowery millions rise—
 In vain to thee! No morn's indulgent ray
 Warms the cold mansion of thy slumbering clay.
 No mild, ethereal gale, with tepid wing,
 Shall fan thy locks, or waft approaching spring:
 Unfelt, unknown, shall breathe the rich perfume,
 And unheard music wave around thy tomb.

A cold, dumb, dead repose invests thee round;
 Still as a void, ere Nature form'd a sound.

O'er thy dark region, pierced by no kind ray,

Slow roll the long, oblivious hours away.

In these wide walks, this solitary round,

Where the pale moonbeam lights the glimmering
 ground,

At each sad turn, I view thy spirit come,

And glide, half-seen, behind a neighbouring tomb;

With visionary hand, forbid my stay,

Look o'er the grave, and beckon me away.

PREDICTION TO JOSHUA RELATIVE TO AMERICA.

FAR o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
 Where seas and skies in blue confusion blend:
 Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heaven design'd
 The last retreat for poor, oppress'd mankind;
 Form'd with that pomp which marks the hand
 divine,

And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd
 shine.

Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur spread,

Here cloudy forests cast eternal shade;

Rich valleys wind, the sky-tall mountains brave,

And inland seas for commerce spread the wave.

With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll,

And fairer lustre purples round the pole.

Here, warm'd by happy suns, gay mines unfold

The useful iron and the lasting gold;

Pure, changing gems in silence learn to glow,

And mock the splendours of the covenant bow.

On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod,

That smile to see the future harvest nod,

In glad succession plants unnumber'd bloom,

And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume.

Hence life once more a length of days shall claim,

And health, reviving, light her purple flame.

Far from all realms this world imperial rises,

Seas roll between, and threat'ning tempests rise.

Alike removed beyond ambition's pale,

And the bold pinions of the venturous sail;

Till circling years the destined period bring,
 And a new Moses lift the daring wing,
 Through trackless seas an unknown flight explores,
 And hails a new Canaan's promised shores.
 On yon far strand behold that little train
 Ascending venturous o'er the unmeasured main;
 No dangers fright, no ills the course delay;
 'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way.
 Speed—speed, ye sons of truth! let Heaven befriend,
 Let angels waft you, and let peace attend.
 O! smile, thou sky serene; ye storms, retire;
 And airs of Eden every sail inspire.
 Swift o'er the main behold the canvass fly,
 And fade and fade beneath the farthest sky;
 See verdant fields the changing waste unfold;
 See sudden harvests dress the plains in gold;
 In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend,
 And dancing woods to spires and temples bend. . .
 Here empire's last and brightest throne shall rise,
 And Peace, and Right, and Freedom greet the
 skies;
 To morn's far realms her trading ships shall sail,
 Or lift their canvass to the evening gale:
 In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar,
 Tread starry fields, and untried scenes explore.
 And, hark! what strange, what solemn breaking
 strain
 Swells, wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far main!
 Down Time's long, lessening vale the notes decay,
 And, lost in distant ages, roll away.

EVENING AFTER A BATTLE.

Above tall western hills, the light of day
 Shot far the splendours of his golden ray;
 Bright from the storm, with tenfold grace he smiled,
 The tumult soften'd, and the world grew mild.
 With pomp transcendent, robed in heavenly dyes,
 Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies;
 Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine—
 Fair type of truth and beauty—endless shine
 Around the expanse, with thousand splendours rare;
 Gay clouds sail wanton through the kindling air;
 From shade to shade unnumber'd tinctures blend,
 Unnumber'd forms of wondrous light extend;
 In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,
 Graced with bright domes, and crown'd with towers
 of fire;
 On cliffs cliffs burn; o'er mountains mountains roll:
 A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole:
 Rapt with the splendour, every songster sings,
 Tops the high bough, and claps his glistening wings;
 With new-born green reviving nature blooms,
 And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.
 Far south the storm withdrew its troubled reign,
 Descending twilight dimm'd the dusky plain;
 Black night arose; her curtains hid the ground:
 Less roar'd, and less, the thunder's solemn sound;
 The bended lightning shot a brighter stream,
 Or wrapp'd all heaven in one wide, mantling flame;
 By turns, o'er plains, and woods, and mountains
 spread
 Faint, yellow glimmerings, and a deeper shade.

From parting clouds, the moon out-breaking shone,
 And sate, sole empress, on her silver throne;
 In clear, full beauty, round all nature smiled,
 And claimed, o'er heaven and earth, dominion mild;
 With humbler glory, stars her court attend,
 And bless'd, and union'd, silent lustre blend.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies;
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.
 Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;
 Be freedom and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
 Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
 A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
 On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her
 star;

New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar
 To fame, unextinguish'd when time is no more;
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
 Here, grateful, to Heaven with transport shall bring
 Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
 And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
 The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
 And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
 And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind,
 With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
 And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the east and the south yield their spices and
 gold.

As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendour shall
 flow,

And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
 From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd—
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
 The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

[Born 1758. Died 1818.]

DAVID HUMPHREYS, LL.D., was the son of a Congregational clergyman, at Derby, in Connecticut, where he was born in 1753. He was educated at Yale College, with DWIGHT, TRUMBULL, and BARLOW, and soon after being graduated, in 1771, joined the revolutionary army, under General PARSONS, with the rank of captain. He was for several years attached to the staff of General PUTNAM, and in 1780 was appointed aid-de-camp to General WASHINGTON, with the rank of colonel. He continued in the military family of the commander-in-chief until the close of the war, enjoying his friendship and confidence, and afterward accompanied him to Mount Vernon, where he remained until 1784, when he went abroad with FRANKLIN, ADAMS, and JEFFERSON, who were appointed commissioners to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign powers, as their secretary of legation.* Soon after his return to the United States, in 1786, he was elected by the citizens of his native town a member of the Legislature of Connecticut, and by that body was appointed to command a regiment to be raised by order of the national government. On receiving his commission, Colonel HUMPHREYS established his head-quarters and recruiting rendezvous at Hartford; and there renewed his intimacy with his old friends TRUMBULL and BARLOW, with whom, and Doctor LEMUEL HOPKINS, he engaged in writing the "Anarchiad," a political satire, in imitation of the "Rolliad," a work attributed to SHERIDAN and others, which he had seen in London. He retained his commission until the suppression of the insurrection in 1787, and in the following year accepted an invitation to visit Mount Vernon, where he continued to reside until he was appointed minister to Portugal, in 1790. He remained in Lisbon seven years, at the end of which period he was transferred to the court of Madrid, and in 1802, when Mr. PINCKNEY was made minister to Spain, returned to the United States. From 1802 to 1812, he devoted his attention to agricultural and manufacturing pursuits; and on the breaking out of the second war

with Great Britain, was appointed commander of the militia of Connecticut, with the rank of brigadier-general. His public services terminated with the limitation of that appointment. He died at New Haven, on the twenty-first day of February, 1818, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The principal poems of Colonel HUMPHREYS are an "Address to the Armies of the United States," written in 1772, while he was in the army; "A Poem on the Happiness of America," written during his residence in London and Paris, as secretary of legation; "The Widow of Malabar, or The Tyranny of Custom, a Tragedy, imitated from the French of M. LE MIERRE," written at Mount Vernon; and a "Poem on Agriculture," written while he was minister at the court of Lisbon. The "Address to the Armies of the United States" passed through many editions in this country and in Europe, and was translated into the French language by the Marquis de CHATELUX, and favourably noticed in the Parisian gazettes. The "Poem on the Happiness of America" was reprinted nine times in three years; and the "Widow of Malabar" is said, in the dedication of it to the author of "McFingal," to have met with "extraordinary success" on the stage. The "Miscellaneous Works of Colonel HUMPHREYS" were published in an octavo volume, in New York, in 1790, and again in 1804. The Works contain, besides the author's poems, an interesting biography of his early friend and commander, General PUTNAM, and several orations and other prose compositions. They are dedicated to the Duke de ROCHEFOUCAULT, who had been his intimate friend in France. In the dedication he says: "In presenting for your amusement the trifles which have been composed during my leisure hours, I assume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having ever written any thing unfavourable to the interests of religion, humanity, and virtue." He seems to have aimed only at an elegant mediocrity, and his pieces are generally simple and correct, in thought and language. He was one of the "four bards with Scripture names," satirized in some verses published in London, commencing

"David and Jonathan, Joel and Timothy,
Over the water, set up the hymn of the"—etc.,

and is generally classed among the "poets of the Revolution." The popularity he enjoyed while he lived, and his connection with TRUMBULL, BARLOW, and DWIGHT, justify the introduction of a sketch of his history and writings into this volume. The following extracts exhibit his style. The first alludes to the departure of the British fleet from New York.

* In a letter to Doctor FRANKLIN, written soon after the appointment of HUMPHREYS to this office, General WASHINGTON, says: "His zeal in the cause of his country, his good sense, prudence, and attachment to me, have rendered him dear to me; and I persuade myself you will find no confidence which you may think proper to repose in him, misplaced. He possesses an excellent heart, good natural and acquired abilities, and sterling integrity, as well as sobriety, and an obliging disposition. A full conviction of his possessing all these good qualities makes me less scrupulous of recommending him to your patronage and friendship."—SPARKS's *Life of Washington*, vol. ix. p. 46.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

E'en now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
See from our shores the lessening sails recede;
See the proud flags that, to the wind unfurl'd,
Waved in proud triumph round a vanquish'd world,
Inglorious fly; and see their haggard crew,
Despair, shame, rage, and infamy pursue.

Hail, heaven-born peace! thy grateful blessings pour
On this glad land, and round the peopled shore;
Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,
Propitious days, and happy nights serene;
With thee gay Pleasure frolics o'er the plain,
And smiling Plenty leads the prosperous train.

Then, O blest land! with genius unconfin'd,
With polish'd manners, and the illumined mind,
Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,
Each science trace, and all the arts explore.
Till bright religion, beckoning to the skies,
Shall bid thy sons to endless glory rise.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
The fragrant groves, that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom
Await you there; and heaven shall bless the toil:
Your own the produce, and your own the soil.

There, free from envy, cankering care and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life;
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast:
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war in peace are doubly friends.

There cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes and every art of peace.
There Cultivation shall extend his power,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower;
Make the fair villa in full splendours smile,
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
There shall rich Commerce court the favouring gales,
And wondering wilds admire the passing sails,
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Mississippi laves the extended shores.
And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
Propitious smile, and shed divinex charms
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;
Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

AMERICAN WINTER.

Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform,
And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm;
With snows surcharged, from tops of mountains
sails,

Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales.
Then Desolation strips the faded plains,
Then tyrant Death o'er vegetation reigns;
The birds of heaven to other climes repair,
And deepening glooms invade the turbid air.
Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come,
But find them happy and content with home;
Their granaries fill'd—the task of culture past—
Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,
While pattering rain and snow, or driving sleet,
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat:
Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
In vain the tempest rattles at the door.
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious, and the noble steed;
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To strew with litter, and to fence from cold.
The cattle fed, the fuel piled within,
At setting day the blissful hours begin;
'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot;
Hears, with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,
The voice of gladness and of nature call;
Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.
From stormy heavens the mantling clouds unroll'd,
The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.
The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,
For months entire o'er frozen regions blows;
Man braves his blast; his gelid breath inhales,
And feels more vigorous as the frost prevails.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

O, WHAT avails to trace the fate of war
Through fields of blood, and paint each glorious
scar!

Why should the strain your former woes recall,
The tears that wept a friend's or brother's fall,
When by your side, first in the adventurous strife,
He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life!
Enough of merit has each honour'd name,
To shine untarnish'd on the rolls of fame,
To stand the example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to the historic page;
For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shown
In breathing bronze or animated stone,
Or where the canvass, starting into life,
Revives the glories of the crimson strife.
And soon some bard shall tempt the untried themes,
Sing how we dared, in fortune's worst extremes;
What cruel wrongs the indignant patriot bore,
What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
What boding terrors gloom'd the threatening hour,
When British legions, arm'd with death-like power,
Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way,
And lured the savage to his destined prey.

JOEL BARLOW.

[Born 1755. Died 1812.]

THE author of the "Columbiad" was born in the village of Reading, in Connecticut, in 1755. He was the youngest in a family of ten, and his father died while he was yet a child, leaving to him property sufficient only to defray the costs of his education. On the completion of his preparatory studies he was placed by his guardians at Dartmouth College, but was soon induced to remove to New Haven, where he was graduated, in 1778. Among his friends here were DWIGHT, then a college tutor, Colonel HUMPHREYS, a revolutionary bard of some reputation, and TRUMBULL, the author of "McFingal." BARLOW recited an original poem, on taking his bachelor's degree, which is preserved in the "American Poems," printed at Litchfield in 1793. It was his first attempt of so ambitious a character, and possesses little merit. During the vacations of the college he had on several occasions joined the army, in which four of his brothers were serving; and he participated in the conflict at White Plains, and a number of minor engagements, in which he is said to have displayed much intrepidity.

For a short time after completing his academic course, BARLOW devoted his attention chiefly to the law; but being urged by his friends to qualify himself for the office of chaplain, he undertook the study of theology, and in six weeks became a licensed minister. He joined the army immediately, and remained with it until the establishment of peace, cultivating the while his taste for poetry, by writing patriotic songs and ballads, and composing, in part, his "Vision of Columbus," afterward expanded into the "Columbiad." When the army was disbanded, in 1783, he removed to Hartford, to resume his legal studies; and to add to his revenue established "The Mercury," a weekly gazette, to which his writings gave reputation and an immediate circulation. He had previously married at New Haven a daughter of the Honourable ABRAHAM BALDWIN, and had lost his early patron and friend, the Honourable TITUS HOSMER, on whom he wrote an elegant elegy. In 1785 he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year, in compliance with the request of an association of Congregational ministers, he prepared and published an enlarged and improved edition of WATTS's version of the Psalms,* to which were appended a

collection of hymns, several of which were written by himself.

"The Vision of Columbus" was published in 1787. It was dedicated to LOUIS XVI., with strong expressions of admiration and gratitude, and in the poem were corresponding passages of applause; but BARLOW's feelings toward the amiable and unfortunate monarch appear to have changed in after time, for in the "Columbiad" he is coldly alluded to, and the adulatory lines are suppressed. The "Vision of Columbus" was reprinted in London and Paris, and was generally noticed favourably in the reviews. After its publication the author relinquished his newspaper and established a bookstore, principally to sell the poem and his edition of the Psalms, and as soon as this end was attained, resumed the practice of the law. In this he was, however, unfortunate, for his forensic abilities were not of the most popular description, and his mind was too much devoted to political and literary subjects to admit of the application to study and attention to business necessary to secure success. He was engaged with Colonel HUMPHREYS, JOHN TRUMBULL, and Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS, a man of some wit, of the coarser kind, in the "Anarchiad," a satirical poem published at Hartford, which had considerable political influence, and in some other works of a similar description; but, obtaining slight pecuniary advantage from his literary labours, he was induced to accept a foreign agency from the "Sciota Land Company," and sailed for Europe, with his family, in 1788. In France he sold some of the lands held by this association, but deriving little or no personal benefit from the transactions, and becoming aware of the fraudulent character of the company, he relinquished his agency and determined to rely on his pen for support.

who aided in the preparation of the Connecticut edition of WATTS, settles the question in favour of BARLOW. The following is the version to which we have alluded:

THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;
Where Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,—
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneful harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

Our proud oppressors, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons the sacred anthems raise?
O hapless Sion! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame!
My hands shall perish and my voice shall cease!
Yet shall the Lord who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

* Of the psalms omitted by WATTS and included in this edition, only the eighty-eighth and one hundred and thirty-seventh were paraphrased by BARLOW. His version of the latter added much to his reputation, and has been considered the finest translation of the words of DAVID that has been written, though they have received a metrical dress from some of the best poets of England and America. Recently the origin of this paraphrase has been a subject of controversy, but a memorandum found among the papers of the late Judge TRUMBULL,

In 1791, BARLOW published in London "Advice to the Privileged Orders," a work directed against the distinguishing features of kingly and aristocratic governments; and in the early part of the succeeding year, "The Conspiracy of Kings," a poem of about four hundred lines, educed by the first coalition of the continental sovereigns against republican France. In the autumn of 1792, he wrote a letter to the French National Convention, recommending the abolition of the union between the church and the state, and other reforms; and was soon after chosen by the "London Constitutional Society," of which he was a member, to present in person an address to that body. On his arrival in Paris he was complimented with the rights of citizenship, an "honour" which had been previously conferred on WASHINGTON and HAMILTON. From this time he made France his home. In the summer of 1793, a deputation, of which his friend GREGOIRE, who before the Revolution had been Bishop of Blois, was a member, was sent into Savoy, to organize it as a department of the republic. He accompanied it to Chambery, the capital, where, at the request of its president, he wrote an address to the inhabitants of Piedmont, inciting them to throw off allegiance to "the man of Turin who called himself their king." Here too he wrote "Hasty Pudding," the most popular of his poems.

On his return to Paris, BARLOW's time was principally devoted to commercial pursuits, by which, in a few years, he obtained a considerable fortune. The atrocities which marked the progress of the Revolution prevented his active participation in political controversies, though he continued under all circumstances an ardent republican. Toward the close of 1795, he visited the North of Europe, on some private business, and on his return to Paris was appointed by WASHINGTON consul to Algiers, with power to negotiate a commercial treaty with the dey, and to ransom all the Americans held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He accepted and fulfilled the mission to the satisfaction of the American Government, concluding treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and liberating more than one hundred Americans, who were in prisons or in slavery to the Mohammedans. He then returned to Paris, where he purchased the splendid hotel of the Count CLERMONT DE TONNERRE, and lived several years in a fashionable and costly manner, pursuing still his fortunate mercantile speculations, revising his "great epic," and writing occasionally for the political gazettes.

Finally, after an absence of nearly seventeen years, the poet, statesman, and philosopher returned to his native country. He was received with kindness by many old friends, who had corresponded with him while abroad or been remembered in all his wanderings; and after spending a few months in travel, marking, with patriotic pride, the rapid progress which the nation had made in greatness, he fixed his home on the banks of the Potomac, near the city of Washington, where he built the splendid mansion, known afterward as "Kalorama," and expressed an intention to spend

there the remainder of his life. In 1806, he published a prospectus of a National Institution, at Washington, to combine a university with a naval and military school, academy of fine arts, and learned society. A bill to carry his plan into effect was introduced into Congress, but never became a law.

In the summer of 1808, appeared the "Columbiad," in a splendid quarto volume, surpassing in the beauty of its typography and embellishments any work before that time printed in America. From his earliest years BARLOW had been ambitious to raise the epic song of his nation. The "Vision of Columbus," in which the most brilliant events in American history had been described, occupied his leisure hours when in college, and afterward, when, as a chaplain, he followed the standard of the liberating army. That work was executed too hastily and imperfectly, and for twenty years after its appearance, through every variety of fortune, its enlargement and improvement engaged his attention.

The events of the Revolution were so recent and so universally known, as to be inflexible to the hand of fiction; and the poem could not therefore be modelled after the regular epic form, which would otherwise have been chosen. It is a series of visions, presented by HESPER, the genius of the western continent, to COLUMBUS, while in the prison at Valladolid, where he is introduced to the reader uttering a monologue on his ill-requited services to Spain. These visions embrace a vast variety of scenes, circumstances, and characters: Europe in the middle ages, with her political and religious reformers; Mexico and the South American nations, and their imagined history; the progress of discovery; the settlement of the states now composing the federation; the war of the Revolution, and establishment of republicanism; and the chief actors in the great dramas which he attempts to present.

The poem, having no unity of fable, no regular succession of incidents, no strong exhibition of varied character, lacks the most powerful charms of a narrative; and has, besides, many dull and spiritless passages, that would make unpopular a work of much more faultless general design. The versification is generally harmonious, but mechanical and passionless, the language sometimes incorrect, and the similes often inappropriate and inelegant. Yet there are in it many bursts of eloquence and patriotism, which should preserve it from oblivion. The descriptions of nature and of personal character are frequently condensed and forceful; and passages of invective, indignant and full of energy. In his narrative of the expedition against Quebec, under ARNOLD, the poet exclaims:

Al, gallant troop! deprived of half the praise
That deeds like yours in other times repay,
Since your prime chief (the favourite erst of Fame,)
Hath sunk so deep his hateful, hideous name,
That every honest muse with horror flings
It forth unsounded from her sacred strings;
Else what high tones of rapture must have told
The first great actions of a chief so bold!

These lines are characteristic of his manner.

The "Columbiad" was reprinted in Paris and London, and noticed in the leading critical gazettes, but generally with little praise. The London "Monthly Magazine" attempted in an elaborate article to prove its title to a place in the first class of epics, and expressed a belief that it was surpassed only by the "Illiad," the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost." In America, however, it was regarded by the judicious as a failure, and reviewed with even more wit and severity than in England. Indeed, the poet did not in his own country receive the praise which he really merited; and faults were imputed to his work which it did not possess. Its sentiments were said to be hostile to Christianity,* and the author was declared an infidel; but there is no line in the "Columbiad" unfavourable to the religion of New England, the Puritan faith which is the basis of the national greatness; and there is no good reason for believing that BARLOW at the time of his death doubted the creed of which in his early manhood he had been a minister.

After the publication of the "Columbiad," BARLOW made a collection of documents, with an intention to write a history of the United States; but, in 1811, he was unexpectedly appointed minister plenipotentiary to the French government, and immediately sailed for Europe. His attempts to negotiate a treaty of commerce and indemnification for spoliation were unsuccessful at Paris;

and in the autumn of 1812 he was invited by the Duke of Bassano to a conference with NAPOLEON at Wilna, in Poland. He started from Paris, and travelled without intermission until he reached Zamowitch, an obscure village near Cracow, where he died, from an inflammation of the lungs, induced by fatigue and exposure in an inhospitable country, in an inclement season, on the twenty-second day of December, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. In Paris, honours were paid to his memory as an important public functionary and a man of letters; his eulogy was written by DUPONT DE NEMOURS, and an account of his life and writings was drawn up and published, accompanied by a canto of the "Columbiad," translated into French heroic verse. In America, too, his death was generally lamented, though without any public exhibition of mourning.

BARLOW was much respected in private life for his many excellent social qualities. His manners were usually grave and dignified, though when with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar. He was an honest and patient investigator, and would doubtless have been much more successful as a metaphysical or historical writer than as a poet. As an author he belonged to the first class of his time in America; and for his ardent patriotism, his public services, and the purity of his life, he deserves a distinguished rank among the men of our golden age.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.

* It is now generally believed that BARLOW, while in France, abjured the Christian religion. The Reverend THOMAS ROBBINS, a venerable clergyman of Rochester, Massachusetts, in a letter written in 1840, remarks that "BARLOW's delistical opinions were not suspected previous to the publication of his 'Vision of Columbus,' in 1787;" and further, that "when at a later period he lost his character, and became an open and bitter reviler of Christianity, his psalm-book was laid aside; but for that cause only, as competent judges still maintained that no revision of WATTS possesses as much poetic merit as BARLOW's." I have seen two letters written by BARLOW during the last year of his life, in which he declares himself "a sincere believer of Christianity, divested of its

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,—
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

O! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;

corruptions." In a letter to M. GREGOIRE, published in the second volume of DENNIE'S "Port Folio," pages 471 to 479, he says, "the sect of Puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still adhere, for the same reason that you adhere to the Catholics, a conviction that they are right," etc. The idea that BARLOW disbelieved in his later years the religion of his youth, was probably first derived from an engraving in the "Vision of Columbus," in which the cross, by which he intended to represent monkish superstition, is placed among the "symbols of prejudice." He never "lost his character" as a man of honourable sentiments and blameless life; and I could present numerous other evidences that he did not abandon his religion, were not the above apparently conclusive.

Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,) First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried
maize,

Through the rough sieve to shake the golden
shower,

In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labours, to the son of song,
To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to
roam,

Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end:
I greet my long-lost, unforgetten friend.

For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wander'd up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching
board,

Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize:
A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to
reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call; the French, of course, *Polante*.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush*!
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawm*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth:
Thy name is *Hasty Pudding*! thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from the fires;

And while they argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honours of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursing man to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to
quaff

The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to
mine?

Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims: I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days!
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigour he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.

Let the green succotash with thee contend;
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend;
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride!
Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth hath often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows,—
You tempt me not; my favourite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee: his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord; [taste,
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous
And health attends them from the short repast.

While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care;
To spread the table and the bowls prepare:
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
E'en *Hasty Pudding*, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies,—
Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring;
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labour from thy hand,
First, in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repay the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
When met to burn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.

Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling
rains,

Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;

The busy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done:
Leave the last labours to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,
And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade;
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow trees the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labours through the day.
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage where they take no part—
With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art
To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshar'd by them in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious cornhouse fill;
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The labouring mill beneath the burden groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stores;
Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,
The invited neighbours to the *husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows, [beaus,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corncobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;

But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
 Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
 She walks the round and culls one favour'd beau,
 Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
 Various the sport, as are the wits and brains
 Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
 And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,
 The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
 The sifted meal already waits her hand,
 The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
 The fire flames high; and as a pool (that takes
 The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
 So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
 To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
 The husband takes his turn: and round and round
 The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
 And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
 More copious matters to my faithful song.
 For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
 When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,

Great source of health, the only source of joy;
 Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,
 Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
 How oft thy teats these precious hands have press'd!
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
 How oft I've fed thee with my favourite grain!
 And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

Yes, swains who know her various worth to prize,
 Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.
 Potatoes, pumpkins should her sadness cheer,
 Corn from your crib, and mashies from your beer;
 When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I would always choose;
 To this in future I confine my muse,
 Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
 Then drop with care along the silver lake
 Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,
 When the soft island looms above the brink,
 Then check your hand; you've got the portion due:
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
 The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
 The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
 In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,

Performs not well in those substantial things,
 Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
 Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
 The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
 With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
 A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
 Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
 A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
 Experienced feeders can alone impart
 A rule so much above the lore of art.
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the centre to the side.

Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chum
 Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
 Just in the zenith your wise head project;
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,—
 The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all!

BURNING OF THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES.*

THROUGH solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
 Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
 Concentrating all the winds; whose forces, driven
 With equal rage from every point of heaven,
 Whirl into confict, round the scantling pour
 The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar;
 Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far,
 To warn the nations of the raging war;
 Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd,
 Careering, brightening o'er the lusted world:
 Seas catch the splendour, kindling skies resound,
 And falling structures shake the smouldering
 ground.

Crowds of wild fugitives, with frantic tread,
 Flit through the flames that pierce the midnight
 shade,

Back on the burning domes revert their eyes,
 Where some lost friend, some perish'd infant lies.
 Their maim'd, their sick, their age-enfeebled sires
 Have sunk sad victims to the sateless fires;
 They greet with one last look their tottering walls,
 See the blaze thicken, as the ruin falls,
 Then o'er the country train their dumb despair,
 And far behind them leave the dancing glare;
 Their own crush'd roofs still lend a trembling light,
 Point their long shadows and direct their flight.
 Till, wandering wide, they seek some cottage door,
 Ask the vile pittance due the vagrant poor;
 Or, faint and faltering on the devious road,
 They sink at last and yield their mortal load.

* This and the following extracts are from the "Columbiad."

TO FREEDOM.

SUN of the moral world! effulgent source
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,
Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,
And radiate hence to every distant land;
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,
The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,
Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly
Before the splendour of thy peaceful eye;
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,
Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,
And nations daring to be just and wise.
Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;
Protected Industry beneath thy reign
Leads all the virtues in her filial train;
Courageous Probity, with brow serene,
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien;
Contentment, Moderation, Labour, Art,
Mould the new man and humanize his heart;
To public plenty private ease dilates,
Domestic peace to harmony of states.
Protected Industry, careering far,
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

MORGAN AND TELL.

MORGAN in front of his bold riflers towers,
His host of keen-eyed marksmen, skill'd to pour
Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore.
No sword, no bayonet they learn to wield,
They gall the flank, they skirt the battling field,
Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed,
Couch the long tube, and eye the silver bead,
Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead,
And lodge the death-ball in his heedless head.
So toil'd the huntsman TELL. His quivering dart,
Press'd by the bended bowstring, fears to part,
Dread the tremendous task, to graze but shun
The tender temples of his infant son;
As the loved youth (the tyrant's victim led)
Bears the poised apple tottering on his head.
The sullen father, with reverted eye,
Now marks the satrap, now the bright-hair'd boy;
His second shaft impatient lies, athirst
To mend the expected error of the first,
To pierce the monster, mid the insulted crowd,
And steep the pangs of nature in his blood.
Deep doubling toward his breast, well poised and
slow,
Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow;
His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends;
Soft slides the reed back with the stiff drawn strand,
Till the steel point has reach'd his steady hand;
Then to his keen fix'd eye the shank he brings;
Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings,

Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy.
Soon by an equal dart the tyrant bleeds;
The cantons league, the work of fate proceeds;
Till Austria's titled hordes, with their own gore,
Fat the fair fields they lorded long before;
On Gothard's height while Freedom first unfurl'd
Her infant banner o'er the modern world.

THE ZONES OF AMERICA.

WHERE Spring's coy steps in cold Canada
stray,
And joyless seasons hold unequal sway,
He saw the pine its daring mantle rear,
Break the rude blast, and mock the brumal year,
Shag the green zone that bounds the boreal skies,
And bid all southern vegetation rise.
Wild o'er the vast, impenetrable round
The untrod bowers of shadowy nature frown'd;
Millennial cedars wave their honours wide,
The fir's tall boughs, the oak's umbrageous pride,
The branching beach, the aspen's trembling shade
Veil the dim heaven, and brown the dusky glade.
For in dense crowds these sturdy sons of earth,
In frosty regions, claim a stronger birth;
Where heavy beams the sheltering dome requires,
And copious trunks to feed its wintry fires.
But warmer suns, that southern zones emblaze,
A cool, thin umbrage o'er their woodland raise;
Florida's shores their blooms around him spread,
And Georgian hills erect their shady head;
Whose flowery shrubs regale the passing air
With all the untasted fragrance of the year.
Beneath tall trees, dispersed in loose array,
The rice-grown lawns their humble garb display;
The infant maize, unconscious of its worth,
Points the green spire and bends the foliage
forth;
In various forms unbidden harvests rise,
And blooming life repays the genial skies.
Where Mexic hills the breezy gulf defend,
Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend:
Anana's stalk its shaggy honours yields;
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields;
Their cluster'd dates the mast-like palms unfold;
The spreading orange waves a load of gold;
Connubial vines o'erstop the larch they climb;
The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time;
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;
Pimento, citron scent the sky serene;
White, woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green;
The sturdy fig, the frail, deciduous cane,
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain.
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beasts unshelter'd fear the pinching storm;
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
And breathe the ripen'd juices through the grove.

RICHARD ALSOP.

(Born 1756. Died 1815.)

RICHARD ALSOP was a native of Middletown, Connecticut, where he resided during the greater part of his life. He commenced writing for the gazettes at a very early age, but was first known to the public as the author of satires on public characters and events, entitled "The Echo," "The Political Greenhouse," etc., printed in periodicals at New York and Hartford, and afterward collected and published in an octavo volume, in 1807. In these works he was aided by TRUMBULL, HOPKINS, THEODORE DWIGHT, and others, though he was himself their principal author. "The Echo" was at first designed to exhibit the wretched style of the newspaper writers, and the earliest numbers contain extracts from contemporary journals, on a variety of subjects, "done into heroic verse and printed beside the originals." ALSOP and his associates were members of the Federal party, and the "Echo" contained many ludicrous travesties of political speeches and essays made by the opponents of the administration of JOHN ADAMS. The work had much wit and sprightliness, and was very popular in its time; but, with the greater part of the characters and circumstances to which it related, it is now nearly forgotten. In 1800, ALSOP published a "Monody on the Death of Washington," which was much admired; and in the following year a translation of the second canto of BERNI's "Orlando Innamorato," under the title of "The Fairy

of the Lake," and another of the Poem of SILIUS ITALICUS on the Second Punic War. In 1807, he translated from the Italian the "History of Chili," by the Abbe MOLINA, to which he added original notes, and others from the French and Spanish versions of the same history. At different periods he translated several less important works from the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French languages, and wrote a number of poems and essays for the periodicals. His last publication was "The Adventures of John Jewett," printed in 1815. He died on the twentieth of August, in that year, at Flatbush, Long Island; in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He had, for a considerable period, been writing "The Charms of Fancy," a poem; and besides this, he left manuscript fragments of a poem on the Conquest of Scandinavia by ODIN; "Aristodemus," a tragedy, from the Italian of MONTI; the poem of QUINTUS CALABER on the Trojan war, from the Greek, and a prose translation of a posthumous work by FLORIAN. As a poet ALSOP was often elegant, but his verse was generally without energy. Probably no other American of his time was so well acquainted with the literature of England, France, and Italy, and few were more familiar with the natural sciences. He is said to have been deficient in strength and decision of character, but he was amiable and honourable, and had many friends and few enemies.

FROM "A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON."

BEFORE the splendours of thy high renown,
How fade the glow-worm lustres of a crown!
How sink, diminish'd, in that radiance lost,
The glare of conquest and of power the boast!
Let Greece her ALEXANDER's deeds proclaim,
Or CÆSAR's triumphs gild the Roman name;
Strip'd of the dazzling glare around them cast,
Shrinks at their crimes humanity aghast;
With equal claim to honour's glorious meed,
See ATTILA his course of havoc lead;
O'er Asia's realm, in one vast ruin hurl'd,
See furious ZINGES' bloody flag unfurl'd.
On base far different from the conqueror's claim,
Rests the unsullied column of thy fame;
His on the graves of millions proudly based,
With blood cemented and with tears defaced;
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,
By freedom strengthen'd, and revered by time:
He, as the comet whose portentous light
Spreads baleful splendour o'er the glooms of night,
With dire amazement chills the startled breast,
While storms and earthquakes dread its course attest;

And nature trembles, lest in chaos hurl'd
Should sink the tottering fragment of the world;
Thine, like the sun, whose kind, propitious ray,
Opes the glad morn, and lights the fields of day,
Dispels the wintry storm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the fertile plain,
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And light and life extends, o'er nature's utmost bound.

Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,
Not less the example bright thy death portrays;
When, plunged in deepest woe around thy bed,
Each eye was fix'd, despairing sunk each head,
While nature struggled with extremest pain,
And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain;
In that dread moment, awfully serene,
No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien,
No groan, no murmuring plaint escaped thy tongue;
No longing shadows o'er thy brow were hung;
But, calm in Christian hope, undamp'd with fear,
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near.
On that bright meed, in surest trust reposed,
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed,
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resign'd thy breath,
And smiled, as nature's struggles closed in death.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

[Born 1765. Died 1793.]

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD was a native of Leicester, Massachusetts, and was educated at Yale College. In 1785, being at that time about twenty years old, he removed to Schenectady, New York, where, during the two succeeding years, he was the principal of a classical school. In 1787 he became a law student in the office of PETER W. YATES, Esquire, of Albany, and on being admitted to the bar removed to Salem, in the same state, where he remained until his death, in September, 1798. He was one of the electors of President of the United States when Mr.

ADAMS became the successor of General WASHINGTON, and he held other honourable offices. He was a man of much professional and general learning, rare conversational abilities, and scrupulous integrity; and would probably have been distinguished as a man of letters and a jurist, had he lived to a riper age. The poems embraced in the volume of his writings published in 1801, are generally political, and are distinguished for wit and vigour. The longest in the collection was addressed to M. ADER, on his leaving this country for France.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.*

OF crimes, empoison'd source of human woes,
Whence the black flood of shame and sorrow flows,
How best to check the venom's deadly force,
To stem its torrent, or direct its course,
To scan the merits of vindictive codes,
Nor pass the faults humanity explodes,
I sing—what theme more worthy to engage
The poet's song, the wisdom of the sage?
Ah! were I equal to the great design,
Were thy bold genius, blest BECCARIA! mine,
Then should my work, ennobled as my aim,
Like thine, receive the meed of deathless fame.
O JAY! deserving of a purer age,
Pride of thy country, statesman, patriot, sage,
Beneath whose guardian care our laws assume
A milder form, and lose their Gothic gloom,
Read with indulgent eyes, nor yet refuse
This humble tribute of an artless muse.

Great is the question which the learn'd contest,
What grade, what mode of punishment is best;
In two famed sects the disputants decide,
These ranged on Terror's, those on Reason's side;
Ancient as empire Terror's temple stood,
Capt with black clouds, and founded deep in blood;
Grim despots here their trembling honours paid,
And guilty offerings to their idol made:
The monarch led—a servile crowd ensued,
Their robes distain'd in gore, in gore imbrued;
O'er mangled limbs they held infernal feast,
MOLoch the god, and DRACO's self the priest.
Mild Reason's fane, in later ages rear'd,
With sunbeams crown'd, in Attic grace appear'd;
In just proportion finish'd every part,
With the fine touches of enlighten'd art.
A thinking few, selected from the crowd,
At the fair shrine with filial reverence bow'd;
The sage of Milan led the virtuous choir,
To them sublime he strung the tuneful lyre:

Of laws, of crimes, and punishments he sung,
And on his glowing lips persuasion hung:
From Reason's source each inference just he drew,
While truths fresh polish'd struck the mind as new:
Full in the front, in vestal robes array'd,
The holy form of Justice stood display'd:
Firm was her eye, not vengeful, though severe,
And e'er she frown'd she check'd the starting tear.
A sister form, of more benignant face,
Celestial Mercy, held the second place;
Her hands outspread, in suppliant guise she stood,
And oft with eloquence resistless sued;
But where 'twas impious e'en to deprecate,
She sigh'd assent, and wept the wretch's fate.

In savage times, fair Freedom yet unknown,
The despot, clad in vengeance, fill'd the throne;
His gloomy caprice scrawl'd the ambiguous code,
And dyed each page in characters of blood:
The laws transgress'd, the prince in judgment sat,
And Rage decided on the culprit's fate:
Nor stopp'd he here, but, skill'd in murderous art,
The scepter'd brute usurp'd the hangman's part;
With his own hands the trembling victim hew'd,
And basely wallow'd in a subject's blood.
Pleased with the fatal game, the royal mind
On modes of death and cruelty refined:
Hence the dank caverns of the cheerless mine,
Where, shut from light, the famish'd wretches
pined;

The face divine, in seams unsightly sear'd,
The eyeballs gouged, the wheel with gore besmear'd,
The Russian knout, the suffocating flame,
And forms of torture wanting yet a name.
Nor was this rage to savage times confined;
It reach'd to later years and courts refined.
Blush, polish'd France, nor let the muse relate
The tragic story of your DAMIEN's fate;
The bed of steel, where long the assassin lay,
In the dark vault, secluded from the day;
The quivering flesh which burning pincers tore,
The pitch, pour'd flaming in the recent sore;
His carcase, warm with life, convulsed with pain,
By steeds dismember'd, dragg'd along the plain.

* This poem was found among the author's manuscripts, after his decease; and was, doubtless, unfinished.

As daring quacks, unskill'd in medic lore,
 Prescribed the nostrums quacks prescribed before;
 Careless of age or sex, whate'er befall,
 The same dull recipe must serve for all:
 Our senates thus, with reverence be it said,
 Have been too long by blind tradition led:
 Our civil code, from feudal dross refined,
 Proclaims the liberal and enlighten'd mind;
 But till of late the penal statutes stood
 In Gothic rudeness, smear'd with civic blood;
 What base memorials of a barbarous age,
 What monkish whimsies sullied every page!
 The clergy's benefit, a trifling brand,
 Jest of the law, a holy sleight of hand:
 Beneath this saintly cloak what crimes abhorr'd,
 Of sable dye, were shelter'd from the lord;
 While the poor starveling, who a cent purloin'd,
 No reading saved, no juggling trick essoin'd;
 His was the servile lash, a foul disgrace,
 Through time transmitted to his hapless race;
 The fort and dure, the traitor's motley doom,
 Might blot the story of imperial Rome.
 What late disgraced our laws yet stand to stain
 The splendid annals of a GEORGE's reign.

Say, legislators, for what end design'd
 This waste of lives, this havoc of mankind?
 Say, by what right (one case exempt alone)
 Do ye prescribe, that blood can crimes atone?
 If, when our fortunes frown, and dangers press,
 To act the Roman's part be to transgress;
 For man the use of life alone commands,
 The fee residing in the grantor's hands.
 Could man, what time the social pact he seal'd,
 Cede to the state a right he never held?
 For all the powers which in the state reside,
 Result from compact, actual or implied.
 Too well the savage policy we trace
 To times remote, Humanity's disgrace;
 E'en while I ask, the trite response recurs,
 Example warns, severity deters.
 No milder means can keep the vile in awe,
 And state necessity compels the law.
 But let Experience speak, she claims our trust;
 The data false, the inference is unjust.
 Ills at a distance, men but slightly fear;
 Delusive Fancy never thinks them near:
 With stronger force than fear temptations draw,
 And Cunning thinks to parry with the law.
 "My brother swung, poor novice in his art,
 He blindly stumbled on a hangman's cart;
 But wiser I, assuming every shape,
 As PROTEUS erst, am certain to escape."
 The knave, thus jeering, on his skill relies,
 For never villain deem'd himself unwise.

When earth convulsive heaved, and, yawning wide,
 Engulf'd in darkness Lisbon's spiry pride,
 At that dread hour of ruin and dismay,
 'Tis famed the harden'd felon prowl'd for prey;
 Nor trembling earth, nor thunders could restrain
 His daring feet, which trod the sinking fane;
 Whence, while the fabric to its centre shook,
 By impious stealth the hallow'd vase he took.
 What time the gaping vulgar throng to see
 Some wretch expire on Tyburn's fatal tree;

Fast by the crowd the luckier villain clings,
 And pilfers while the hapless culprit swings.
 If then the knave can view, with careless eyes,
 The bolt of vengeance darting from the skies,
 If Death, with all the pomp of Justice join'd,
 Scarce strikes a panic in the guilty mind,
 What can we hope, though every penal code,
 As DUCCO's once, were stamp'd in civic blood?

The blinded wretch, whose mind is bent on ill,
 Would laugh at threats, and sport with halters still;
 Temptations gain more vigour as they throng;
 Crime fosters crime, and wrong engenders wrong;
 Fondly he hopes the threaten'd fate to shun,
 Nor sees his fatal error till undone.
 Wise is the law, and godlike is its aim,
 Which frowns to mend, and chastens to reclaim,
 Which seeks the storms of passion to control,
 And wake the latent virtues of the soul;
 For all, perhaps, the vilest of our race,
 Bear in their breasts some smother'd sparks of grace;
 Nor vain the hope, nor mad the attempt to raise
 Those smother'd sparks to Virtue's purer blaze.
 When, on the cross accused, the robber writhed,
 The parting prayer of penitence he breathed;
 Cheer'd by the Saviour's smile, to grace restored,
 He died distinguish'd with his suffering Lord.
 As seeds long sterile in a poisonous soil,
 If nurs'd by culture and assiduous toil,
 May wake to life and vegetative power,
 Protrude the germ and yield a fragrant flower:
 E'en thus may man, rapacious and unjust,
 The slave of sin, the prey of lawless lust,
 In the drear prison's gloomy round confined,
 To awful solitude and toil consign'd;
 Debarr'd from social intercourse, nor less
 From the vain world's seductions and caress,
 With late and trembling steps he measures back
 Life's narrow road, a long abandon'd track;
 By Conscience roused, and left to keen Remorse,
 The mind at length acquires its pristine force:
 Then pardoning Mercy, with cherubic smile,
 Dispels the gloom, and smooths the brow of Toil,
 'Till friendly Death, full oft implored in vain,
 Shall burst the ponderous bar and loose the chain;
 Fraught with fresh life, an offering meet for God,
 The rescued spirit leaves the dread abode.

Nor yet can laws, though SOLON's self should frame,
 Each shade of guilt discriminate and name;
 For senates well their sacred trust fulfil,
 Who general cures provide for general ill.
 Much must by his direction be supplied,
 In whom the laws the pardoning power confide;
 He best can measure every varying grade
 Of guilt, and mark the bounds of light and shade;
 Weigh each essoin, each incident review,
 And yield to Mercy, where she claims her due:
 And wise it were so to extend his trust,
 With power to mitigate—when 'twere unjust
 Full amnesty to give—for though so dear
 The name of Mercy to a mortal's ear,
 Yet should the chief, to human weakness steel'd,
 Rarely indeed to suits for pardon yield;
 For neither laws nor pardons can efface
 The sense of guilt and memory of disgrace.

Say, can the man whom Justice doom'd to shame,
 With front erect, his country's honours claim?
 Can he with cheek unblushing join the crowd,
 Claim equal rights, and have his claim allow'd?
 What though he mourn, a penitent sincere;
 Though every dawn be usher'd with a tear;
 The world, more prone to censure than forgive,
 Quick to suspect, and tardy to believe,
 Will still the hapless penitent despise,
 And watch his conduct with invidious eyes:
 But the chief end of justice once achieved,
 The public weal secured, a soul reprieved,
 'T were wise in laws, 't were generous to provide
 Some place where blushing penitence might hide;
 Yes, 't were humane, 't were godlike to protect
 Returning virtue from the world's neglect
 And taunting scorn, which pierce with keener pains
 The feeling mind, than dungeons, racks, and chains:
 Enlarge their bounds; admit a purer air;
 Dismiss the servile badge and scanty fare;
 The stint of labour lessen or suspend,
 Admit at times the sympathizing friend.
 Repentance courts the shade; alone she roves
 By ruin'd towers and night-embrowning groves;
 Or midst dark vaults, by Melancholy led,
 She holds ideal converse with the dead:
 Lost to the world and each profane joy,
 Her solace tears, and prayer her best employ.

A RADICAL SONG OF 1786.

HUZZA, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay;
 Here's a pardon for WHEELER, SHAYS, PARSONS,
 and DAY;*
 Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old
 cause;
 Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws:
 Constitutions and oaths, sir, we mind not a rush;
 Such trifles must yield to us lads of the hush.
 New laws and new charters our books shall display,
 Composed by conventions and Counsellor GREY.

Since Boston and Salem so haughty have grown,
 We'll make them to know we can let them alone.
 Of Glasgow or Pelham we'll make a seaport,
 And there we'll assemble our General Court:
 Our governor, now, boys, shall turn out to work,
 And live, like ourselves, on molasses and pork;
 In Adams or Greenwich he'll live like a peer
 On three hundred pounds, paper money, a year.

Grand jurors, and sheriffs, and lawyers we'll spurn,
 As judges, we'll all take the bench in our turn,
 And sit the whole term, without pension or fee,
 Nor CRUSHING or SEWAL look graver than we.
 Our wigs, though they're rusty, are decent enough;
 Our aprons, though black, are of durable stuff;

* Names of the leaders of the insurrection that arose, in 1786, in the state of Massachusetts, chiefly in the counties of Hampshire, Berkshire, and Worcester; which, after convulsing the state for about a year, was finally quelled by a military force under the command of General LINCOLN and General SHEPHERD. The leaders fled from the state, and were afterwards pardoned. See MINOR'S History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts.

Array'd in such gear, the laws we'll explain,
 That poor people no more shall have cause to complain.

To Congress and impost we'll plead a release;
 The French we can beat half-a-dozen a piece;
 We want not their guineas, their arms, or alliance;
 And as for the Dutchmen, we bid them defiance.
 Then huzza, my Jo Bunkers! no taxes we'll pay;
 Here's a pardon for WHEELER, SHAYS, PARSONS,
 and DAY;

Put green boughs in your hats, and renew the old
 cause;
 Stop the courts in each county, and bully the laws.

REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A BULL SLAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE sottish clown who never knew a charm
 Beyond the powers of his nervous arm,
 Proud of his might, with self-importance full,
 Or climbs the spire, or fights the maddening bull;
 The love of praise, impatient of control,
 O'erflows the scanty limits of his soul;
 In uncouth jargon, turbulently loud,
 He bawls his triumphs to the wondering crowd:
 "This well-strung arm dispensed the deadly blow,
 Fell'd the proud bull and sunk his glories low:"
 Not thoughts more towering fill'd PELIDES' breast,
 When thus to Greece his haughty vaunts express'd:
 "I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And six lay smoking on the Trojan plain;"
 Thus full and fervid throb'd the pulse of pride,
 When "*Veni, vidi, vici*," CÆSAR cried.
 Each vain alike, and differing but in names;
 These poets flatter—those the mob acclaims;
 Impartial Death soon stops the proud career,
 And bids LEGENDRE rot with DUMOURIER.
 The God whose sovereign care o'er all extends,
 Sees whence their madness springs, and where it
 ends;
 From his blest height, with just contempt, looks
 down
 On thundering heroes and the swaggering clown:
 But if our erring reason may presume
 The future to divine, more mild his doom
 Whose pride was wreck'd on vanquish'd brutes
 alone,
 Than his whose conquests made whole nations
 groan.
 Can Ganges' sacred wave, or Lethe's flood,
 Wash clear the garments smear'd with civic blood!
 What hand from heaven's dread register shall tear
 The page where, stamp'd in blood, the conqueror's
 crimes appear!

IMPROMPTU ON AN ORDER TO KILL THE DOGS IN ALBANY.

'T is done! the dreadful sentence is decreed!
 The town is mad, and all the dogs must bleed!
 Ah me! what boots it that the dogs are slain,
 Since the whole race of *puppies* yet remain!

WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

Born 1772. Died 1799.]

THE father of WILLIAM CLIFFTON was a wealthy member of the society of Friends, in Philadelphia. The poet, from his childhood, had little physical strength, and was generally a sufferer from disease; but his mind was vigorous and carefully educated, and had he lived to a mature age, he would probably have won an enduring reputation as an author. His life was marked by few incidents. He made himself acquainted with the classical studies pursued in the universities, and with music, painting, and such field-sports as he supposed he could indulge in with most advantage to his health. He was considered an amiable and accomplished gentleman, and his society was courted alike by

the fashionable and the learned. He died in December, 1799, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

The poetry of CLIFFTON has more energy of thought and diction, and is generally more correct and harmonious, than any which had been previously written in this country. Much of it is satirical, and relates to persons and events of the period in which he lived; and the small volume of his writings published after his death doubtless contains some pieces which would have been excluded from an edition prepared by himself, for this reason, and because they were unfinished and not originally intended to meet the eye of the world.

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.*

IN these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings,
When learning triumphs, and when GIFFORD sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleased, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

While this delirious age enchanted seems
With hectic Fancy's desultory dreams;
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian vigour, and of Roman grace,
With fond delight, we yet one bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Perseus bold,
Reclaim the art, assert the muse divine,
And drive obtrusive dullness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the Tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the muse so near,
No Age when Learning had so much to fear,
As now, *when love-lorn ladies light verse frame*,
And every rebus-weaver talks of Fame.

When Truth in classic majesty appear'd,
And Greece, on high, the dome of science rear'd,
Patience and perseverance, care and pain
Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gain:
None but the great the sun-clad summit found;
The weak were baffled, and the strong were crown'd.

The tardy transcript's high-wrought page confined
To one pursuit the undivided mind.

No venal critic fatten'd on the trade;
Books for delight, and not for sale were made;
Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought,
The chief who govern'd, and the sage who taught:
The drama then with deathless bays was wreath'd,
The statue quicken'd, and the canvass breathed.
The poet, then, with unresisted art,
Sway'd every impulse of the captive heart.
Touch'd with a beam of Heaven's creative mind,
His spirit kindled, and his taste refined:
Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth;
Thought grew to thought, and truth attracted truth,
Till, all complete, his perfect soul display'd
Some bloom of genius which could never fade.
So the sage oak, to Nature's mandate true,
Advanced but slow, and strengthen'd as it grew!
But when, at length, (full many a season o'er,)
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When steadfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, storm and time resisting, still remains
The never-dying glory of the plains.

Then, if some thoughtless BAVUS dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labours, pass away:
So, near a forest tall, some worthless flower
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison through the skies,
Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

Still, as from famed Ilyssus' classic shore,
To Mincius' banks, the muse her laurel bore,
The sacred plant to hands divine was given,
And deathless MARO nursed the boon of Heaven.
Exalted bard! to hear thy gentler voice,
The valleys listen, and their swains rejoice;

* Prefixed to WILLIAM COBBETT's edition of the "Bavliad and Mævliad," published in Philadelphia, in 1799.

But when, on some wild mountain's awful form,
 We hear thy spirit chanting to the storm,
 Of battling chiefs, and armies laid in gore,
 We rage, we sigh, we wonder, and adore.
 Thus Rome with Greece in rival splendour shone,
 But claim'd immortal satire for her own;
 While HORACE pierced, full oft, the wanton breast
 With sportive censure, and resistless jest;
 And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay
 Thy kindred genius can so well display,
 With many a well-aim'd thought, and pointed line,
 Drove the bold villain from his black design.
 For, as those mighty masters of the lyre,
 With temper'd dignity, or quenchless ire,
 Through all the various paths of science trod,
 Their school was NATURE and their teacher God.
 Nor did the muse decline till, o'er her head,
 The savage tempest of the north was spread;
 Till arm'd with desolation's bolt it came,
 And wrapp'd her temple in funeral flame.

But soon the arts once more a dawn diffuse,
 And DANTE hail'd it with his morning muse;
 PETRARCH and BOCCACC join'd the choral lay,
 And ARNO glisten'd with returning day.
 Thus science rose; and, all her troubles pass'd,
 She hoped a steady, tranquil reign at last;
 But FAUSTUS came: (indulge the painful thought,
 Were not his countless volumes dearly bought?
 For, while to every clime and class they flew,
 Their worth diminish'd as their numbers grew.
 Some pressman, rich in HOMER's glowing page,
 Could give ten epics to one wondering age;
 A single thought supplied the great design,
 And clouds of Iliads spread from every line.
 Nor HOMER's glowing page, nor VIRGIL's fire
 Could one lone breast with equal flame inspire,
 But, lost in books, irregular and wild,
 The poet wonder'd, and the critic smiled:
 The friendly smile, a bulkier work repays;
 For fools will print, while greater fools will praise.

Touch'd with the mania, now, what millions rage
 To shine the laureat blockheads of the age.
 The dire contagion creeps through every grade;
 Girls, coxcombs, peers, and patriots drive the trade:
 And e'en the hind, his fruitful fields forgot,
 For rhyme and misery leaves his wife and cot.
 Ere to his breast the wasteful mischief spread,
 Content and plenty cheer'd his little shed;
 And, while no thoughts of state perplex'd his mind,
 His harvests ripening, and Pastora kind,
 He laugh'd at toil, with health and vigour bless'd,
 For days of labour brought their nights of rest:
 But now in rags, ambitious for a name,
 The fool of faction, and the dupe of fame,
 His conscience haunts him with his guilty life,
 His starving children, and his ruin'd wife.
 Thus swarming wits, of all materials made,
 Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid,
 And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm,
 Call lust, refinement; anarchy, reform.

No love to foster, no dear friend to wrong,
 Wild as the mountain flood, they drive along:
 And sweep, remorseless, every social bloom
 To the dark level of an endless tomb.

By arms assail'd we still can arms oppose,
 And rescue learning from her brutal foes;
 But when those foes to friendship make pretence,
 And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense,
 Carouse with passion, laugh at God's control,
 And sack the little empire of the soul,
 What warning voice can save? Alas! 'tis o'er,
 The age of virtue will return no more;
 The doating world, its manly vigour flown,
 Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly's throne.
 Come then, sweet bard, again the cause defend,
 Be still the muses' and religion's friend;
 Again the banner of thy wrath display,
 And save the world from DARWIN's tinsel lay.
 A soul like thine no listless pause should know;
 Truth bids thee strike, and virtue guides the blow.
 From every conquest still more dreadful come,
 Till dulness fly, and folly's self be dumb.

MARY WILL SMILE.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
 When MARY, from her cot a rover,
 Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vale
 To bind the temples of her lover.
 As near his little farm she stray'd,
 Where birds of love were ever pairing,
 She saw her WILLIAM in the shade,
 The arms of ruthless war preparing.
 "Though now," he cried, "I seek the hostile plain,
 MARY shall smile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
 "Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
 Desert thy MARY's faithful side,
 And bare thy life to every danger?
 Yet, go, brave youth! to arms away!
 My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
 And when the drum beats far away,
 I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee.
 Return'd with honour, from the hostile plain,
 MARY will smile, and all be fair again.

"The bugles through the forest wind,
 The woodland soldiers call to battle:
 Be some protecting angel kind,
 And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"
 She sung—and as the rose appears
 In sunshine, when the storm is over,
 A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears—
 The blush of promise to her lover.
 Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain,
 All shall be fair, and MARY smile again.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[Born 1773. Died 1811.]

ALTHOUGH this writer is now rarely mentioned, by the organs of public opinion in New England he was once ranked among the great masters of English verse; and it was believed that his reputation would endure as long as the language in which he wrote. The absurd estimate of his abilities shows the wretched condition of taste and criticism in his time, and perhaps caused the faults in his later works which have won for them their early oblivion.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, junior,* was born at Taunton, Massachusetts, on the ninth of December, 1773. His father, an eminent lawyer, held many honourable offices under the state and national governments, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The family having removed to Boston, when he was about seven years old, the subject of this memoir received his early education in that city, and entered Harvard University in 1788. His career here was brilliant and honourable; no member of his class was so familiar with the ancient languages, or with elegant English literature; and his biographer assures us that he was personally popular among his classmates and the officers of the university. When he was graduated, "he was as much distinguished for the opening virtues of his heart, as for the vivacity of his wit, the vigour of his imagination, and the variety of his knowledge. A liberality of sentiment and a contempt of selfishness are usual concomitants, and in him were striking characteristics. Urbanity of manners and a delicacy of feeling imparted a charm to his benignant temper and social disposition."

While in college he had won many praises by his poetical "exercises," and on the completion of his education he was anxious to devote himself to literature as a profession. His father, a man of singular austerity, had marked out for him a different career, and obtained for him a clerkship in a mercantile house in Boston. But he was in no way fitted for the successful prosecution of commerce; and after endeavouring for a few months to apply himself to business, he abandoned the counting-room, and determined to rely on his pen for the means of living. In 1794 he established the "Federal Orrery," a political and literary gazette, and conducted it two years, but without industry or discretion, and therefore without profit. Soon after leaving the university, he had become a constant visitor of the theatre, then recently established in Boston. His intimacy with persons connected with the stage led to his marriage with an

actress, and this to his exclusion from fashionable society, and a disagreement with his father, which lasted until his death.

He was destitute of true courage, and of that kind of pride which arises from a consciousness of integrity and worth. When, therefore, he found himself unpopular with the town, he no longer endeavoured to deserve regard; but neglected his personal appearance, became intemperate, and abandoned himself to indolence. The office of "master of ceremonies" in the theatre, an anomalous station, created for his benefit, still yielded him a moderate income, and notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits, he never exerted his poetical abilities without success. For his poems and other productions he obtained prices unparalleled in this country, and rarely equalled by the rewards of the most popular European authors. For the "Invention of Letters," written at the request of the President of Harvard University, he received fifteen hundred dollars, or more than *five dollars a line*. "The Ruling Passion," a poem recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was little less profitable; and he was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for a song of half-a-dozen stanzas, entitled "Adams and Liberty."

His habits, in the sunshine, gradually improved, and his friends who adhered to him endeavoured to wean him from the wine-cup, and to persuade him to study the law, and establish himself in an honourable position in society. They were for a time successful; he entered the office of the Honourable THEOPHILUS PARSONS, of Newburyport; applied himself diligently to his studies; was admitted to the bar, and became a popular advocate. No lawyer ever commenced business with more brilliant prospects; but his indolence and recklessness returned; his business was neglected; his reputation decayed; and, broken down and disheartened by poverty, disease, and the neglect of his old associates, the evening of his life presented a melancholy contrast to its morning, when every sign gave promise of a bright career. In his last years, says his biographer, "without a library, wandering from place to place, frequently uncertain whence or whether he could procure a meal, his thirst for knowledge astonishingly increased; neither sickness nor penury abated his love of books and instructive conversation." He died in "an attic chamber of his father's house," on the eleventh of November, 1811, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Dr. JOHNSON said of DRYDEN, of whom PAINE was a servile but unsuccessful imitator, that "his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit;" that he "delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to min-

* He was originally called THOMAS PAINE; but on the death of an elder brother, in 1801, his name was changed by an act of the Massachusetts legislature to that of his father.

gle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy." The censure is more applicable to the copy than the original. There was no freshness in PAINE's writings; his subjects, his characters, his thoughts, were all commonplace and familiar. His mind was fashioned by books, and not by converse with the world. He had a brilliant fancy, and a singular command of language; but he was never content to be simple and natural. He endeavoured to be magnificent and striking; he was perpetually searching for conceits and extravagances; and in the multiplicity of his illustrations and ornaments, he was unintelligible and tawdry. From no other writer could so many instances of the false sublime be selected. He never spoke to the heart in its own language.

PAINE wrote with remarkable facility. It is related of him by his biographers, that he had finished "Adams and Liberty," and exhibited it to some gentlemen at the house of a friend. His host pronounced it imperfect, as the name of WASHINGTON was omitted, and declared that he should not approach the sideboard, on which bottles of wine had just been placed, until he had written an additional stanza. The poet mused a moment, called

for a pen, and wrote the following lines, which are, perhaps, the best in the song:

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand;
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

He had agreed to write the "opening address," on the rebuilding of the Boston Theatre, in 1798. HONGKINSON, the manager, called on him in the evening, before it was to be delivered, and upbraided him for his negligence; the first line of it being yet unwritten. "Pray, do not be angry," said PAINE, who was dining with some literary friends; "Sit down and take a glass of wine." "No, sir," replied the manager; "when you begin to write, I will begin to drink." PAINE took his pen, at a side-table, and in two or three hours finished the address, which is one of the best he ever wrote.

In quoting from the works of PAINE, I have endeavoured to present not only the best passages, but such as are most characteristic of his manner and genius.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstain'd from your
sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has
bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers
defended.
Mid the reign of mild Peace
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls
its waves.
In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the
world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's com-
motion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young
day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent
in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the
flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'T is the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms;
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a
division.
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have
nourish'd;
But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it
flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to
defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by
corrosion;

Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not
the storm;

Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own
explosion.

Foes assail us in vain,

Though their fleets bridge the main,

For our altars and laws with our lives we'll
maintain.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple
asunder;

For, unmoved, at its portal would WASHINGTON
stand,

And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the
thunder!

His sword, from the sleep

Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;

No intrigues can her sons from their government
sever;

Her pride is her ADAMS; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers forever.

Then unite heart and hand,

Like LEOXIDAS' band,

And swear to the God of the ocean and land,

That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls
its waves.

FROM A "MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

LAMENTED MOORE! how loved, how graced
wert thou!

What air majestic dazzled on thy brow!

By genius raised, and by ambition fired,

To die distinguish'd, as to live admired;

In battle brilliant, as in council grave;

Stern to encounter, but humane to save;

Virtue and valour in thy bosom strove

Which most should claim our homage or our love.

In thee they flow'd without the pulse of art,

The throbbing life-blood of thy fervid heart;

While, warm from nature, panting honour drew

That vital instinct Heaven imparts to few;

That pride of arms, which prompts the brave design,

That grace of soul, which makes the brave divine!

His heart elate, with modest valour bold,

Beat with fond rage, to vie with chiefs of old.

Great by resolve, yet by example warm'd,

Himself the model of his glory form'd.

A glowing trait from every chief he caught;

He paused like FABRIZ, and like CESAR fought.

His ardent hope surveyed the heights of fame,

Deep on its rocks to grave a soldier's name;

And o'er its cliffs to bid the banner wave,

A Briton fights, to conquer and to save.

On martial ground, the school of heroes' taught,

He studied battles, where campaigns were fought.

By science led, he traced each scene of fame,

Where war had left no stone without a name.

Hills, streams, and plains bore one extended chart

Of warriors' deeds, and show'd of arms the art;

The tactic canvass all its lore revealed,

To seize the moment, and dispose the field.

Here, still and desperate, near the midnight pass,

Couch'd ambush listen'd in the deep morass;

There, skill, opposed by fortune, shaped its way,

With prompt decision, and with firm array;

Here paused the fight, and there the contest raved,

A squadron routed, or an empire saved!

Inspired on fields, with trophied interest graced,

He sigh'd for glory, where he mused from taste.

For high emprise his dazzling helm was plumed,

And all the polish'd patriot-hero bloom'd.

Arm'd as he strode, his glorying country saw

That fame was virtue, and ambition law;

In him beheld, with fond delight, conspire

Her MARLBOROUGH's fortune and her SIDNEY's
fire.

Like Calvi's rock, with clefts abrupt deformed,

His path to fame toil'd up the breach he storm'd;

Till o'er the clouds the victor chief was seen,

Sublime in terror, and in height serene.

His equal mind so well could triumph greet,

He gave to conquest charms that soothed defeat.

The battle done, his brow, with thought o'ercast,

Benign as Mercy, smiled on perils past.

The death-choak'd fosse, the batter'd wall, inspired

A sense, that sought him, from the field retired.

Suspiring Pity touch'd that godlike heart,

To which no peril could dismay impart;

And melting pearls in that stern eye could shine,

That lighten'd courage down the thundering line.

So mounts the sea-bird in the boreal sky,

And sits where steepes in beetling ruin lie;

Though warring whirlwinds curl the Norway seas,

And the rocks tremble, and the torrents freeze;

Yet is the fleece, by beauty's bosom press'd,

The down, that warms the storm-beat eider's breast;

Mid floods of frost, where Winter smites the deep,

Are fledged the plumes, on which the Graces sleep.

In vain thy cliffs, Hispania, lift the sky,

Where CESAR's eagles never dared to fly!

To rude and sudden arms while Freedom springs,

NAPOLÉON's legions mount on bolder wings.

In vain thy sons their steely nerves oppose,

Bare to the rage of tempests and of foes;

In vain, with naked breast, the storm defy

Of furious battle, and of piercing sky;

Five waning reigns had mark'd, in long decay,

The gloomy glory of thy setting day;

While bigot power, with dark and dire disgrace,

Oppress'd the valour of thy gallant race.

No martial phalanx, led by veteran art,

Combined thy vigour, or confirm'd thy heart:

Thy bands dispersed, like Rome in wild defeat,

Fled to the mountains, to entrench retreat.

O'er hill, or vale, where'er thy sky descends,

The pomp of hostile chivalry extends.

High o'er thy brow the giant glaive is rear'd,

Deep in the wounds of bleeding nations smear'd.

Ere Britain's shield could catch th' impending blade,

Thy helm was shatter'd, and thy arm dismay'd.

Yet, while the falchion fell, thy brave ally

Cheer'd, with a blaze of mail, thy closing eye;

By hosts assail'd, her little Spartan band
 Braved the swift onset, and the cool command.
 Historic glory rushed through British veins,
 And shades of heroes stalk'd Corunna's plains;
 While Gallia saw, amid the battle's glare,
 That Minden, Blenheim, Agincourt were there!

Illustrious Moore, by foe and famine press'd,
 Yet, by each soldier's proud affection bless'd,
 Unawed by numbers, saw the impending host,
 With front extending, lengthen down the coast.
 "Charge! Britons, charge!" the exulting chief
 exclaims:

Swift moves the field; the tide of armour flames;
 On, on they rush; the solid column flies,
 And shouts tremendous, as the foe defies.
 While all the battle rung from side to side,
 In death to conquer, was the warrior's pride.
 Where'er the unequal war its tempest pour'd,
 The leading meteor was his glittering sword!
 Thrice met the fight; and thrice the vanquish'd Gaul
 Found the firm line an adamant wall.

Again repulsed, again the legions drew,
 And Fate's dark shafts in vollied shadows flew.
 Now storm'd the scene, where soul could soul attest,
 Squadron to squadron join'd, and breast to breast!
 From rank to rank the intrepid valour glow'd;
 From rank to rank the inspiring champion rode.
 Loud broke the war-cloud, as his charger sped;
 Pale the curved lightening quiver'd o'er his head!
 Again it bursts! Peal, echoing peal, succeeds!
 The bolt is launch'd; the peerless soldier bleeds!
 Hark! as he falls, Fame's swelling clarion cries,
 Britannia triumphs, though her hero dies!
 The grave he fills is all the realm she yields,
 And that proud empire deathless honour shields.
 No fabled phoenix from his bier revives;
 His ashes perish, but his country lives!

Immortal dead! with musing awe, thy foes
 Tread not the hillock where thy bones repose!
 There, sacring mourner, see, Britannia spreads
 A chaplet, glistening with the tears she sheds;
 With burning censer glides around thy tomb,
 And scatters incense where thy laurels bloom;
 With rapt devotion sainted vigil keeps;
 Shines with Religion, and with Glory weeps!
 Sweet sleep thee, brave! In solemn chant shall sound
 Celestial vespers o'er thy sacred ground!
 Long ages hence, in pious twilight seen,
 Shall choirs of seraphs sanctify thy green;
 At curfew hour shall dimly hover there,
 And charm, with sweetest dirge, the listening air!
 With homage tranced, shall every pensive mind
 Weep, while the requiem passes on the wind;
 Till, sadly swelling Sorrow's softest notes,
 It dies in distance, while its echo floats!

No stoneless sod shall hold that mighty shade,
 Whose life could man's wide universe pervade.
 No mouldering prison of sepulchral earth,
 In dumb oblivion shall confine thy worth;
 The battle heath shall lift thy marble fame,
 And grow immortal, as it marks thy name.
 Heaven's holiest tears shall nightly kiss thy dust,
 That dawn's first smiles may gem the hero's bust;
 And pilgrim Glory, in remotest years,
 Shall seek thy tomb, to read the tale it bears.

FROM THE "RULING PASSION."

WERE the wild brood, who dwell in glade and
 brake,
 Some kindred character of man to take;
 In the base jackal's, or gay leopard's mien,
 The servile pimp, or gay coquette were seen;
 The patient camel, long inured to dine
 But once a fortnight, would a poet shine;
 The stag, a cit, with antler'd brows content;
 The rake, a pointer, always on the scent;
 The snake, a statesman; and the wit, a gnat;
 The ass, an alderman; the scold, a cat;
 The wife, a ring-dove, on the myrtle's top;
 The wolf, a lawyer; the baboon, a fop!

FROM THE SAME.

To fame unknown, and happy fortune born,
 The blithe Savoyard hails the peep of morn:
 And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
 The hoary glaciers fling their diamond blaze;
 Geneva's broad lake rushes from its shores,
 Arve gently murmurs, and the rough Rhone roars.
 Mid the cleft Alps, his cabin peers from high,
 Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
 O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
 From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
 While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
 Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
 While, far above, from battlements of snow,
 Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
 On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
 Than the lark warbles on the "Ides of June."
 Far off let Glory's clarion shrilly swell;
 He loves the music of his pipe as well.
 Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
 And Pride her tessellated pavement tread;
 More happy far, this denizen of air
 Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare;
 His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights;
 His spouse contents him, and his mule delights!

FROM THE "INVENTION OF LETTERS."

For place or power while demagogues contend,
 Whirl'd in their vortex, sinks each humbler friend.
 See Crispin quit his stall, in Faction's cause
 To cobbler government, and sole the laws!
 See Friseur scent his dust, his razor set,
 To shave the treaty, or to puff Genet!
 In doubtful mood, see Mulciber debate,
 To mend a horse-shoe, or to weld the state!
 The whip's bold knight in barn his truck has laid,
 To spout in favour of the carrying trade!
 While Staytaye runs, from hissing goose, too hot,
 To measure Congress for another coat;
 And still, by rule of shop, intent on pelf,
 Eyes the spare cloth, to cabbage for himself!

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

[Born 1779.]

THIS great artist is the oldest of the living "Poets of America," being now in the sixty-third year of his age. He was born in South Carolina, of a family which has contributed some eminent names to our annals, though none that sheds more lustre upon the parent stock than his own.

When very young, by the advice of physicians, he was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until he entered Harvard College, in 1796. In his boyhood he exhibited evidences of that genius for which he has since been distinguished, and before the completion of his education he gained laurels in both poetry and painting. A Scottish gentleman named BOWMAN, discovered in some verses written while he was in the university, and in a head of St. Peter painted during the same period, such promise of after eminence, that he offered him one hundred pounds a year while he should remain abroad; but ALLSTON declined the generous aid, having already sold his paternal estate for an amount of money sufficient to defray his looked-for expenses; and with a brother artist embarked for London in the summer of 1801.

Soon after his arrival in that great metropolis, he became a student of the Royal Academy, then under the presidency of our countryman, WEST, with whom he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship. His abilities as an artist, brilliant conversation, and gentlemanly manners, made him a welcome guest at the houses of the great painters of the time. Within a year from the beginning of his residence in London, he was a successful exhibitor at Somerset House, and a general favourite with the most distinguished members of his profession.

In 1804, having passed three years in England, ALLSTON accompanied JOHN VANDERLYN, another eminent American painter, to Paris. After spending a few months in that capital, he proceeded to Italy, where he remained four years. Among his fellow-students and intimate associates at Rome, were VANDERLYN, and the world-renowned Danish sculptor, THORWALDSEN. Another friend with whom he became acquainted here, was the great philosopher and poet, COLERIDGE. In one of his letters he says: "To no other man do I owe so much, *intellectually*, as to Mr. COLERIDGE, with whom I become acquainted in Rome, and who has honoured me with his friendship for more than five-and-twenty years. He used to call Rome the *silent* city; but I never could think of it as such, while with him; for, meet him when or where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry, but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese,

I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to PLATO in the groves of the Academy."

In 1809, ALLSTON returned to America, and was soon after married at Boston to a sister of the celebrated Doctor CHANNING. In 1811, he went a second time to England. His reputation as a painter was now well established, and he gained by his picture* of the "Dead Man Raised by Elisha's Bones," a prize of two hundred guineas, at the British Institution, where the first artists in the world were his competitors. A long and dangerous illness succeeded his return to London, and he removed to the village of Clifton, where he wrote "The Sylphs of the Seasons," and some of the other poems included in a volume which he published in 1813. Within two weeks after the renewal of his residence in the metropolis, in the last mentioned year, his wife died, very suddenly; and the event, for a time, affected seriously his physical and mental powers.

In 1817, he accompanied LESLIE to Paris, and in the autumn of the following year came back to America, having been previously elected an associate of the Royal Academy of England. He has since that time resided principally at Cambridgeport, near Boston, where he has been engaged on various works of art, one of which is "Belshazzar's Feast, or the Handwriting on the Wall," a picture sixteen feet long, and twelve feet wide, commenced nearly twenty years ago. This is said to be nearly finished now; but it has never been seen by any one save the artist. In 1830, he married his present wife, a sister of the poet DANA. His last literary work was the beautiful story entitled "Monaldi," published in 1841.

A great painter is a true poet, though he may lack the power to express in beautiful language his conceptions. Poet and painter must study still nature and humanity, and must look upon the world with an affectionate spirit. "The Sylphs of the Seasons," ALLSTON's longest poem, in which he describes the scenery of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and the effects of each season on the mind, shows that he has regarded nature with a curious eye, and has power to exhibit her beauties with singular distinctness and fidelity. "The Two Painters," an admirable satire, intended to ridicule the attempts to reach perfection in one excellency in the art of painting, to the neglect of every other, proves equally his descriptive powers. These poems, and the "Paint King," a singularly wild, imaginative story, evidence, also, his *creative* genius. They are all original, in their fable, style, and cast of thought; and all have the purest and most cheerful influences upon the mind.

* This work he subsequently sold to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, for thirty-five hundred dollars.

THE SYLPHS OF THE SEASONS,

A POET'S DREAM.

LONG has it been my fate to hear
The slave of Mammon, with a sneer,
My indolence reprove.

Ah, little knows he of the care,
The toil, the hardship that I bear
While lolling in my elbow-chair,
And seeming scarce to move :

For, mounted on the poet's steed,
I *there* my ceaseless journey speed
O'er mountain, wood, and stream :
And oft, within a little day,
Mid comets fierce, 't is mine to stray,
And wander o'er the milky-way
To catch a poet's dream.

But would the man of lucre know
What riches from my labours flow—
A DREAM is my reply.

And who for wealth has ever pined,
That had a world within his mind,
Where every treasure he may find,
And joys that never die !

One night, my task diurnal done,
(For I had travell'd with the sun
O'er burning sands, o'er snows,)
Fatigued, I sought the couch of rest ;
My wonted prayer to Heaven address'd ;
But scarce had I my pillow press'd,
When thus a vision rose :—

Methought, within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.

It seem'd of sable night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.

There motionless I stood alone,
Like some strange monument of stone
Upon a barren wild ;
Or like (so solid and profound
The darkness seem'd that wall'd me round)
A man that's buried under ground,
Where pyramids are piled.

Thus fix'd, a dreadful hour I pass'd,
And now I heard, as from a blast,
A voice pronounce my name :
Nor long upon my ear it dwelt,
When round me 'gan the air to melt,
And motion once again I felt
Quick circling o'er my frame.

Again it call'd ; and then a ray,
That seem'd a gushing fount of day,
Across the cavern stream'd.
Half-struck with terror and delight,
I hail'd the little blessed light,
And follow'd till my aching sight
An orb of darkness seem'd.

Nor long I felt the blinding pain ;
For soon upon a mountain plain
I gazed with wonder new.
There high a castle rear'd its head ;
And far below a region spread,
Where every season seem'd to shed
Its own peculiar hue.

Now, at the castle's massy gate,
Like one that's blindly urged by fate,
A bugle-horn I blew.
The mountain-plain it shook around,
The vales return'd a hollow sound,
And, moving with a sigh profound,
The portals open flew.

Then entering, from a glittering hall
I heard a voice seraphic call,
That bade me "Ever reign !
All hail !" it said in accent wild,
"For thou art Nature's chosen child,
Whom wealth nor blood has e'er defiled,
Hail, lord of this domain !"

And now I paced a bright saloon,
That seem'd illumined by the moon,
So mellow was the light.
The walls with jetty darkness teem'd,
While down them crystal columns stream'd,
And each a mountain torrent seem'd,
High-flashing through the night.

Rear'd in the midst, a double throne
Like burnish'd cloud of evening shone ;
While, group'd the base around,
Four damsels stood of fairy race ;
Who, turning each with heavenly grace
Upon me her immortal face,
Transfix'd me to the ground.

And *thus* the foremost of the train :
"Be thine the throne, and thine to reign
O'er all the varying year !
But ere thou rulest, the Fates command,
That of our chosen rival band
A Sylph shall win thy heart and hand,
Thy sovereignty to share.

"For we, the sisters of a birth,
Do rule by turns the subject earth
To serve ungrateful man ;
But since our varied toils impart
No joy to his capricious heart,
'Tis now ordain'd that human art
Shall rectify the plan."

Then spake the Sylph of Spring serene,
"Tis *I* thy joyous heart, I ween,
With sympathy shall move :
For I with living melody
Of birds in choral symphony,
First waked thy soul to poesy,
To piety and love.

"When thou, at call of vernal breeze,
And beckoning bough of budding trees,
Hast left thy sullen fire ;

And stretch'd thee in some mossy dell,
And heard the browsing wether's bell,
Blithe echoes rousing from their cell
To swell the tinkling choir :

"Or heard from branch of flowering thorn
The song of friendly cuckoo warn
The tardy-moving swain ;
Hast bid the purple swallow hail ;
And seen him now through ether sail,
Now sweeping downward o'er the vale,
And skimming now the plain ;

"Then, catching with a sudden glance
The bright and silver-clear expanse
Of some broad river's stream,
Beheld the boats adown it glide,
And motion wind again the tide,
Where, chain'd in ice by winter's pride,
Late roll'd the heavy team :

"Or, lured by some fresh-scented gale
That woo'd the moored fisher's sail
To tempt the mighty main,
Hast watch'd the dim, receding shore,
Now faintly seen the ocean o'er,
Like hanging cloud, and now no more
To bound the sapphire plain ;

"Then, wrapt in night, the scudding bark,
(That seem'd, self-poised amid the dark,
Through upper air to leap,)
Beheld, from thy most fearful height,
The rapid dolphin's azure light
Cleave, like a living meteor bright,
The darkness of the deep :

"'T was mine the warm, awakening hand
That made thy grateful heart expand,
And feel the high control
Of Him, the mighty Power that moves
Amid the waters and the groves,
And through his vast creation proves
His omnipresent soul.

"Or, brooding o'er some forest rill,
Fringed with the early daffodil,
And quivering maiden-hair,
When thou hast mark'd the dusky bed,
With leaves and water-rust o'erspread,
That seem'd an amber light to shed
On all was shadow'd there ;

"And thence, as by its murmur call'd,
The current traced to where it brawl'd
Beneath the noontide ray ;
And there beheld the checker'd shade
Of waves, in many a sinuous braid,
That o'er the sunny channel play'd,
With motion ever gay :

"'T was I to these the magic gave,
That made thy heart, a willing slave,
To gentle Nature bend ;
And taught thee how with tree and flower,
And whispering gale, and dropping shower,
In converse sweet to pass the hour,
As with an early friend :

"That mid the noontide, sunny haze
Did in thy languid bosom raise
The raptures of the boy ;
When, waked as if to second birth,
Thy soul through every pore look'd forth,
And gazed upon the beauteous earth
With myriad eyes of joy :

"That made thy heart, like HIS above,
To flow with universal love
For every living thing.
And, O ! if I, with ray divine,
Thus tempering, did thy soul refine,
Then let thy gentle heart be mine,
And bless the Sylph of Spring."

And next the Sylph of Summer fair ;
The while her crisped, golden hair
Half-veil'd her sunny eyes :
"Nor less may I thy homage claim,
At touch of whose exhaling flame
The fog of Spring, that chill'd thy frame,
In genial vapour flies.

"Oft, by the heat of noon oppress'd
With flowing hair and open vest,
Thy footsteps have I won
To mossy couch of welling grot,
Where thou hast bless'd thy happy lot,
That thou in that delicious spot
Mayst see, not feel, the sun :

"Thence tracing from the body's change,
In curious philosophic range,
The motion of the mind ;
And how from thought to thought it flew,
Still hoping in each vision new
The fairy land of bliss to view,
But ne'er that land to find.

"And then, as grew thy languid mood,
To some embowering, silent wood
I led thy careless way ;
Where high from tree to tree in air
Thou saw'st the spider swing her snare,
So bright !—as if, entangled there,
The sun had left a ray :

"Or lured thee to some beetling steep,
To mark the deep and quiet sleep
That wrapt the tarn below ;
And mountain blue and forest green
Inverted on its plane serene,
Dim gleaming through the filmy sheen
That glazed the painted show ;

"Perchance, to mark the fisher's skiff
Swift from beneath some shadowy cliff
Dart, like a gust of wind ;
And, as she skimm'd the sunny lake,
In many a playful wreath her wake
Far-trailing, like a silvery snake,
With sinuous length behind.

"Not less, when hill, and dale, and heath
Still Evening wrapt in mimic death,
Thy spirit true I proved :

Around thee as the darkness stole,
Before thy wild, creative soul
I bade each fairy vision roll
Thine infancy had loved.

"Then o'er the silent, sleeping land,
Thy fancy, like a magic wand,
Forth call'd the elfin race :
And now around the fountain's brim
In circling dance they gayly skim ;
And now upon its surface swim,
And water-spiders chase ;

"Each circumstance of sight or sound
Peopling the vacant air around
With visionary life:
For if amid a thicket stirr'd,
Or flitting bat, or wakeful bird,
Then straight thy eager fancy heard
The din of fairy strife ;

"Now, in the passing beetle's hum
The elfin army's goblin drum
To pigmy battle sound ;
And now, where dripping dew-drops plash
On waving grass, their bucklers clash,
And now their quivering lances flash,
Wide-dealing death around :

"Or if the moon's effulgent form
The passing clouds of sudden storm
In quick succession veil ;
Vast serpents now, their shadows glide,
And, coursing now the mountain's side,
A band of giants huge, they stride
O'er hill, and wood, and dale.

"And still on many a service rare
Could I descant, if need there were,
My firmer claim to bind.
But rest I most my high pretence
On that, my genial influence,
Which made the body's indolence
The vigour of the mind."

And now, in accents deep and low,
Like voice of fondly-cherish'd wo,
The Sylph of Autumn sad :
"Though I may not of raptures sing,
That graced the gentle song of Spring,
Like Summer, playful pleasures bring,
Thy youthful heart to glad ;

"Yet still may I in hope aspire
Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,
And purifying love :
For I with vision high and holy,
And spell of quickening melancholy,
Thy soul from sublunary folly
First raised to worlds above.

"What though be mine the treasures fair
Of purple grape and yellow pear,
And fruits of various hue,
And harvests rich of golden grain,
That dance in waves along the plain
To merry song of reaping swain,
Beneath the welkin blue ;

"With these I may not urge my suit,
Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,
For mortal purpose given ;
Nor may it fit my sober mood
To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,
Or dyes of many-colour'd wood,
That mock the bow of heaven.

"But, know, 't was mine the secret power
That wak'd thee at the midnight hour
In bleak November's reign :
'T was I the spell around thee cast,
When thou didst hear the hollow blast
In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
That ne'er would come again :

"And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
To hear the sullen ocean roar,
By dreadful calm oppress'd ;
Which still, though not a breeze was there,
Its mountain-billows heav'd in air,
As if a living thing it were,
That strove in vain for rest.

"'T was I, when thou, subdued by wo,
Didst watch the leaves descending slow,
To each a moral gave ;
And as they moved in mournful train,
With rustling sound, along the plain,
Taught them to sing a seraph's strain
Of peace within the grave.

"And then, upraised thy streaming eye,
I met thee in the western sky
In pomp of evening cloud ;
That, while with varying form it roll'd,
Some wizard's castle seem'd of gold,
And now a crimson'd knight of old,
Or king in purple proud.

"And last, as sunk the setting sun,
And Evening with her shadows dun
The gorgeous pageant past,
'T was then of life a mimic show,
Of human grandeur here below,
Which thus beneath the fatal blow
Of Death must fall at last.

"O, then with what aspiring gaze
Didst thou thy tranced vision raise
To yonder orbs on high,
And think how wondrous, how sublime
'T were upwards to their spheres to climb,
And live, beyond the reach of Time,
Child of Eternity !"

And last the Sylph of Winter spake ;
The while her piercing voice did shake
The castle-vaults below.

"O, youth, if thou, with soul refin'd,
Hast felt the triumph pure of mind,
And learn'd a secret joy to find
In deepest scenes of wo ;

"If e'er with fearful ear at eve
Hast heard the wailing tempests grieve
Through chink of shatter'd wall ;

The while it conjured o'er thy brain
Of wandering ghosts a mournful train,
That low in fitful sobs complain
Of Death's untimely call:

"Or feeling, as the storm increased,
The love of terror nerve thy breast,
Didst venture to the coast;
To see the mighty war-ship leap
From wave to wave upon the deep,
Like chamois goat from steep to steep,
Till low in valley lost;

"Then, glancing to the angry sky,
Behold the clouds with fury fly
The lurid moon athwart;
Like armies huge in battle, throng,
And pour in volleying ranks along,
While piping winds in martial song
To rushing war exhort:

"O, then to me thy heart be given,
To me, ordain'd by Him in heaven
Thy nobler powers to wake.
And O! if thou, with poet's soul,
High brooding o'er the frozen pole,
Hast felt beneath my stern control
The desert region quake;

"Or from old Hecla's cloudy height,
When o'er the dismal, half-year's night
He pours his sulphurous breath,
Hast known my petrifying wind
Wild ocean's curling billows bind,
Like bending sheaves by harvest hind,
Erect in icy death;

"Or heard adown the mountain's steep
The northern blast with furious sweep
Some cliff dissever'd dash;
And seen it spring with dreadful bound
From rock to rock, to gulf profound,
While echoes fierce from caves resound
The never-ending crash:

"If thus, with terror's mighty spell
Thy soul inspired, was wont to swell,
Thy heaving frame expand;
O, then to me thy heart incline;
For know, the wondrous charm was mine,
That fear and joy did thus combine
In magic union bland.

"Nor think confined my native sphere
To horrors gaunt, or ghastly fear,
Or desolation wild:
For I of pleasures fair could sing,
That steal from life its sharpest sting,
And man have made around it cling,
Like mother to her child.

"When thou, beneath the clear blue sky,
So calm, no cloud was seen to fly,
Hast gazed on snowy plain,
Where Nature slept so pure and sweet,
She seem'd a corpse in winding-sheet,
Whose happy soul had gone to meet
The blest, angelic train;

"Or mark'd the sun's declining ray
In thousand varying colours play
O'er ice-incrusted heath,
In gleams of orange now, and green,
And now in red and azure sheen,
Like hues on dying dolphin seen,
Most lovely when in death;

"Or seen, at dawn of eastern light
The frosty toil of fays by night
On pane of casement clear,
Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
And Alps, with many a mountain pine,
And armed knights from Palestine
In winding march appear:

"'Twas I on each enchanting scene
The charm bestow'd that banished spleen
Thy bosom pure and light.
But still a nobler power I claim;
That power allied to poets' fame,
Which language vain has dared to name—
The soul's creative might.

"Though Autumn grave, and Summer fair,
And joyous Spring demand a share
Of Fancy's hallow'd power,
Yet these I hold of humbler kind,
To grosser means of earth confined,
Through mortal *sense* to reach the mind,
By mountain, stream, or flower.

"But mine, of purer nature still,
Is *that* which to thy secret will
Did minister unseen,
Unfelt, unheard; when every sense
Did sleep in drowsy indolence,
And silence deep and night intense
Enshrouded every scene;

"That o'er thy teeming brain did raise
The spirits of departed days
Through all the varying year;
And images of things remote,
And sounds that long had ceased to float,
With every hue, and every note,
As living now they were:

"And taught thee from the motley mass
Each harmonizing part to class,
(Like Nature's self employ'd;)
And then, as work'd thy wayward will,
From these, with rare combining skill,
With new-created worlds to fill
Of space the mighty void.

"O then to me thy heart incline;
To me, whose plastic powers combine
The harvest of the mind;
To me, whose magic coffers bear
The spoils of all the toiling year,
That still in mental vision wear
A lustre more refined."

She ceased—And now, in doubtful mood,
All motionless and mute I stood,
Like one by charm oppress'd:

By turns from each to each I roved,
And each by turns again I loved;
For ages ne'er could one have proved
More lovely than the rest.

"O blessed band, of birth divine,
What mortal task is like to mine!"—
And further had I spoke,
When, lo! there pour'd a flood of light
So fiercely on my aching sight,
I fell beneath the vision bright,
And with the pain awoke.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.*

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;

While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains!

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our MILTON told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

* This poem was first published in COLERIDGE'S "Sybilline Leaves," in 1810.

THE SPANISH MAID.

FIVE weary months sweet Inez number'd
From that unfading bitter day
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That call'd her Isidor away—
That never to her heart has slumber'd;

She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling, feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—
And fancy hurries on to strife,
And hears the drum and screaming file
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
O, should he—should he fall in battle!

Yet still his *name* would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again.
And would not she for such a strain
Resign him to his country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and pluck'd the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewilder'd drank
The plighted vow—where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking;
And soon amid the purple haze,
That showers from his slanting rays,
A thousand loves there meet her gaze,
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And, deck'd in victory's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there.
Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in *that* hour
The future, like the colour'd shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living present falling.

The foe is slain. His sable charger
All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on;
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don,
And gallant steed grow larger, larger;

And now he nears the mountain-hollow;
The flowery bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there.—He's not awake—
Ah, what a day this dream will follow!

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
Another minute makes it clear.
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.



C. Leslie R.A.

J. Cheney

THE SPANISH MAID.

Printed by Peck & L., 1842



THE TUSCAN MAID.

How pleasant and how sad the turning tide
Of human life, when side by side
The child and youth begin to glide
Along the vale of years;

The pure twin-being for a little space,
With lightsome heart, and yet a graver face,
Too young for wo, though not for tears.

This turning tide is *URSULINA*'s now;
The time is mark'd upon her brow;
Now every thought and feeling throw
Their shadows on her face;
And so are every thought and feeling join'd,
'T were hard to answer whether heart or mind
Of either were the native place.

The things that once she loved are still the same;
Yet now there needs another name
To give the feeling which they claim,
While she the feeling gives;
She cannot call it gladness or delight;
And yet there seems a richer, lovelier light
On e'en the humblest thing that lives.

She sees the mottled moth come twinkling by,
And sees it sip the floweret nigh;
Yet not, as once, with eager cry
She grasps the pretty thing;
Her thoughts now mingle with its tranquil mood—
So poised in air, as if on air it stood
To show its gold and purple wing.

She hears the bird without a wish to snare,
But rather on the azure air
To mount, and with it wander there
To some untrodden land;
As if it told her in its happy song
Of pleasures strange, that never can belong
To aught of sight or touch of hand.

Now the young soul her mighty power shall prove,
And outward things around her move,
Pure ministers of purer love,
And make the heart her home;
Or to the meaner senses sink a slave,
To do their bidding, though they madly crave
Through hateful scenes of vice to roam.

But, *URSULINA*, thine the better choice;
Thine eyes so speak, as with a voice:
Thy heart may still in earth rejoice
And all its beauty love;
But no, not all this fair, enchanting earth
With all its spells, can give the rapture birth
That waits thy conscious soul above.

ROSALIE.

O, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No—never came from aught below
This melody of wo,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle *ROSALIE*
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

TO REMBRANDT.*

As in that twilight, superstitious age
When all beyond the narrow grasp of mind
Seem'd fraught with meanings of supernal kind,
When e'en the learned, philosophic sage,
Wont with the stars through boundless space to
range,
Listen'd with reverence to the changeling's tale;
E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange!
E'en so, thy visionary scenes I hail;
That like the rambling of an idiot's speech,
No image giving of a thing on earth,
Nor thought significant in Reason's reach,
Yet, in their random shadowings give birth
To thoughts and things from other worlds that
come,
And fill the soul, and strike the reason dumb.

TO BENJAMIN WEST.

From one unused in pomp of words to raise
A courtly monument of empty praise,
Where self, transpiring through the flimsy pile,
Betrays the builder's ostentatious guile,
Accept, O *WEST*, these unaffected lays,
Which genius claims and grateful justice pays.
Still green in age, thy vigorous powers impart
The youthful freshness of a blameless heart:
For thine, unaided by another's pain,
The wiles of envy, or the sordid train
Of selfishness, has been the manly race
Of one who felt the purifying grace
Of honest fame; nor found the effort vain,
E'en for itself to love thy soul-ennobling art.

* Occasioned by his picture of "Jacob's Dream."

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

[Born 1779.]

Mr. PAULDING is known by his numerous novels and other prose writings, much better than by his poetry; yet his early contributions to our poetical literature, if they do not bear witness that he possesses, in an eminent degree, "the vision and the faculty divine," are creditable for their patriotic spirit and moral purity.

He was born in the town of Pawling,—the original mode of spelling his name,—in Dutchess county, New York, on the 22d of August, 1779, and is descended from an old and honourable family, of Dutch extraction.

His earliest literary productions were the papers entitled "Salmagundi," the first series of which, in two volumes, were written in conjunction with WASHINGTON IRVING, in 1807. These were succeeded, in the next thirty years, by the following works, in the order in which they are named: John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in one volume; The Lay of a Scotch Fiddle, a satirical poem, in one volume; The United States and England, in one volume; Second Series of Salmagundi, in two

volumes; Letters from the South, in two volumes; The Backwoodsman, a poem, in one volume; Koningsmarke, or Old Times in the New World, a novel, in two volumes; John Bull in America, in one volume; Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, in one volume; The Traveller's Guide, or New Pilgrim's Progress, in one volume; The Dutchman's Fireside, in two volumes; Westward Ho! in two volumes; Slavery in the United States, in one volume; Life of Washington, in two volumes; The Book of St. Nicholas, in one volume; and Tales, Fables, and Allegories, originally published in various periodicals, in three volumes. Beside these, and some less pretensive works, he has written much in the gazettes on political and other questions agitated in his time.

Mr. PAULDING has held various honourable offices in his native state; and in the summer of 1838, he was appointed, by President VAN BUREN, Secretary of the Navy. He continued to be a member of the cabinet until the close of Mr. VAN BUREN's administration, in 1841.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

OLD cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling a while, ere she unfurl'd
Her gallant wing and soar'd away;
All hail! thou birth-place of the glowing west,
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruin'd nest!
What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As, wandering these old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound!
The wonders of an age combined,
In one short moment memory supplies;
They throng upon my waken'd mind,
As time's dark curtains rise.
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.
I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little barque
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drowned earth 't was hurl'd,
With the forefathers of another world.
I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare;
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hair-brain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;
The pale-faced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdain'd,
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reign'd.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife,
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
Each happy, great, and free;
One empires still another breeds,
A giant progeny,
Destined their daring race to run,
Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

'Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it, these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity, to me
More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe;
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall wreath
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
No one that loves his native land;
No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
Can mid these lonely ruins stand,
Without a moisten'd eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round—
Of him whose strange, yet bright career,
Is written on this sacred ground
In letters that no time shall sear;
Who in the old world smote the turban'd crew,
And founded Christian empires in the new.

And she! the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who join'd man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeem'd the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear goddess of the sylvan grove,
Flower of the forest, nature's pride,
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallow'd rock
To me shall ever sacred be—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or, in New England claim his birth,
From the old pilgrims there,
He is a bastard, if he dare to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock.

PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.*

As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair
Was the lone land that met the stranger there!
No smiling villages or curling smoke
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke;
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe labour's homely, rustic song;
No urchin gamboll'd on the smooth, white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plunged in the clear blue wave,
And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen, along the river side,
Young, busy towns, in buxom, painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound.
Nothing appear'd but nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be
As level and as lifeless as the sea;
They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the earth—the land was all their own!
'T was evening now: the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day;
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They cared not though the day ne'er came again.
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it loved the gentle visit well
That fair-faced orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
Nodeep-mouth'd 'd bound the hunter's haunt betray'd,
No lights upon the shore or waters play'd,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wanderers, man was nestling there;
All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore,
As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

EVENING.

'T was sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve
Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.
Never did brighter glories greet the eye,
Low in the warm and ruddy western sky:
Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold
More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.
Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast
Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem'd to rest,
Like golden islets scatter'd far and wide,
By elfin skill in fancy's fabled tide,
Where, as wild eastern legends idly feign,
Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.

* This, and the two following extracts, are from the
"Backwoodsman."

Others, like vessels gilt with burnish'd gold,
 Their flitting, airy way are seen to hold,
 All gallantly equip'd with streamers gay,
 While hands unseen, or chance directs their way;
 Around, athwart, the pure ethereal tide,
 With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide,
 Gay as the bark where Egypt's wanton queen
 Reclining on the shaded deck was seen,
 At which as gazed the uxorious Roman fool,
 The subject world slipt from his dotard rule.
 Anon, the gorgeous scene begins to fade,
 And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade;
 The haze of gathering twilight nature shrouds,
 And pale, and paler wax the changeful clouds.
 Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm;
 The silent dews of evening dropp'd like balm;
 The hungry night-hawk from his lone haunt hies,
 To chase the viewless insect through the skies;
 The bat began his lantern-loving flight,
 The lonely whip-poor-will, our bird of night,
 Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
 His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear;
 The buzzing beetle forth did gayly hie,
 With idle hum, and careless, blundering eye;
 The little trusty watchman of pale night,
 The firefly, trimm'd anew his lamp so bright,
 And took his merry airy circuit round
 The sparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound,
 Where blossom'd clover, bathed in palmy dew,
 In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing grew.

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

As look'd the traveller for the world below,
 The lively morning breeze began to blow;
 The magic curtain roll'd in mists away,
 And a gay landscape smiled upon the day.
 As light the fleeting vapours upward glide,
 Like sheeted spectres on the mountain side,
 New objects open to his wondering view
 Of various form, and combinations new.
 A rocky precipice, a waving wood,
 Deep, winding dell, and foaming mountain flood,
 Each after each, with coy and sweet delay,
 Broke on his sight, as at young dawn of day,
 Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
 Like giant capp'd with helm of burnish'd gold.
 So when the wandering grandsire of our race
 On Ararat had found a resting-place,
 At first a shoreless ocean met his eye,
 Mingling on every side with one blue sky;
 But as the waters, every passing day,
 Sunk in the earth or roll'd in mists away,
 Gradual, the lofty hills, like islands, peep
 From the rough bosom of the boundless deep,
 Then the round hillocks, and the meadows green,
 Each after each, in fresher'd bloom are seen,
 Till, at the last, a fair and finish'd whole
 Combined to win the gazing patriarch's soul.
 Yet, oft he look'd, I ween, with anxious eye,
 In lingering hope somewhere, perchance, to spy,

Within the silent world, some living thing,
 Crawling on earth, or moving on the wing,
 Or man, or beast—alas! was neither there
 Nothing that breathed of life in earth or air;
 'T was a vast, silent, mansion rich and gay,
 Whose occupant was drown'd the other day;
 A churchyard, where the gayest flowers oft bloom
 Amid the melancholy of the tomb;
 A charnel-house, where all the human race
 Had piled their bones in one wide resting-place;
 Sadly he turn'd from such a sight of woe,
 And sadly sought the lifeless world below.

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

DRINK! drink! to whom shall we drink?
 To friend or a mistress? Come, let me think!
 To those who are absent, or those who are here?
 To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear?
 Alas! when I look, I find none of the last!
 The present is barren—let's drink to the past.

Come! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,
 The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
 Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled,
 Once slept on my bosom, and pillow'd my head!
 Would you know where to find such a delicate prize?
 Go seek in yon churchyard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
 With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
 Who travell'd with me in the sunshine of life,
 And stood by my side in its peace and its strife!
 Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare?
 Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,
 With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
 Who came but to see the first act of the play,
 Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away.
 Would you know where this brace of bright
 cherubs have hied?
 Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair,
 Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care,
 God bless them, and keep them, and may they look
 down,
 On the head of their son, without tear, sigh, or frown!
 Would you know whom I drink to! go seek mid
 the dead,
 You will find both their names on the stone at
 their head.

And here's—but, alas! the good wine is no more,
 The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
 Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,
 And nothing is left of the light that it shed.
 Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here
 ends,
 With a health to our dead, since we've no living
 friends.

LEVI FRISBIE.

[Born 1784. Died 1822.]

PROFESSOR FRISBIE was the son of a respectable clergyman at Ipswich, Massachusetts. He entered Harvard University in 1798, and was graduated in 1802. His father, like most of the clergymen of New England, was a poor man, and unable fully to defray the costs of his son's education; and Mr. FRISBIE, while an under-graduate, provided in part for his support by teaching a school during vacations, and by writing as a clerk. His friend and biographer, Professor ANDREWS NORTON, alludes to this fact as a proof of the falsity of the opinion that wealth constitutes the only aristocracy in our country. Talents, united with correct morals, and good manners, pass unquestioned all the artificial barriers of society, and

their claim to distinction is recognised more willingly than any other.

Soon after leaving the university, Mr. FRISBIE commenced the study of the law; but an affection of the eyes depriving him of their use for the purposes of study, he abandoned his professional pursuits, and accepted the place of Latin tutor in Harvard University. In 1811, he was made Professor of the Latin Language, and in 1817, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The last office he held until he died, on the 19th of July, 1822. He was an excellent scholar, an original thinker, and a pure-minded man. An octavo volume, containing a memoir, some of his philosophical lectures, and a few poems, was published in 1823.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight,
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where, pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tie,

To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling
share;
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare;
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend;
Together would we humbly bend,
To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards in her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

JOHN PIERPONT.

[Born 1785.]

THE author of the "Airs of Palestine," is a native of Litchfield, Connecticut, and was born on the sixth of April, 1785. His great-grandfather, the Reverend JAMES PIERPONT, was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College; his grandfather and his father were men of intelligence and integrity; and his mother, whose maiden name was ELIZABETH COLLINS, had a mind thoroughly imbued with the religious sentiment, and was distinguished for her devotion to maternal duties. In the following lines, from one of his recent poems, he acknowledges the influence of her example and teachings on his own character:

"She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside, every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.

"That dew, that bless'd my youth,—
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress,—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

"How often has the thought
Of my mourn'd mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since thy mortal hour!"

Mr. PIERPONT entered Yale College when fifteen years old, and was graduated in the summer of 1804. During a part of 1805, he assisted the Reverend Doctor BACKUS, in an academy of which he was principal previous to his election to the presidency of Hamilton College; and in the autumn of the same year, following the example of many young men of New England, he went to the southern states, and was for nearly four years a private tutor in the family of Colonel WILLIAM ALLSTON, of South Carolina, spending a portion of his time in Charleston, and the remainder on the estate of Colonel ALLSTON, on the Waccamaw, near Georgetown. Here he commenced his legal studies, which he continued after his return to his native state in 1809, in the school of Justices REEVE and GOULD; and in 1812, he was admitted to the bar, in Essex county, Massachusetts. Soon after the commencement of the second war with Great Britain, being appointed to address the Washington Benevolent Society of Newburyport, his place of residence, he delivered and afterward published "The Portrait," the earliest of the poems in the recent edition of his works.

In consequence of the general prostration of business in New England during the war, and of

his health, which at this time demanded a more active life, he abandoned the profession of law, and became interested in mercantile transactions, first in Boston, and afterward in Baltimore; but these resulting disastrously, in 1816, he sought a solace in literary pursuits, and in the same year published "The Airs of Palestine." The first edition appeared in an octavo volume, at Baltimore; and two other editions were published in Boston, in the following year.

The "Airs of Palestine" is a poem of about eight hundred lines, in the heroic measure, in which the influence of music is shown by examples, principally from sacred history. The religious sublimity of the sentiments, the beauty of the language, and the finish of the versification, placed it at once, in the judgment of all competent to form an opinion on the subject, before any poem at that time produced in America. As a work of art, it would be nearly faultless, but for the occasional introduction of double rhymes, a violation of the simple dignity of the ten-syllable verse, induced by the intention of the author to recite it in a public assembly. He says in the preface to the third edition, that he was "aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it to rehearse heroic poetry, for any length of time, without perceiving in his hearers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence," and "the double rhyme was, therefore, occasionally thrown in, like a ledge of rocks in a smoothly gliding river, to break the current, which, without it, might appear sluggish, and to vary the melody, which might otherwise become monotonous." The following passage, descriptive of a moonlight scene in Italy, will give the reader an idea of its manner:

"On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.
High o'er Mont' Alto walks, in maiden pride,
Night's queen;—he sees her image on that tide,
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest;
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,
Whose every sweep is echo'd from the shore;
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.
How mild the empire of that virgin queen!
How dark the mountain's shade! how still the scene!
Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
Nor brush, with ruffling wind, that glassy river.

"Hark!—'tis a convent's bell: its midnight chime;
For music measures even the march of time:—
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
Gray turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar:—a low and solemn swell,

From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
 Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
 What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night?
 A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,
 Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
 To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
 Triumphant is the spell! with raptured ear,
 That uncaged spirit hovering, lingers near;—
 Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss?
 A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this!"

Soon after the publication of the "Airs of Palestine," Mr. PIERPONT entered seriously upon the study of theology, first by himself, in Baltimore, and afterward as a member of the theological school connected with Harvard College. He left that seminary in October, 1818, and in April, 1819, was ordained as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, as successor to the Reverend Doctor HOLLER, who had recently been elected to the presidency of the Transylvania University, in Kentucky.

In 1835 and 1836, in consequence of impaired health, he spent a year abroad, passing through the principal cities in England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour into the East, visiting Smyrna, the ruins of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Athens, Corinth, and some of the other cities of Greece; of his travels in which, traces will occasionally be found in some of the short poems which he has written since his return.

Mr. PIERPONT has written in almost every metre,

and many of his hymns, odes, and other brief poems, are remarkably spirited and melodious. Several of them, distinguished alike for energy of thought and language, were educated by events connected with the moral and religious enterprises of the time, nearly all of which are indebted to his constant and earnest advocacy for much of their prosperity.

In the preface to the collection of his poems published in 1840, he says, "It gives a true, though an all too feeble expression of the author's feeling and faith,—of his love of right, of freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of every thing that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God. Nay, the book is published as an expression of his faith in *man*; his faith that every line, written to rebuke high-handed or under-handed wrong, or to keep alive the fires of civil and religious liberty,—written for solace in affliction, for support under trial, or as an expression, or for the excitement of Christian patriotism or devotion; or even with no higher aim than to throw a little sunshine into the chamber of the spirit, while it is going through some of the wearisome passages of life's history,—will be received as a proof of the writer's interest in the welfare of his fellow-men, of his desire to serve them, and consequently of his claim upon them for a charitable judgment, at least, if not even for a respectful and grateful remembrance."

"PASSING AWAY."

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,

That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell

That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,

And he, his notes as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the shore!—

Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
 Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,

Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,

Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,
 As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of time.
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
 (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,

"Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told

Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,

Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;—

Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,

In the same sweet voice I heard her say,

"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade

Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,

Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the
 wheels,

That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimm'd,—as when evening steals
 Upon noon's hot face:—Yet one could not but
 love her,

For she look'd like a mother, whose first babe lay
 Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;—
 And she seem'd, in the same silver tone to say,

"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I look'd, what a change there came !

Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan :

Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd frame,

Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;

The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;

The hands, that over the dial swept,

Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept,

And still there came that silver tone

From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless crone,—

(Let me never forget till my dying day

The tone or the burden of her lay,)—

“Passing away ! passing away !”

FOR THE CHARLESTOWN CENTEN- NIAL CELEBRATION.

Two hundred years ! two hundred years !

How much of human power and pride,

What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears

Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide !

The red man at his horrid rite,

Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,

His bark canoe, its track of light

Left on the wave beneath the moon ;

His dance, his yell, his council-fire,

The altar where his victim lay,

His death-song, and his funeral pyre,

That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,

That on this shore with trembling trod,

Ready to faint, yet bearing on

The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that since o'er ocean came,

And thunder'd loud from yonder hill,

And wrapp'd its foot in sheets of flame,

To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,

That live in story and in song,

Time, for the last two hundred years,

Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

’Tis like a dream when one awakes,

This vision of the scenes of old ;

’Tis like the moon when morning breaks,

’Tis like a tale round watchfires told.

Then what are we ? then what are we ?

Yes, when two hundred years have roll'd

O'er our green graves, our names shall be

A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers, in whose sight

The thousand years that sweep away

Man and the traces of his might

Are but the break and close of day—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,

That love of goodness and of thee,

That makes thy children in all time

To share thine own eternity.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !

His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study chair ;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim

With tears, I turn to him,

The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlour floor,

And, through the open door,

I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;

I'm stepping toward the hall

To give the boy a call ;

And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;

A satchell'd lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair :

And, as he's running by,

Follow him with my eye,

Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid

Under the coffin lid ;

Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;

My hand that marble felt ;

O'er it in prayer I knelt ;

Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !

When passing by the bed,

So long watch'd over with parental care,

My spirit and my eye

Seek it inquiringly,

Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break

Of day, from sleep I wake,

With my first breathing of the morning air

My soul goes up, with joy,

To Him who gave my boy,

Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,

Before we seek repose,

I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,

Whate'er I may be *saying*,

I am, in spirit, praying

For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?

The form I used to see

Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.

The grave, that now doth press

Upon that cast-off dress,

Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—he is not there !

He lives !—In all the past

He lives ; nor, to the last,

Of seeing him again will I despair ;

In dreams I see him now ;

And, on his angel brow,

I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there* !”

Yes, we all live to God !

FATHER, thy chastening rod

So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,

That, in the spirit land,

Meeting at thy right hand,

’T will be our heaven to find that—he is *there* !

FOR A CELEBRATION OF THE MASSA-
CHUSETTS MECHANICS' CHARITA-
BLE ASSOCIATION.

LEAD o'er thy savage child,
O God, the night-wind roar'd,
As, houseless, in the wild
He bow'd him and adored.
Thou saw'st him there,
As to the sky
He raised his eye
In fear and prayer.

Thine inspiration came!
And, grateful for thine aid,
An altar to thy name
He built beneath the shade:
The limbs of larch
That darken'd round,
He bent and bound
In many an arch;

Till in a sylvan fane
Went up the voice of prayer,
And music's simple strain
Arose in worship there.
The arching boughs,
The roof of leaves
That summer weaves,
O'erheard his vows.

Then beam'd a brighter day;
And Salem's holy height
And Greece in glory lay
Beneath the kindling light.
Thy temple rose
On Salem's hill,
While Grecian skill
Adorn'd thy foes.

Along those rocky shores,
Along those olive plains,
Where pilgrim Genius pores
O'er Art's sublime remains,
Long colonnades
Of snowy white
Look'd forth in light
Through classic shades.

Forth from the quarry stone
The marble goddess sprung;
And, loosely round her thrown,
Her marble vesture hung;
And forth from cold
And sunless mines
Came silver shrines
And gods of gold.

The Star of Bethlehem burn'd!
And where the Stoic trod,
The altar was o'erturn'd,
Raised "to an unknown God."
And now there are
No idol fanes
On all the plains
Beneath that star.

To honour thee, dread Power!
Our strength and skill combine;
And temple, tomb, and tower
Attest these gifts divine.
A swelling dome
For pride they gild,
For peace they build
An humbler home.

By these our fathers' host
Was led to victory first,
When on our guardless coast
The cloud of battle burst;
Through storm and spray,
By these controll'd,
Our natives hold
Their thundering way.

Great Source of every art!
Our homes, our pictured halls,
Our throng'd and busy mart,
That lifts its granite walls,
And shoots to heaven
Its glittering spires,
To catch the fires
Of morn and even;

These, and the breathing forms
The brush or chisel gives,
With this when marble warms,
With that when canvass lives;
These all combine
In countless ways
To swell thy praise,
For all are thine.

HER CHOSEN SPOT.

WHILE yet she lived, she walked alone
Among these shades. A voice divine
Whisper'd, "This spot shall be thine own;
Here shall thy wasting form recline,
Beneath the shadow of this pine."

"Thy will be done!" the sufferer said.
This spot was hallow'd from that hour;
And, in her eyes, the evening's shade
And morning's dew this green spot made
More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon—herself more pale
And spirit-like—these walks she trod;
And, while no voice, from swell or vale,
Was heard, she knelt upon this sod
And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel's wings,
Went up from the young mother's bed:
So, heavenward, soars the lark and sings.
She's lost to earth and earthly things;
But "weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth!" Yea, she sleepeth here,
The first that in these grounds hath slept.
This grave, first water'd with the tear
That child or widow'd man hath wept,
Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

The babe that lay on her cold breast—
A rosebud dropp'd on drifted snow—
Its young hand in its father's press'd,
Shall learn that she, who first caress'd
Its infant cheek, now sleeps below.

And often shall he come alone,
When not a sound but evening's sigh
Is heard, and, bowing by the stone
That bears his mother's name, with none
But God and guardian angels nigh,

Shall say, "This was my mother's choice
For her own grave: O, be it mine!
Even now, methinks, I hear her voice
Calling me hence, in the divine
And mournful whisper of this pine."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?—
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

PLYMOUTH DEDICATION HYMN.

THE winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood, in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet, on the winds that bore thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this, the Pilgrims' shore!—
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before,
The wintry surge, that dashes
Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory, and their ashes,—
Be thou their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father,
Forsake this hallow'd spot,
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillar'd shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine.

THE EXILE AT REST.

HIS falchion flash'd along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unroll'd—and froze.
Here sleeps he now alone: not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.
Here sleeps he now alone; the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.
He sleeps alone: the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his mortal form in death.
High is his couch; the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curl'd,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.
Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there, is the seabird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
How glad should I have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
'Thine aged walls have seen!—
Could I have gazed upon the dome
Above thy towers that swells,
And heard, as evening's sun went down,
Thy parting camels' bells:—
Could I have stood on Olivet,
Where once the Saviour trod,
And, from its height, look'd down upon
The city of our God;
For is it not, Almighty God,
Thy holy city still,—
Though there thy prophets walk no more,—
That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,
The streets of Salem now,
Nor are their voices lifted up
On Zion's sadden'd brow;
Nor are their garnish'd sepulchres
With pious sorrow kept,
Where once the same Jerusalem,
That kill'd them, came and wept.

But still the seed of ABRAHAM
With joy upon it look,
And lay their ashes at its feet,
That Kedron's feeble brook
Still washes, as its waters creep
Along their rocky bed,
And Israel's God is worshipp'd yet
Where Zion lifts her head.

Yes; every morning, as the day
Breaks over Olivet,
The holy name of ALLAH comes
From every minaret;
At every eve the mellow call
Floats on the quiet air,
"Lo, God is God! Before him come,
Before him come, for prayer!"

I know, when at that solemn call
The city holds her breath,
That OMAR's mosque hears not the name
Of Him of Nazareth;
But ABRAHAM's GOD is worshipp'd there
Alike by age and youth,
And worshipp'd,—hopeth charity,—
"In spirit and in truth."

Yea, from that day when SALEM knelt
And bent her queenly neck
To him who was, at once, her priest
And king,—MELCHISEDEK,

To this, when Egypt's ABRAHAM*
The sceptre and the sword
Shakes o'er her head, her holy men
Have bow'd before the Lord.

Jerusalem, I would have seen
Thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang
Thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs,
And browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike,
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while night hung out
Her silver lamp so pale,
Beneath those ancient olive trees
That grow in Kedron's vale,
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides
The city's wall sublime,
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks
Defy the scythe of time.

The garden of Gethsemane
Those aged olive trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade
I would have sought the breeze,
That, like an angel, bathed the brow,
And bore to heaven the prayer
Of Jesus, when in agony,
He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,
And, where the MARTYRS stood,
Bewailing loud the Crucified,
As near him as they could,
I would have stood, till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross,
And learn'd to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thy cross thou bearest now!
An iron yoke is on thy neck,
And blood is on thy brow;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth,
Thou didst reject as dross,
And now thy cross is on thee laid—
The crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be,
To see the bloody rod
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged,
Thou city of our God!
But round thy hill the spirits throng
Of all thy murder'd seers,
And voices that went up from it
Are ringing in my ears,—

Went up that day, when darkness fell
From all thy firmament,
And shrouded thee at noon; and when
Thy temple's vail was rent,
And graves of holy men, that touch'd
Thy feet, gave up their dead:—
Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard,
HIS BLOOD IS ON THY HEAD!

* This name is now generally written IBRAHIM.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.*

HEAR yon poetic pilgrim† of the west
 Chant music's praise, and to her power attest;
 Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,
 Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,
 And flowery bridges o'er them loosely throws;
 Who hangs the canvass where ATALA glows,
 On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,
 That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded:
 Who, for the son of OUTALISSI, twines
 Beneath the shade of ever-whispering pines
 A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss
 That Time already sprinkles on the cross
 Raised o'er the grave where his young virgin sleeps,
 And Superstition o'er her victim weeps;
 Whom now the silence of the dead surrounds,
 Among Sciot's monumental mounds;
 Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears
 A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,
 To swell the mass that Time and Ruin throw
 O'er chalky bones that mouldering lie below,
 By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes,
 Lost in those towering tombs of other times;
 For, where no bard has cherished virtue's flame,
 No ashes sleep in the warm sun of fame.
 With sacred lore this traveller beguiles
 His weary way, while o'er him fancy smiles.
 Whether he kneels in venerable groves,
 Or through the wide and green savanna roves,
 His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears
 The faintest breath of Idumea's airs.

Now he recalls the lamentable wail
 That pierced the shades of Rama's palmy vale,
 When Murder struck, throned on an infant's bier,
 A note for SATAN'S and for HEROD'S car.
 Now on a bank, o'erhung with waving wood,
 Whose falling leaves flit o'er Ohio's flood,
 The pilgrim stands; and o'er his memory rushes
 The mingled tide of tears and blood, that gushes
 Along the valleys where his childhood stray'd,
 And round the temples where his fathers pray'd.
 How fondly then, from all but hope exiled,
 To Zion's wo recurs religion's child!
 He sees the tear of JUDAN'S captive daughters
 Mingle, in silent flow, with Babel's waters;
 While Salem's harp, by patriot pride unstrung,
 Wrapp'd in the mist that o'er the river hung,
 Felt but the breeze that wanton'd o'er the willow,
 And the long, sweeping fingers of the willow.

And could not music soothe the captive's wo?
 But should that harp be strung for JUDAN'S foe?

While thus the enthusiast roams, along the
 stream,
 Balanced between a reverie and a dream,
 Backward he springs; and through his bounding
 heart

The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.
 For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,
 Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,
 Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs,
 To strike the foot that heedless o'er him hangs.

Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides;
 His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
 Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
 And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
 His parch'd and hissing throat breathes hot and dry;
 A spark of hell lies burning on his eye:
 While, like a vapour o'er his writhing rings,
 Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb fear removes her icy fingers
 From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,
 The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful fight,
 Aware of danger, too, in sudden flight,
 From his soft flute throws music's air around,
 And meets his foe upon enchanted ground.
 See! as the plaintive melody is flung,
 The lightning flash fades on the serpent's tongue;
 The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold
 Throws changeful clouds of azure, green, and gold;
 A softer lustre twinkles in his eye;
 His neck is burnish'd with a glossier dye;
 His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,
 And his relaxing circles roll in light.
 Slowly the charm retires: with waving sides,
 Along its track the graceful listener glides;
 While music throws her silver cloud around,
 And bears her votary off in magic folds of sound.

OBSEQUIES OF SPURZHEIM.

STRANGER, there is bending o'er thee
 Many an eye with sorrow wet;
 All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
 Who, that knew thee, can forget?
 Who forgot that thou hast spoken?
 Who, thine eye,—that noble frame?
 But that golden bowl is broken,
 In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
 On the spot where thou shalt rest;
 'T is in love we bear thee thither,
 To thy mourning mother's breast.
 For the stores of science brought us,
 For the charm thy goodness gave
 To the lessons thou hast taught us,
 Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
 Was thy worship at her shrine!
 Friend of man, of God the servant,
 Advocate of truths divine,—
 Taught and charm'd as by no other
 We have been, and hoped to be;
 But, while waiting round thee, brother,
 For thy light,—'t is dark with thee.

Dark with thee?—No; thy Creator,
 All whose creatures and whose laws
 Thou didst love, shall give thee greater
 Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
 To thy God, thy godlike spirit
 Back we give, in filial trust;
 Thy cold clay,—we grieve to bear it
 To its chamber,—but we must.

* From "Airs of Palestine."

† Chateaubriand.

THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL.*

Thou, who on the whirlwind ridest,
At whose word the thunder roars,
Who, in majesty, presidest
O'er the oceans and their shores;
From those shores, and from the oceans,
We, the children of the sea,
Come to pay thee our devotions,
And to give this house to thee.

When, for business on great waters,
We go down to sea in ships,
And our weeping wives and daughters
Hang, at parting, on our lips,
This, our Bethel, shall remind us,
That there's One who heareth prayer,
And that those we leave behind us
Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native highlands,
In our wave-rock'd dreams embalm'd,
Winds that come from spicy islands
When we long have lain becalm'd,
Are not to our souls so pleasant
As the offerings we shall bring
Hither, to the Omnipresent,
For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that's holy,
To this house we'll press in throngs;
When at sea, with spirit lowly,
We'll repeat its sacred songs.
Outward bound, shall we, in sadness,
Lose its flag behind the seas;
Homeward bound, we'll greet with gladness
Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound!—with deep emotion,
We remember, Lord, that life
Is a voyage upon an ocean,
Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
Be thy statutes so engraven
On our hearts and minds, that we,
Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
All may make our home with thee.

THE SPARKLING BOWL.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem;—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

* Written for the dedication of the Seaman's Bethel, under the direction of the Boston Port Society, September fourth, 1833.

Thou liquid fire! like that which glow'd
On Melita's surf-beaten shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestow'd,
But thou shalt warm my house no more.
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
Emboss'd with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnish'd leaves we see
Such clusters as pour'd out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him;—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Look'd up to that ordain'd of Gon,
And found that life was in the sight.
So, the worm-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what Gon ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look;—your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd
O'er the trembling seas.

Gon of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
Who for freedom died.

Gon of peace!—whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;—
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future WASHINGTONS
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,—
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes,—let our heirs
Bow to thee alone.

ANDREWS NORTON.

[Born 1786.]

MR. NORTON was born at Hingham, near Boston, in 1786. He entered Harvard College in 1800, and was graduated in 1804. He studied divinity, but never became a settled clergyman. He was for a time tutor at Bowdoin College, and afterward tutor and librarian in Harvard University. In 1819, he became Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in the latter institution. He

resigned that office in 1830, and has since resided at Cambridge as a private gentleman.

MR. NORTON is author of "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," published, in an octavo volume, in 1837; and of several other theological works, in which he has exhibited rare scholarship and argumentative abilities. His poetical writings are not numerous.

TO —, ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

O, STAY thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past; whose toil is done.
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noontide sun.

For labouring Virtue's anxious toil,
For patient Sorrow's stifled sigh,
For Faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense, to die.

How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

How cheerless were our lengthen'd way,
Did heaven's own light not break the gloom;
Stream downward from eternal day,
And cast a glory round the tomb!

Then stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hail'd a spirit's heavenly birth;
Sung a new song of joy and love,
And why should anguish reign on earth?

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT.

FAREWELL! before we meet again,
Perhaps through scenes as yet unknown,
That lie in distant years of pain,
I have to journey on alone;

To meet with griefs thou wilt not feel,
Perchance with joys thou canst not share;
And when we both were wont to kneel,
To breathe alone the silent prayer;

But ne'er a deeper pang to know,
Than when I watch'd thy slow decay,
Saw on thy cheek the hectic glow,
And felt at last each hope give way.

But who the destined hour may tell,
That bids the loosen'd spirit fly?
E'en now this pulse's feverish swell
May warn me of mortality.

But chance what may, thou wilt no more
With sense and wit my hours beguile,
Inform with learning's various lore,
Or charm with friendship's kindest smile

Each book I read, each walk I tread,
Whate'er I feel, whate'er I see,
All speak of hopes forever fled,
All have some tale to tell of thee.

I shall not, should misfortune lower,
Should friends desert, and life decline,
I shall not know thy soothing power,
Nor hear thee say, "My heart is thine."

If thou hadst lived, thy well-earn'd fame
Had bade my fading prospect bloom,
Had cast its lustre o'er my name,
And stood the guardian of my tomb.

Servant of God! thy ardent mind,
With lengthening years improving still,
Striving, untired, to serve mankind,
Had thus perform'd thy Father's will.

Another task to thee was given;
'T was thine to drink of early wo,
To feel thy hopes, thy friendships riven,
And bend submissive to thy blow;

With patient smile and steady eye,
To meet each pang that sickness gave,
And see with lingering step draw nigh
The form that pointed to the grave.

Servant of God! thou art not there;
Thy race of virtue is not run;
What blooms on earth of good and fair,
Will ripen in another sun.

Dost thou, amid the rapturous glow
With which the soul her welcome hears,
Dost thou still think of us below,
Of earthly scenes, of human tears?

Perhaps e'en now thy thoughts return
To when in summer's moonlight walk,
Of all that now is thine to learn,
We framed no light nor fruitless talk.

We spake of knowledge, such as soars
From world to world with ceaseless flight;
And love, that follows and adores,
As nature spreads before her sight.

How vivid still past scenes appear!
I feel as though all were not o'er;
As though 'twere strange I cannot hear
Thy voice of friendship yet once more.

But I shall hear it; in that day
Whose setting sun I may not view,
When earthly voices die away,
Thine will at last be heard anew.

We meet again; a little while,
And where thou art I too shall be.
And then, with what an angel smile
Of gladness, thou wilt welcome me!

A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er—How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind blows cool, the scented ground
Is breathing odours on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below a while,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And mid this living light expire.

HYMN.

MR GOD, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, and idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

TO MRS. ———, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

FAREWELL! farewell! for many a day
Our thoughts far o'er the sea will roam!
Blessings and prayers attend thy way;
Glad welcomes wait for thee at home.

While gazing upon Alpine snows,
Or lingering near Italian shores;
Where Nature all her grandeur shows,
Or art unveils her treasured stores;

When mingling with those gifted minds
That shed their influence on our race,
Thine own its native station finds,
And takes with them an honour'd place;

Forget not, then, how dear thou art
To many friends not with thee there;
To many a warm and anxious heart,
Object of love, and hope, and prayer.

When shall we meet again?—some day,
In a bright morning, when the gale
Sweeps the blue waters as in play;
Then shall we watch thy coming sail!

When shall we meet again, and where?
We trust not hope's uncertain voice;
To faith the future all is fair:
She speaks assured; "Thou shalt rejoice."

Perhaps our meeting may be when,
Mid new-born life's awakening glow,
The loved and lost appear again,
Heaven's music sounding sweet and low.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark-blue, midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy; for all space
Is fill'd by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old;
Which onward bears through weal and wo,
Till Death the gates of heaven unfold!

Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers!

FORTITUDE.

FAINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy SAVIOUR trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not; though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail;
Look upward to the eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian! thy Friend, thy Master pray'd,
When dread and anguish shook his frame;
Then met his sufferings undisnay'd;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

O! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

Go, sufferer! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose,
Go! his eternal victory share.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!

O, no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this alter'd ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain
To leave, or lose wife, children, friends!
What then—shall we not meet again
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
The changeless trust which woman gives,
The smile of childhood,—it is there
That all we love in them still lives.

Pursue onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

TO MRS. ———, JUST AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

Nay! ask me not now for some proof that my heart

Has learn'd the dear lesson of friendship for thee;

Nay! ask not for words that might feebly impart
The feelings and thoughts which thy glance
cannot see.

Whate'er I could wish thee already is thine;
The fair sunshine within sheds its beams through
thine eye;

And Pleasure stands near thee, and waits but a sign

To all whom thou lovest at thy bidding to fly.

Yet, hereafter, thy bosom some sadness may feel,
Some cloud o'er thy heart its chill shadow may
throw;

Then, ask if thou wilt, and my words shall reveal
The feelings and thoughts which thou now
canst not know

FUNERAL HYMN.

He has gone to his God; he has gone to his home;
No more amid peril and error to roam;

His eyes are no longer dim;

His feet will no more falter;

No grief can follow him;

No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow;

But the harps of heaven are ringing;

Glad angels come to greet him,

And hymns of joy are singing,

While old friends press to meet him.

O! honour'd, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind.

But our parting is not forever,

We will follow thee by heaven's light,

Where the grave cannot discover

The souls whom God will unite.

A WINTER MORNING.

The keen, clear air—the splendid sight—

We waken to a world of ice;

Where all things are enshrined in light,

As by some genie's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee—this day

His stores their countless treasures yield;

See how the diamond glances play,

In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot where late we ranged,

The naked woods, are seen no more;

This earth to fairy land is changed,

With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

A shower of gems is strew'd around;

The flowers of winter, rich and rare;

Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,

The topaz, emerald, all are there.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,

His powerless splendour round us streams;

From crusted boughs, and twinkling sprays,

Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,

The trees in winter's garb are shown;

What a rich halo melts in air,

Around their crystal branches thrown!

And yesterday—how changed the view

From what then charm'd us; when the sky

Hung, with its dim and watery hue,

O'er all the soft, still prospect nigh.

The distant groves, array'd in white,

Might then like things unreal seem,

Just shown a while in silvery light,

The fictions of a poet's dream;

Like shadowy groves upon that shore

O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,

By bards and sages feign'd of yore,

Ere broke on earth heaven's brighter day.

O God of Nature! with what might

Of beauty, shower'd on all below,

Thy guiding power would lead aright

Earth's wanderer all thy love to know!

RICHARD H. DANA.

[Born 1787.]

WILLIAM DANA, Esquire, was sheriff of Middlesex during the reign of Queen ELIZABETH. His only descendant at that time living, RICHARD DANA, came to America about the middle of the seventeenth century, and settled at Cambridge, then called Newtown, near Boston. A grandson of this gentleman, of the same name, was the poet's grandfather. He was an eminent member of the bar of Massachusetts, and an active whig during the troubles in Boston immediately before the Revolution. He married a sister of EDMUND TROWBRIDGE, who was one of the king's judges, and the first lawyer in the colony. FRANCIS DANA, the father of RICHARD H. DANA, after being graduated at Harvard College, studied law with his uncle, Judge TROWBRIDGE, and became equally distinguished for his professional abilities. He was appointed envoy to Russia during the Revolution, was a member of Congress, and of the Massachusetts Convention for adopting the national constitution, and afterward Chief Justice of that Commonwealth. He married a daughter of the Honourable WILLIAM ELLERY, of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and through her the subject of this sketch is lineally descended from ANNE BRADSTREET, the wife of Governor BRADSTREET, and daughter of Governor DUDLEY, who was the most celebrated poet of her time in America. Thus, it will be seen, our author has good blood in his veins: an honour which no one pretends to despise who is confident that his grandfather was not a felon or a boor.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, on the fifteenth of November, 1787. When about ten years old he went to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until a year or two before he entered Harvard College. His health, during his boyhood, was too poor to admit of very constant application to study; and much of his time was passed in rambling along the rock-bound coast, listening to the roar and dashing of the waters, and searching for the wild and picturesque; indicating thus early that love of nature which is evinced in nearly all his subsequent writings, and acquiring that perfect knowledge of the scenery of the sea which is shown in the "Buccaneer," and some of his minor pieces. On leaving college, in 1807, he returned to Newport, and passed nearly two years in studying the Latin language and literature; after which he went to Baltimore, and entered as a student the law office of General ROBERT GOODRUE HARPER. The approach of the second war with Great Britain, and the extreme unpopularity of all persons known to belong to the federal party, induced him to return to Cambridge, where he finished his course of study and opened an office. He soon became a

member of the legislature, and was for a time a warm partisan.

Feeble health, and great constitutional sensitiveness, the whole current of his mind and feelings, convinced him that he was unfitted for his profession, and he closed his office to assist his relative, Professor EDWARD T. CHANNING, in the management of the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years. While connected with this periodical he wrote several articles which (particularly one upon HAZLITT's British Poets) excited much attention among the literary men of Boston and Cambridge. The POPE and Queen ANNE school was then triumphant, and the dicta of JEFFREY were law. DANA praised WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE, and saw much to admire in BYRON; he thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination; and indeed broached many paradoxes not to be tolerated then, but which now the same community has taken up and carried to an extent at that time unthought of.

A strong party rose against these opinions, and DANA had the whole influence of the university, of the literary and fashionable society of the city, and of the press, to contend against. Being in a minority with the "North American Club," he in 1819 or 1820 gave up all connection with the Review, which passed into the hands of the EVERETTS and others, and in 1821 began "The Idle Man," for which he found a publisher in Mr. CHARLES WILEY, of New York. This was read and admired by a class of literary men, but it was of too high a character for the period, and on the publication of the first number of the second volume, DANA received from Mr. WILEY information that he was "writing himself into debt," and gave up the work.

In 1825, he published his first poetical production, "The Dying Raven," in the "New York Review," then edited by Mr. BAYANT,* and two

* While DANA was a member of the "North American Club," the poem entitled "Thanatopsis" was offered for publication in the Review. Our critic, with one or two others, read it, and concurred in the belief that it could not have been written by an American. There was a finish and completeness about it, added to the grandeur and beauty of the ideas, to which, it was supposed, none of our own writers had attained. DANA was informed, however, that the author of it was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, then in session, and he walked immediately from Cambridge to the State House in Boston to obtain a view of the remarkable man. A plain, middle-aged gentleman, with a business-like aspect, was pointed

years after gave to the public, in a small volume, "The Buccaneer, and other Poems." This was well received, the popular taste having, in the five years which had elapsed since the publication of the "Idle Man," been considerably improved; but as his publishers failed soon after it was printed, the poet was not made richer by his toil. In 1833 he published his "Poems and Prose Writings," including "The Buccaneer," and other pieces embraced in his previous volume, with some new poems, and the "Idle Man," except the few papers written for it by his friends. For this he received from his bookseller about enough to make up for the loss he had sustained by the "Idle Man." His case illustrates the usual extent of the rewards of exertion in the higher departments of literature in this country. Had his first work been successful, he would probably have been a voluminous writer.

In 1839, he delivered in Boston and New York a series of lectures on English poetry, and the great masters of the art, which were warmly applauded by the educated and judicious. These have not yet been printed.

The longest and most remarkable of DANA's poems is the "Buccaneer," a story in which he has depicted with singular power the stronger and darker passions. It is based on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England, by a pirate, whose guilt in the end

meets with strange and terrible retribution. In attempting to compress his language he is sometimes slightly obscure, and his verse is occasionally harsh, but never feeble, never without meaning. The "Buccaneer" is followed by a poem of very different character, entitled "The Changes of Home," in which is related the affection of two young persons, in humble life, whose marriage is deferred until the lover shall have earned the means of subsistence; his departure in search of gain; his return in disappointment; his second departure, and death in absence—a sad history, and one that is too often lived. "Factitious Life," "Thoughts on the Soul," and "The Husband's and Wife's Grave," are the longest of his other poems, and, as well as his shorter pieces, they are distinguished for high religious purpose, profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

All the writings of DANA belong to the permanent literature of the country. His prose and poetry will find every year more and more readers. Something resembling poetry "is oftentimes borne into instant and turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface, and goes forward, for a spirit is in it."

THE BUCCANEER.

"Boy with thy black berd,
I rede that thou bin,
And some set the to thrive,
With sorrow of thi syn;
Ze met with the merchandises
And made tham ful bare:
It es gude rensoun and right
That ze evill misfare."

LAURENCE MINOT.

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

out to him; a single glance was sufficient; the legislator could not be the author of Thinnatopsis; and he returned without seeking an introduction. A slight and natural mistake of names had misled his informant. The real author being at length discovered, a correspondence ensued; and BAYANT being invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, they became personally acquainted, and a friendship sprung up which has lasted until the present time.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

I.

Twelve years are gone since MATTHEW LEE
Held in this isle unquestion'd sway;
A dark, low, brawny man was he;
His law—"It is my way."
Beneath his thick-set brows a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

II.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
He little reck'd of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil;
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were:
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

III.

Amid the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
Were seen LEE's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air;
Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
There's blood and hair, MAT, on thy axe's edge.

IV.

"Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell;
I make the brute, not man, my mark.
Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well!
Last night was fearful dark.
Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel?
An ugly gash!—These rocks—they cut like steel."

V.

He wiped his axe; and, turning round,
Said, with a cold and harden'd smile,
"The hemp is saved—the man is drown'd.
Wilt let him float a while?
Or give him Christian burial on the strand?
He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand."

VI.

LEE's waste was greater than his gain.
"I'll try the merchant's trade," he thought,
"Though less the toil to kill, than feign—
Things sweeter robb'd than bought—
But, then, to circumvent them at their arts!"
Ship mann'd, and spoils for cargo, LEE departs.

VII.

'Tis fearful, on the broad-back'd waves,
To feel them shake, and hear them roar;
Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves:
Around, no cheerful shore.
Yet mid this solemn world what deeds are done?
The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight's won;

VIII.

And wanton talk, and laughter heard,
Where speaks God's deep and awful voice.
There's awe from that lone ocean-bird;
Pray ye, when ye rejoice!
"Leave prayers to priests," cries LEE; "I'm ruler
here!
These fellows know full well whom they should
fear!"

IX.

The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light.
"Hard at the pumps!—The leak is gaining fast!
Lighten the ship!—The devil rode that blast!"

X.

Ocean has swallow'd for its food
Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee;
MAT, could its waters wash out blood,
It had been well for thee.
Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear
Hast thou for sin!—Then wait thine hour of fear.

XI.

The sea has like a plaything toss'd
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost;
Soft breaks the morning light.
Torn spars and sails—her cargo in the deep—
The ship makes port with slow and labouring
sweep.

XII.

Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and sour'd, LEE walks her deck.
"Then peaceful trade a curse betides!—
And thou, good ship, a wreck!
Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my men!
Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again!"

XIII.

A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood,

XIV.

And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold ARTHUR and his knights.
Awake ye, MERLIN! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke!—ARTHUR is come again!

XV.

Too late for thee, thou young fair bride:
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride:
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd
sound:
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

XVI.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait, amid her sorrows, till the day
His voice of love should call her thence away.

XVII.

LEE feign'd him grieved, and bow'd him low.
'T would joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her wo,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

XVIII.

The sun goes down upon the sea;
The shadows gather round her home.
"How like a pall are ye to me!
My home, how like a tomb!
O! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head.
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

XIX.

And now the stars are burning bright;
Yet still she's looking toward the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
"I ne'er shall see thee more!
Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow;
And I'm alone—scarce know I where to go."

XX.

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy fingers on his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

XXI.

The moon comes up; the night goes on.
Why, in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone!
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, LEE;
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee.

XXII.

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words to thee were like a charm.
With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn;
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—"It is too still to-night!"

XXIII.

He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands.
He hears a voice—"Ill man, withhold!"
A pale one near him stands.
Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek;
Her touch is cold.—He wakes with piercing shriek.

XXIV.

He wakes; but no relents wake
Within his angry, restless soul.
"What, shall a dream MAT's purpose shake?
The gold will make all whole.
Thy merchant trade had nigh unmann'd thee, lad!
What, balk my chance because a woman's sad!"

XXV.

He cannot look on her mild eye;
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.
His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What fear
ye now?

XXVI.

The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry—
"Vengeance is mine! Thou, murderer, too, shalt
die!"

XXVII.

Nor dread of ever-during wo,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand,—to blood!
The scud is driving wildly overhead;
The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.

XXVIII.

Moan for the living; moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark! still thy waves!—The work begins—
LEE makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

XXIX.

They're gone.—The helmsman stands alone:
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
Nor sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep—
Shrieks—fiendish yells! They stab them in their
sleep!

XXX.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still
glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are
there!

XXXI.

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.
LEE look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing,
said,
"They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

XXXII.

A crash! They've forced the door,—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
"Tis hers!—O Gon, redeem
From worse than death, thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful shriek again—sharp, sharp, and wild!

XXXIII.

It ceased.—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash!
"Tis gone!—There's nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how calmly on they ride!

XXXIV.

She's sleeping in her silent cave.
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Nor strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! her home of love
She soon has reach'd!—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harm'd her not!—Was dying suffering?

XXXV.

O, no!—To live when joy was dead;
To go with one lone, pining thought—
To mournful love her being wed—
Feeling what death had wrought;
To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear;

XXXVI.

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all its throng'd and busy range
To her was solitude—
O, this was bitterness! Death came and press'd
Her wearied lids, and brought her sick heart rest.

XXXVII.

Why look ye on each other so,
And speak no word!—Ay, shake the head!
She's gone where ye can never go,
What fear ye from the dead?
They tell no tales; and ye are all true men;
But wash away that blood; then, home again!—

XXXVIII.

'Tis on your souls; it will not out!
LEE, why so lost? 'Tis not like thee!
Come, where thy revel, oath, and shout?
"That pale one in the sea!"
I mind not blood.—But she—I cannot tell!
A spirit was't!—it flash'd like fires of hell!—

XXXIX.

"And when it pass'd there was no tread!
It leap'd the deck.—Who heard the sound?
I heard none!—Say, what was it fled?—
Poor girl!—And is she drown'd?—
Went down these depths? How dark they look,
and cold!
She's yonder! stop her!—Now!—there!—hold
her, hold!"

XL.

They gazed upon his ghastly face.
"What ails thee, LEE; and why that glare?"
"Look! ha, 'tis gone, and not a trace!
No, no, she was not there!—
Who of you said ye heard her when she fell?
'Twas strange—I'll not be fool'd—Will no one
tell?"

XLI.

He paused. And soon the wildness pass'd.
Then came the tingling flush of shame.
Remorse and fear are gone as fast.
"The silly thing's to blame
To quit us so. 'Tis plain she loved us not;
Or she'd have stay'd a while, and shared my cot."

XLII.

And then the ribald laugh'd. The jest,
Though old and foul, loud laughter drew;
And fouler yet came from the rest
Of that infernal crew.
Note, heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust!
Lust panders murder—murder panders lust!

XLIII.

Now slowly up they bring the dead
From out that silent, dim-lit room.
No prayer at their quick burial said;
No friend to weep their doom.
The hungry waves have seized them one by one;
And, swallowing down their prey, go roaring on.

XLIV.

Cries LEE, "We must not be betray'd.
'Tis but to add another corse!
Strange words, 'tis said, an ass once bray'd:
I'll never trust a horse!
Out! throw him on the waves alive! He'll swim;
For once a horse shall ride; we all ride him."

XLV.

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame:
The horse is on the tide!
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now, and now 'tis near and high.

XLVI.

And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away; and through the night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

XLVII.

O hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wast shining far away,
Would'st thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy good and silent ray?
The good are in their graves; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions: Sin alone is here.

XLVIII.

"The deed's complete! The gold is ours!
There, wash away that bloody stain!
Pray, who'd refuse what fortune showers?
Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.
Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly got?
A truly good night's work! Who says 't was not?"

XLIX.

There's song, and oath, and gaming deep,
Hot words, and laughter, mad carouse;
There's naught of prayer, and little sleep;
The devil keeps the house!
"LEE cheats!" cried JACK. LEE struck him to
the heart.
"That's foul!" one mutter'd.—"Fool! you take
your part!"

L.

"The fewer heirs the richer, man!
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters, soon or late?"
And when on shore, and asked, Did many die?
"Near half my crew, poor lads!" he'd say, and sigh.

LI.

Within our bay, one stormy night,
The isle-men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light,
That flash'd on man and oar.
When hail'd, the rowing stopp'd, and all was dark.
"Ha! lantern-work!—We'll home! They're play-
ing shark!"

LII.

'Next day, at noontime, toward the town,
All stared and wonder'd much to see
MAT and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, "Here comes LEE!"
"Thy ship, good LEE?" "Not many leagues from
shore
Our ship by chance took fire."—They learn'd no
more.

LIII.

He and his crew were flush of gold.
"You did not lose your cargo, then?"
"Learn, where all's fairly bought and sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!"

LIV.

"Wouldst see my log-book? Fairly writ
With pen of steel, and ink of blood!
How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth's the only good."
And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

LV.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.
"Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew!
It thickens the blood to mope and think.
Here's merry days, though few!"
And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within;
So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

LVI.

MAT lords it now throughout the isle.
His hand falls heavier than before.
All dread alike his frown or smile.
None come within his door,
Save those who dipp'd their hands in blood with him;
Save those who laugh'd to see the white horse swim.

LVII.

"To-night's our anniversary;
And, mind me, lads, we'll have it kept
With royal state and special glee!
Better with those who slept
Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks!
And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks!"

LVIII.

The words they speak, we may not speak.
The tales they tell, we may not tell.
Mere mortal man, forbear to seek
The secrets of that hell!
Their shouts grow loud:—"Tis near mid-hour of
night:
What means upon the waters that red light?"

LIX.

Not bigger than a star it seems:
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon:
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light!—"t will reach us soon!
A ship! and all on fire!—hull, yards, and mast!
Her sheets are sheets of flame!—She's nearing
fast!

LX.

And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror! men, in dumb amaze,
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

LXI.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests;
They dart and wheel with deafening screams;
Now dark—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
O, sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

LXII.

And what comes up above the wave,
So ghastly white!—A spectral head!—
A horse's head!—(May Heaven save
Those looking on the dead—
The waking dead!) There, on the sea, he stands—
The Spectre-Horse!—He moves; he gains the
sands!

LXIII.

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The Spectre-Horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
Before LEE's door he gleams like day's gray break.

LXIV.

The revel now is high within;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, mid mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

LXV.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

LXVI.

It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot, flush'd cheeks are blanch'd with fear.
And why does LEE look wildly round?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near?
He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down! It is thy banquet night.

LXVII.

"I cannot sit. I needs must go :
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread—I go to wo !"
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man !—His hoof upon the door-stone, see,
The shadow stands !—His eyes are on thee, LEE !—

LXVIII.

Thy hair prick's up !—"O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath ! It chills my frame !
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name !"
Thou'rt mad to mount that horse !—"A power
within,
I must obey—cries, 'Mount thee, man of sin !'"

LXIX.

He's now upon the spectre's back,
With rein of silk, and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed !—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold ;
Upborne by an unseen power, he onward rides,
Yet touches not the shadow-beast he strides.

LXX.

He goes with speed ; he goes with dread !
And now they're on the hanging steep !
And, now ! the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap !
The horse stops short :—his feet are on the verge.
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

LXXI.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red, hot spars, and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.
She burns, and yet's the same !
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

LXXII.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
He ne'er again will curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip !
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound !
What see you, LEE ? the bodies of the drown'd ?

LXXIII.

"I look, where mortal man may not—
Into the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot ;
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo."

LXXIV.

Thou mild, sad mother—waning moon,
Thy last, low, melancholy ray
Shines toward him. Quit him not so soon !
Mother, in mercy, stay !
Despair and death are with him ; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now ?

LXXV.

O, thou wast born for things of love ;
Making more lovely in thy shine
What'er thou look'st on. Hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer :—earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.
Thou'rt going down !—hast left him unforgiven !

LXXVI.

The far, low west is bright no more.
How still it is ! No sound is heard
At sea, or all along the shore,
But cry of passing bird.
Thou living thing—and dar'st thou come so
near
These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear ?

LXXVII.

Now long that thick, red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and horse, that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.
But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns :
The night is going—faint, gray dawn returns.

LXXVIII.

That spectre-steed now slowly pales ;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud ;
That cold, thin light, now slowly fails.
Which wrapp'd them like a shroud.
Both ship and horse are fading into air.—
Lost, mazed, alone—see, LEE is standing there !

LXXIX.

The morning air blows fresh on him :
The waves dance gladly in his sight ;
The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim—
O, blessed morning light !
He doth not hear their joyous call ; he sees
No beauty in the wave ; nor feels the breeze.

LXXX.

For he's accursed from all that's good ;
He ne'er must know its healing power ;
The sinner on his sins must brood,
And wait, alone, his hour.
A stranger to earth's beauty—human love ;
There's here no rest for him, no hope above !

LXXXI.

The hot sun beats upon his head ;
He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead :
A troubled, dreamy maze
Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes.

LXXXII.

The gull has found her place on shore ;
The sun gone down again to rest ;
And all is still but ocean's roar :
There stands the man unblest'd.
But, see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates !—Why looks he with that piteous stare ?

LXXXIII.

Go, get thee home, and end thy mirth !
Go, call the revellers again !
They're fled the isle ; and o'er the earth
Are wanderers like Cain.
As he his door-stone pass'd, the air blew chill.
The wine is on the board ; LEE, take thy fill !

LXXXIV.

"There's none to meet me, none to cheer ;
The seats are empty—lights burnt out ;
And I, alone, must sit me here :
Would I could hear their shout !"
He ne'er shall hear it more—more taste his wine !
Silent he sits within the still moonshine.

LXXXV.

Day came again ; and up he rose,
A weary man from his lone board ;
Nor merry feast, nor sweet repose
Did that long night afford.
No shadowy-coming night, to bring him rest—
No dawn, to chase the darkness of his breast !

LXXXVI.

He walks within the day's full glare
A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,
All shun him. Children peep and stare ;
Then, frighten'd, seek their homes.
Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
They point, and say,—“There goes the wicked
man !”

LXXXVII.

He turns and curses in his wrath
Both man and child ; then hastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path ;
But there he cannot stay :
Terror and madness drive him back to men ;
His hate of man to solitude again.

LXXXVIII.

Time passes on, and he grows bold—
His eye is fierce, his oaths are loud ;
None dare from LEE the hand withhold ;
He rules and scoffs the crowd.
But still at heart there lies a secret fear ;
For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

LXXXIX.

He swears, but he is sick at heart ;
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale ;
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told : it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

XC.

Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light !
“Ha ! take me—take me from its blaze !”
Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night !
But other weary days
And nights must shine and darken o'er thy head,
Ere thou shalt go with him to meet the dead.

XCI.

Again the ship lights all the land ;
Again LEE strides the spectre-beast ;
Again upon the cliff they stand.
This once he'll be released !—
Gone horse and ship ; but LEE's last hope is o'er ;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage can help him more.

XCII.

His spirit heard that spirit say,
“Listen !—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way !
And thou must go with me !”
Ay, cling to earth, as sailor to the rock !
Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock.

XCIII.

He goes !—So thou must loose thy hold,
And go with Death ; nor breathe the balm
Of early air, nor light behold,
Nor sit thee in the calm
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their
close.
In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose ?

XCIV.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far out in the sea ;
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge ?
Poor, idle MATTHEW LEE !
So weak and pale ! A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round this shore !

XCV.

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

XCVI.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand ?
“I wish, I wish that I might go !
But I would go by land ;
And there's no way that I can find—I've tried
All day and night !”—He seaward look'd, and
sigh'd.

XCVII.

It brought the tear to many an eye
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
“LEE, go with us ; our sloop is nigh ;
Come ! help us hoist her sail.”
He shook. “You know the spirit-horse I ride !
He'll let me on the sea with none beside !”

XCVIII.

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O ! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded
deep.

XCIX.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
 Their backs in long and narrow line,
 The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
 And send the sparkling brine
 Into the air; then rush to mimic strife—
 Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life—

C.

But not to LEE. He sits alone;
 No fellowship nor joy for him.
 Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
 Though tears will sometimes dim
 That asking eye. O, how his worn thoughts
 crave—
 Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

CI.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
 That lies so heavy off the shore;
 Scarce seen the running breakers;—list
 Their dull and smother'd roar!
 LEE hearkens to their voice.—“I hear, I hear
 Your call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!”

CII.

And now the mist seems taking shape,
 Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
 Enormous thing!—There's no escape;
 'T is close upon the coast.
 LEE kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so?
 The ship has clear'd the fog, LEE, see her go!

CIII.

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
 Chants to his ear a plaining song;
 Its tones come winding up the heights,
 Telling of wo and wrong;
 And he must listen, till the stars grow dim,
 The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

CIV.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
 Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
 That strains to soothe a little child,
 The man should dread to hear!
 But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—un-
 strung
 The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

CV.

In thick, dark nights he'd take his seat
 High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
 As swung the sea with heavy beat
 Below—and hear it break
 With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
 And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

CVI.

But he no more shall haunt the beach,
 Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
 Nor go the round of all that reach,
 Nor feebly sit him down,
 Watching the swaying weeds:—another day,
 And he'll have gone far hence that dreadful way.

CVII.

To-night the charmed number's told.
 “Twice have I come for thee,” it said.
 “Once more, and none shall thee behold.
 Come! live one, to the dead!”—
 So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
 Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

CVIII.

Again he sits within that room:
 All day he leans at that still board;
 None to bring comfort to his gloom,
 Or speak a friendly word.
 Weaken'd with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
 Poor, shatter'd wretch, there waits he that pale
 horse.

CIX.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone
 Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
 Beautiful, while the west sun shone
 And bathed them in his flood
 Of airy glory?—Sudden darkness fell;
 And down they went, peak, tower, citadel.

CX.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
 Ceils up the heavens.—’T is hush as death—
 All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
 How hard LEE draws his breath!
 He shudders as he feels the working Power.
 Arouse thee, LEE! up! man thee for thine hour!

CXI.

’T is close at hand; for there, once more,
 The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
 And shafts of fire she show'd before;—
 Twice thus she hither came;—
 But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
 A wasting light! then, settling, down she goes.

CXII.

And where she sank, up slowly came
 The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
 And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
 He'll meet thee shortly, LEE.
 He treads the waters as a solid floor;
 He's moving on. LEE waits him at the door.

CXIII.

They're met.—“I know thou comest for me,
 LEE's spirit to the spectre said;
 “I know that I must go with thee—
 Take me not to the dead.
 It was not I alone that did the deed!”
 Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed.

CXIV.

LEE cannot turn. There is a force
 In that fix'd eye, which holds him fast.
 How still they stand!—the man and horse.
 “Thine hour is almost past.”
 “O, spare me,” cries the wretch, “thou fearful
 one!”
 “My time is full—I must not go alone.”

CXV.

"I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay!"
 "Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!"
 The horse and man are on their way;
 He bears him to the sea.
 Hark! how the spectre breathes through this still
 night:
 See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light!

CXVI.

He's on the beach; but stops not there;
 He's on the sea!—that dreadful horse!
 LEE flings and writhes in wild despair!—
 In vain! The spirit-corse
 Holds him by fearful spell;—he cannot leap.
 Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

CXVII.

It lights the sea around their track—
 The curling comb, and dark steel wave;
 There, yet, sits LEE the spectre's back—
 Gone! gone! and none to save!
 They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
 May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

CXVIII.

The earth has wash'd away its stain;
 The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
 Mustering its glorious hosts again,
 From the far south and north;
 The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
 —O, whither on its waters rideth LEE?

THE OCEAN.*

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
 To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
 To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
 Then back into themselves in rivers run,
 Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
 Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
 And flings to break his strong and viewless chains;
 Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
 Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
 As if he would break forth again and sweep
 Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
 Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
 My thought upon a resting-place, or make
 A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
 But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
 To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
 Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
 I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
 Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
 Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast
 roll'd.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
 Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
 Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
 Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.

* From "Facituous Life."

At last thou didst it well! The dread command
 Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
 And then once more, unto the silent heaven
 Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is throng'd again, O Sea!
 Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
 The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
 Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
 How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
 Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
 And see! those sable pines along the steep,
 Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
 Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
 Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

DAYBREAK.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose
 window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the
 chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day,
 and then he awoke and sang."—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Now, brighter than the host that all night long,
 In fiery armour, far up in the sky
 Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's
 song,

Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh,
 Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye;
 And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
 Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
 My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
 Thou bid'st me turn to Gon, and seek my rest in
 Him.

Canst thou grow sad, thou say'st, as earth grows
 bright?

And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
 In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
 Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh
 source?

With creatures innocent thou must perforce
 A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
 And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
 Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
 And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to
 endure.

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue,
 Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red;
 Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
 And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
 With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort
 shed.

Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
 The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
 The silent city emptied of its throng,
 And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and
 wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
 Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
 With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
 With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
 With thousand scatter'd beauties nature's rife;

And airs and woods and streams breathe harmonies:
Man weeds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:—
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

It is because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face?—It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine
When nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st toward earth; but yet the heavens
are thine;

While I to earth am bound:—When will the
heavens be mine?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bow'd,
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence:
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near;—
But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's
torn;

Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring
nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters—feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit;—who, as my own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce
and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth! In crown of living fire
Up comes the day! As if they conscious quaff'd—
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain desire!
The dusky lights are gone; go thou thy way!
And pining discontent, like them, expire!
Be call'd my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and
pray.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.*

O, LISTEN, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices

* From the "Husband's and Wife's Grave."

Hymn it around our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality!
Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
—O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; night,
Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears;
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument, are touch'd
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:
—The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

I.

Taou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice!
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
O! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

II.

Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

III.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad: as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

IV.

Of thousands, thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's wo and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

V.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

[Born about 1789.]

I BELIEVE Mr. WILDE is a native of Baltimore, and that he was born about the year 1789.* His family are of Saxon origin, and their ancient name was DE WILDE; but his parents were natives of Dublin, and his father was a wholesale hardware merchant and ironmonger in that city during the American war; near the close of which he emigrated to Maryland, leaving a prosperous business and a large capital in the hands of a partner, by whose bad management they were in a few years both lost.

The childhood of RICHARD HENRY WILDE was passed in Baltimore. He was taught to read by his mother, and received instruction in writing and Latin grammar from a private tutor until he was about seven years old. He afterward attended an academy; but his father's affairs becoming embarrassed, in his eleventh year he was taken home and placed in a store. His constitution was at first tender and delicate. In his infancy he was not expected to live from month to month, and he suffered much from ill health until he was fifteen or sixteen. This induced quiet, retiring, solitary, and studious habits. His mother's example gave him a passion for reading, and all his leisure was devoted to books. The study of poetry was his principal source of pleasure, when he was not more than twelve years old.

About this time his father died; and gathering as much as she could from the wreck of his property, his mother removed to Augusta, Georgia, and commenced there a small business for the support of her family. Here young WILDE, amid the drudgery of trade, taught himself book-keeping, and became familiar with the works in general literature which he could obtain in the meagre libraries of the town, or from his personal friends.

The expenses of a large family, and various other causes, reduced the little wealth of his mother; her business became unprofitable, and he resolved to study law. Unable, however, to pay the usual fee for instruction, he kept his design a secret, as far as possible; borrowed some elementary books from his friends, and studied incessantly, tasking himself to read fifty pages, and write five pages of notes, in the form of questions and answers, each day, besides attending to his duties in the store. And, to overcome a natural diffidence, increased by a slight impediment in his speech, he appeared frequently as an actor at a dramatic society, which he had called into existence for this

purpose, and to raise a fund to establish a public library.

All this time his older and graver acquaintances, who knew nothing of his designs, naturally confounded him with his thoughtless companions, who sought only amusement, and argued badly of his future life. He bore the injustice in silence, and pursued his secret studies for a year and a half; at the end of which, pale, emaciated, feeble, and with a consumptive cough, he sought a distant court to be examined, that, if rejected, the news of his defeat might not reach his mother. When he arrived, he found he had been wrongly informed, and that the judges had no power to admit him. He met a friend there, however, who was going to the Greene Superior Court; and, on being invited by him to do so, he determined to proceed immediately to that place. It was the March term, for 1809, Mr. Justice EARLY presiding; and the young applicant, totally unknown to every one, save the friend who accompanied him, was at intervals, during three days, subjected to a most rigorous examination. Justice EARLY was well known for his strictness, and the circumstance of a youth leaving his own circuit excited his suspicion; but every question was answered to the satisfaction and even admiration of the examining committee; and he declared that "the young man could not have left his circuit because he was unprepared." His friend certified to the correctness of his moral character; he was admitted without a dissenting voice, and returned in triumph to Augusta. He was at this time under twenty years of age.

His health gradually improved; he applied himself diligently to the study of belles lettres, and to his duties as an advocate, and rapidly rose to eminence; being in a few years made attorney-general of the state. He was remarkable for industry in the preparation of his cases, sound logic, and general urbanity. In forensic disputation, he never indulged in personalities,—then too common at the bar,—unless in self-defence; but, having studied the characters of his associates, and stored his memory with appropriate quotations, his ridicule was a formidable weapon against all who attacked him.

In the autumn of 1815, when only a fortnight over the age required by law, Mr. WILDE was elected a member of the national House of Representatives. At the next election, all the representatives from Georgia, but one, were defeated, and Mr. WILDE returned to the bar, where he continued, with the exception of a short service in Congress in 1825, until 1828, when he again became a representative, and so continued until 1835. I have not room to trace his character as a politician very closely. On the occasion of the Force Bill, as it

* Most of the facts in this notice of Mr. WILDE were communicated to me by an eminent citizen of Georgia, who has long been intimately acquainted with him. He was uncertain whether Mr. W. was born before the arrival of his parents in America, but believed he was not.

was called, he seceded from a majority of Congress, considering it a measure calculated to produce civil war, and justified himself in a speech of much eloquence. His speeches on the tariff, the relative advantages and disadvantages of a small-note currency, and on the removal of the deposits by General JACKSON, show what are his pretensions to industry and sagacity as a politician.*

Mr. WILDE's opposition to the Force Bill and the removal of the deposits rendered him as unpopular with the JACKSON party in Georgia, as his letter from Virginia had made him with the nullifiers, and at the election of 1834 he was left out of Congress. This afforded him the opportunity he had long desired of going abroad, to recruit his health, much impaired by long and arduous public service, and by repeated attacks of the diseases incident to southern climates. He sailed for Europe in June, 1835, spent two years in travelling through England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and settled during three years more in Florence. Here he occupied himself entirely with literature. The romantic love, the madness, and imprisonment of TASSO had become a subject of curious controversy, and he entered into the investigation "with the enthusiasm of a poet, and the patience and accuracy of a case-hunter," and produced a work, published since his return to the United States, in which the questions concerning TASSO are most ably discussed, and lights are thrown upon them by his letters, and by some of his sonnets, which last are rendered into English with rare

felicity. Having completed his work on TASSO, he turned his attention to the life of DANTE; and having learned incidentally one day, in conversation with an artist, that an authentic portrait of this great poet, from the pencil of GIORGIO, probably still existed in the *Bargello*, (anciently both the prison and the palace of the republic,) on a wall, which by some strange neglect or inadvertence had been covered with whitewash, he set on foot a project for its discovery and restoration, which, after several months, was crowned with complete success. This discovery of a veritable portrait of DANTE, in the prime of his days, says Mr. IRVING,† produced throughout Italy some such sensation as, in England, would follow the sudden discovery of a perfectly well-authenticated likeness of SHAKESPEARE; with a difference in intensity, proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians. Mr. WILDE returned to this country in the autumn of 1840, and is now, I believe, engaged in his biographical work concerning DANTE.

Mr. WILDE's original poems and translations are always graceful and correct. Those that have been published were mostly written while he was a member of Congress, during moments of relaxation, and they have never been printed collectively. Specimens of his translations are excluded, by the plan of this work. His versions from the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, are among the most elegant and scholarly productions of their kind, that have been published.

Mr. WILDE was married in 1818, and was left a widower in 1827. He has two sons.

ODE TO EASE.

I NEVER bent at Glory's shrine;
To Wealth I never bow'd the knee;
Beauty has heard no vows of mine;
I love thee, EASE, and only thee;
Beloved of the gods and men,
Sister of Joy and Liberty,
When wilt thou visit me agen;
In shady wood, or silent glen,
By falling stream, or rocky den,
Like those where once I found thee, when,
Despite the ills of Poverty,
And Wisdom's warning prophecy,
I listen'd to thy siren voice,
And made thee mistress of my choice!

I chose thee, EASE! and Glory fled;
For me no more her laurels spread;
Her golden crown shall never shed
Its beams of splendour on my head.

* To show his standing in the House of Representatives, it may be proper to state, that, in 1834, he was voted for as Speaker, with the following result, on the first ballot:—R. H. WILDE, 64; J. K. POLK, 42; J. B. SUTHERLAND, 31; JOHN BELL, 30; scattering, 32. Ultimately Mr. BELL was elected.

And when within the narrow bed,
To Fame and Memory ever dead,
My senseless corpse is thrown:
Nor stately column, sculptured bust,
Nor urn that holds within its trust
The poor remains of mortal dust,
Nor monumental stone,
Nor willow, waving in the gale,
Nor feeble fence, with whiten'd pale,
Nor rustic cross, memorial frail,
Shall mark the grave I own.
No lofty deeds in armour wrought;
No hidden truths in science taught;
No undiscover'd regions sought;
No classic page, with learning fraught,
Nor eloquence, nor verse divine,
Nor daring speech, nor high design,
Nor patriotic act of mine
On History's page shall ever shine:
But, all to future ages lost,
Nor even a wreck, tradition toss'd,
Of what I was when valued most
By the few friends whose love I boast,
In after years shall float to shore,
And serve to tell the name I bore.

† Knickerbocker Magazine, October, 1841.

I chose thee, *EASE!* and Wealth withdrew,
 Indignant at the choice I made,
 And, to her first resentment true,
 My scorn with tenfold scorn repaid.
 Now, noble palace, lofty dome,
 Or cheerful, hospitable home,
 Are comforts I must never know :
 My enemies shall ne'er repine
 At pomp or pageantry of mine,
 Nor prove, by bowing at my shrine,
 Their souls are abject, base, and low.
 No wondering crowd shall ever stand
 With gazing eye and waving hand,

To mark my train, and pomp, and show :
 And, worst of all, I shall not live
 To taste the pleasures Wealth can give,
 When used to soothe another's wo.

The peasants of my native land
 Shall never bless my open hand ;
 No wandering bard shall celebrate
 His patron's hospitable gate :
 No war-worn soldier, shatter'd tar,
 Nor exile driven from afar,
 Nor hapless friend of former years,
 Nor widow's prayers, nor orphan's tears,
 Nor helpless age relieved from cares,
 Nor innocence preserved from snares,
 Nor houseless wanderer clothed and fed,
 Nor slave from bitter bondage led,
 Nor youth to noble actions bred,
 Shall call down blessings on my head.

I chose thee, *EASE!* and yet the while,
 So sweet was Beauty's scornful smile,
 So fraught with every lovely wile,
 Yet seemingly so void of guile,

It did but heighten all her charms ;
 And, goddess, had I loved thee then
 But with the common love of men,
 My fickle heart had changed agen,
 Even at the very moment when

I woo'd thee to my longing arms :
 For never may I hope to meet
 A smile so sweet, so heavenly sweet.

I chose thee, *EASE!* and now for me

No heart shall ever fondly swell,
 No voice of rapturous harmony
 Awake the music-breathing shell ;
 Nor tongue, or witching melody
 Its love in faltering accents tell ;
 Nor flushing cheek, nor languid eye,
 Nor sportive smile, nor artless sigh,

Confess affection all as well.
 No snowy bosom's fall and rise
 Shall e'er again enchant my eyes ;
 No melting lips, profuse of bliss,
 Shall ever greet me with a kiss ;
 Nor balmy breath pour in my ear
 The trifles Love delights to hear :
 But, living, loveless, hopeless, I
 Unmourned and unloved must die.

I chose thee, *EASE!* and yet to me
 Coy and ungrateful thou hast proved ;
 Though I have sacrificed to thee
 Much that was worthy to be loved.

But come again, and I will yet
 Thy past ingratitude forget :
 O ! come again ! thy witching powers
 Shall claim my solitary hours :
 With thee to cheer me, heavenly queen,
 And conscience clear, and health serene,
 And friends, and books, to banish spleen,
 My life should be, as it had been,
 A sweet variety of joys ;
 And Glory's crown, and Beauty's smile,
 And treasured hoards should seem the while
 The idlest of all human toys.

SOLOMON AND THE GENIUS.*

SPIRIT OF THOUGHT! Lo ! art thou here ?

Lord of the false, fond, ceaseless spell
 That mocks the heart, the eye, the ear—
 Art thou, indeed, of heaven or hell ?
 In mortal bosoms dost thou dwell,
 Self-exiled from thy native sphere ?

Or is the human mind thy cell
 Of torment ? To inflict and bear
 Thy doom ?—the doom of all who fell ?

Since thou hast sought to prove my skill,
 Unquestion'd thou shalt not depart,
 Be thy behests or good or ill,

No matter what or whence thou art !
 I will commune with thee apart,
 Yea ! and compel thee to my will—
 If thou hast power to yield my heart
 What earth and Heaven deny it still.

I know thee, Spirit ! thou hast been
 Light of my soul by night and day ;
 All-seeing, though thyself unseen ;
 My dreams—my thoughts—and what are they,
 But visions of a calmer ray ?
 All ! all were thine—and thine between
 Each hope that melted fast away,
 The throb of anguish, deep and keen !

With thee I've search'd the earth, the sea,
 The air, sun, stars, man, nature, time,
 Explored the universe with thee,
 Plunged to the depths of wo and crime,
 Or dared the fearful height to climb,
 Where, amid glory none may see
 And live, the *ETERNAL* reigns sublime,
 Who *is*, and *was*, and *is to be!*

And I have sought, with thee have sought,
 Wisdom's celestial path to tread,
 Hung o'er each page with learning fraught ;
 Question'd the living and the dead :

* The Moslem imagine that SOLOMON acquired dominion over all the orders of the genii—good and evil. It is even believed he sometimes condescended to converse with his new subjects. On this supposition he has been represented interrogating a genius, in the very wise, but very disagreeable mood of mind which led to the conclusion that "All is vanity." Touching the said genius, the author has not been able to discover whether he or she (even the sex is equivocal) was of Allah or Ebli, and, therefore, left the matter where he found it—in discreet doubt.

The patriarchs of ages fled—
The prophets of the time to come—
All who one ray of light could shed
Beyond the cradle or the tomb.

And I have task'd my busy brain
To learn what haply none may know,
Thy birth, seat, power, thine ample reign
O'er the heart's tides that ebb and flow,
Throb, languish, whirl, rage, freeze, or glow
Like billows of the restless main,
Amid the wrecks of joy and wo
By ocean's caves preserved in vain.

And oft to shadow forth I strove,
To my mind's eye, some form like thine,
And still my soul, like Noah's dove,
Return'd, but brought, alas! no sign:
Till, wearying in the mad design,
With fever'd brow and throbbing vein,
I left the *cause* to thread the mine
Of wonderful *effects* again!

But now I see thee face to face,
Thou art indeed, a thing divine;
An eye pervading time and space,
And an angelic look are thine,
Ready to seize, compare, combine
Essence and form—and yet a trace
Of grief and care—a shadowy line
Dims thy bright forehead's heavenly grace.

Yet thou must be of heavenly birth,
Where naught is known of grief and pain;
Though I perceive, alas! where earth
And earthly things have left their stain:
From thine high calling didst thou deign
To prove—in folly or in mirth—
With daughters of the first-born *Cain*,
How little *HUMAN LOVE* is worth!

Ha! dost thou change before mine eyes!
Another form! and yet the same,
But lovelier, and of female guise,
A vision of ethereal flame,
Such as our heart's despair can frame,
Pine for, love, worship, idolize,
Like *HERS*, who from the sea-foam came,
And lives but in the heart, or skies.

SPIRIT OF CHANGE! I know thee too,
I know thee by thine Iris bow,
By thy cheek's ever-shifting hue,
By all that marks thy steps below;
By sighs that burn, and tears that glow—
False joys—vain hopes—that mock the heart;
From *FANCY'S* urn these evils flow,
SPIRIT OF LIES! for such thou art!

Saidst thou not once, that all the charms
Of life lay hid in woman's love,
And to be lock'd in Beauty's arms,
Was all men knew of heaven above?
And did I not thy counsels prove,
And all their pleasures, all their pain?
No more! no more my heart they move,
For I, alas! have proved them vain!

Didst thou not then, in evil hour,
Light in my soul ambition's flame?
Didst thou not say the joys of power,
Unbounded sway, undying fame,
A monarch's love alone should claim?
And did I not pursue e'en these?
And are they not, when won, the same?
All *VANITY OF VANITIES!*

Didst not, to tempt me once again,
Bid new, deceitful visions rise,
And hint, though won with toil and pain,
"Wisdom's the pleasure of the wise?"
And now, when none beneath the skies
Are wiser held by men than me,
What is the value of the prize?
It too, alas! is *VANITY!*

Then tell me—since I've found on earth
Not one pure stream to slake this thirst,
Which still torments us from our birth,
And in our heart and soul is nursed;
This hopeless wish wherewith we're cursed,
Whence came it, and why was it given?
Thou speak'st not!—Let me know the worst!
Thou pointest!—and it is to *HEAVEN!*

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.*

FAREWELL! my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!
How often, o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me,—for whom I grieve!

We part!—no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never reveal'd, and ne'er forgot!
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part!—I speak not of the pain,—
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?

It must be months,—it may be years,—
It may—but no!—I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom,—fond eyes with tears,
"Curious to shape uncertain ill."
Though humble,—few and far,—yet, still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
Affection lives when all is o'er!
Farewell, my more than native shore!
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind!

* Written on board ship Westminster, at sea, off the Highlands of Neversink, June 1, 1835.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

FAINT and sad was the moonbeam's smile,
Sullen the moan of the dying wave;
Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's isle,
As I stood by the side of NAPOLEON'S grave.

And is it here that the hero lies,
Whose name has shaken the earth with dread?
And is this all that the earth supplies—
A stone his pillow—the turf his bed?

Is such the moral of human life?
Are these the limits of glory's reign?
Have oceans of blood, and an age of strife,
And a thousand battles been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now
But legions broken—a sword in rust—
A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow—
A name and a requiem—dust to dust?

Of all the chieftains whose thrones he rear'd,
Was there none that kindness or faith could bind?
Of all the monarchs whose crowns he spared,
Had none one spark of his Roman mind?

Did Prussia cast no repentant glance?
Did Austria shed no remorseful tear,
When England's truth, and thine honour, France,
And thy friendship, Russia, were blasted here?

No holy leagues, like the heathen heaven,
Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock;
And glorious TITAN, the unforgiven,
Was doom'd to his vulture, and chains, and rock.

And who were the gods that decreed thy doom?
A German CÆSAR—a Prussian sage—
The dandy prince of a counting-room—
And a Russian Greek of earth's darkest age.

Men call'd thee Despot, and call'd thee true;
But the laurel was earn'd that bound thy brow;
And of all who wore it, alas! how few
Were freer from treason and guilt than thou!

Shame to thee, Gaul, and thy faithless horde!
Where was the oath which thy soldiers swore?
Fraud still lurks in the gown, but the sword
Was never so false to its trust before.

Where was thy veteran's boast that day,
"The old Guard dies, but it never yields?"
O! for one heart like the brave DESSAIX,
One phalanx like those of thine early fields!

But, no, no, no!—it was Freedom's charm
Gave them the courage of more than men;
You broke the spell that twice nerved each arm,
Though you were invincible only then.

Yet St. Jean was a deep, not a deadly blow;
One struggle, and France all her faults repairs—
But the wild FAYETTE, and the stern CARNOT
Are dupes, and ruin thy fate and theirs!

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO LORD BYRON.

BYRON! 'tis thine alone, on eagles' pinions,
In solitary strength and grandeur soaring,
To dazzle and delight all eyes; outpouring
The electric blaze on tyrants and their minions;
Earth, sea, and air, and powers and dominions,
Nature, man, time, the universe exploring;
And from the wreck of worlds, thrones, creeds,
opinions,
Thought, beauty, eloquence, and wisdom storing:
O! how I love and envy thee thy glory,
To every age and clime alike belonging;
Link'd by all tongues with every nation's glory.
Thou TACITUS of song! whose echoes, thronging
O'er the Atlantic, fill the mountains hoary
And forests with the name my verse is wronging.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

WINE'D mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, YORICK of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy JACQUES complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

[Born 1789. Died 1841.]

THE author of "Hadad" was descended from an ancient and honourable Irish family, in the county of Derry, and his ancestors emigrated to this country and settled in Connecticut in 1720. A high order of intellect seems to have been their right of inheritance, for in every generation we find their name prominent in the political history of the state. The grandfather of the poet, the Honourable WILLIAM HILLHOUSE, was for more than fifty years employed in the public service, as a representative, as a member of the council, and in other offices of trust and honour. His father, the Honourable JAMES HILLHOUSE, who died in 1833, after filling various offices in his native state, and being for three years a member of the House of Representatives, was in 1794 elected to the Senate of the United States, where for sixteen years he acted a leading part in the politics of the country. His wife, the mother of the subject of this sketch, was the daughter of Colonel MELANCTHON WOOLSEY, of Dosoris, Long Island.* She was a woman distinguished alike for mental superiority, and for feminine softness, purity, and delicacy of character. Although educated in retirement, and nearly self-taught, her son was accustomed to say, when time had given value to his opinions, that she possessed the most elegant mind he had ever met with; and much of the nice discrimination, and the finer and more delicate elements of his own character, were an inheritance from her. Among the little occasional pieces which he wrote entirely for the family circle, was one composed on visiting her birth-place, after her death, which I have been permitted* to make public.

"As yonder frith, round green Dosoris roll'd,
Reflects the parting glories of the skies,
Or quivering glances, like the paly gold,
When on its breast the midnight moonbeam lies;

"Thus, though bedimm'd by many a changeful year,
The hues of feeling varied in her cheek,
That, brightly flush'd, or glittering with a tear,
Seem'd the rapt poet's, or the seraph's meek.

"I have fulfill'd her charge,—dear scenes, adieu!—
The tender charge to see her natal spot;
My tears have flow'd, while busy Fancy drew
The picture of her childhood's happy lot.

"Would I *could* paint the ever-varying grace,
The ethereal glow and lustre of her mind,
Which own'd not time, nor bore of age a trace,
Pure as the sunbeam, gentle and refined!"

*I am indebted for the materials for this biography to the poet's intimate friend, the Reverend WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIPP, Rector of St. Paul's Church, in Albany, New York, who kindly consented to write out the character of the poet, as he appeared at home, and as none but his associates could know him, for this work.

MR. HILLHOUSE was born in New Haven, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1789. The home of such parents, and the society of the intelligent circle they drew about them, (of which President DWIGHT was the most distinguished ornament,) was well calculated to cherish and cultivate his peculiar tastes. In boyhood he was remarkable for great activity and excellence in all manly and athletic sports, and for a peculiarly gentlemanly deportment. At the age of fifteen he entered Yale College, and in 1808 he was graduated, with high reputation as a scholar. From his first junior exhibition, he had been distinguished for the elegance and good taste of his compositions. Upon taking his second degree, he delivered an oration on "The Education of a Poet," so full of beauty, that it was long and widely remembered, and induced an appointment by the Phi Beta Kappa Society, (not much in the habit of selecting juvenile writers,) to deliver a poem before them at their next anniversary. It was on this occasion that he wrote "The Judgment," which was pronounced before that society at the commencement of 1812.

A more difficult theme, or one requiring loftier powers, could not have been selected. The reflecting mind regards this subject in accordance with some preconceived views. That Mr. HILLHOUSE felt this difficulty, is evident from a remark in his preface, that in selecting this theme, "he exposes his work to criticism on account of its theology, as well as its poetry; and they who think the former objectionable, will not easily be pleased with the latter." Other poets, too, had essayed their powers in describing the events of the Last Day. The public voice, however, has decided, that among all the poems on this great subject, that of Mr. HILLHOUSE stands unequalled. His object was, "to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment;" and rarely have we seen grandeur of conception and simplicity of design so admirably united. His representation of the scene is vivid and energetic; while the manner in which he has grouped and contrasted the countless array of characters of every age, displays the highest degree of artistic skill. Each character he summons up appears before us, with historic costume and features faithfully preserved, and we seem to gaze upon him as a reality, and not merely as the bold imagery of the poet.

"For all appear'd
As in their days of earthly pride; the clank
Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of kings."

His description of the last setting of the sun in the west, and the dreamer's farewell to the evening star, as it was fading forever from his sight,

are passages of beauty which it would be difficult to find surpassed.

About this period Mr. HILLHOUSE passed three years in Boston, preparing to engage in a mercantile life. During the interruption of business which took place in consequence of the last war with England, he employed a season of leisure passed at home, in the composition of several dramatic pieces, of which "Demetria" and "Percy's Masque" best satisfied his own judgment. When peace was restored, he went to New York, and embarked in commerce, to which, though at variance with his tastes, he devoted himself with fidelity and perseverance. In 1819, he visited Europe, and though the months passed there were a season of great anxiety and business occupations, he still found time to see much to enlarge his mind, and accumulated stores of thought for future use. Among other distinguished literary men, from whom while in London he received attentions, was ZACARY MACAULAY, (father of the Hon. T. BABINGTON MACAULAY,) who subsequently stated to some American gentlemen, that "he considered Mr. HILLHOUSE the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted." It was during his stay in England that "Percy's Masque" was revised and published. The subject of this drama is the successful attempt of one of the Percies, the son of Shakspeare's Hotspur, to recover his ancestral home. The era chosen is a happy one for a poet. He is dealing with the events of an age where every thing to us is clothed with a romantic interest, which invests even the most common every-day occurrences of life.

"They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

Of this opportunity he fully availed himself, in the picture he has here given us of the days of chivalry. As a mere work of art, "Percy's Masque" is one of the most faultless in the language. If subjected to scrutiny, it will bear the strictest criticism by which compositions of this kind can be tried. We cannot detect the violation of a single rule which should be observed in the construction of a tragedy. When, therefore, it was republished in this country, it at once gave its author an elevated rank as a dramatic poet.

In 1822, Mr. HILLHOUSE was united in marriage to CORNELIA, eldest daughter of ISAAC LAWRENCE, of New York. He shortly afterward returned to his native town, and there, at his beautiful place, called *Sachem's Wood*, devoted himself to the pursuits of a country gentleman and practical agriculturist. His taste extended also to the arts with which poetry is allied; and in the embellishment of his residence, there was exhibited evidence of the refinement of its accomplished occupant. Here, with the exception of a few months of the winter, generally spent in New York, he passed the remainder of his life. "And never," remarks his friend, the Reverend Mr. KIPP, "has a domestic circle been anywhere gathered, uniting within itself more of grace, and elegance, and intellect. He who formed its centre and its

charin, possessed a character combining most beautifully the high endowments of literary genius, with all that is winning and brilliant in social life. They who knew him best in the sacred relations of his own fireside, will never cease to realize, that in him their circle lost its greatest ornament. All who were accustomed to meet his cordial greeting, to listen to his fervid and eloquent conversation, to be delighted with the wit and vivacity of his playful moments; to witness the grace and elegance of his manners, the chivalric spirit, the indomitable energy and high finish of the whole character, can tell how nobly he united the combined attractions of the poet, the scholar, and the perfect gentleman. Never, indeed, have we met with one who could pour forth more eloquently his treasures, drawn from the whole range of English literature, or bring them to bear more admirably upon the passing occurrences of the day. Every syllable, too, which he uttered, conveyed the idea of a high-souled honour, which we associate more naturally with the days of old romance, than with these selfish, prosaic times. His were indeed 'high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy.'"

"Hadad" was written in 1824, and printed in the following year. This has generally been esteemed HILLHOUSE's masterpiece. As a sacred drama, it is probably unsurpassed. The scene is in Judea, in the days of David; and as the agency of evil spirits is introduced, an opportunity is afforded to bring forward passages of strange sublimity and wildness. For a work like this, HILLHOUSE was peculiarly qualified. A most intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures enabled him to introduce each minute detail in perfect keeping with historical truth, while from the same study he seems also to have imbibed the lofty thoughts, and the majestic style of the ancient Hebrew prophets.

In 1840, he collected, and published in two volumes, the works which at that time he was willing to give to the world. In addition to those I have already mentioned, was "Demetria," a domestic tragedy, now first revised and printed, after an interval of twenty-six years since its first composition, and several orations, delivered in New Haven, on public occasions, or before literary societies in other parts of the country. The manly eloquence of the latter, is well calculated to add the reputation of an accomplished orator, to that which he already enjoyed as a poet. These volumes contain nearly all that he left us. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he passed his life merely as a literary man. The early part of it was spent in the anxieties of business, while, through all his days, literature, instead of being his occupation, was merely the solace and delight of his leisure moments.

About this time his friends beheld, with anxiety, the symptoms of failing health. For fifteen months, however, he lingered on, alternately cheering their hearts by the prospect of recovery, and then causing them again to despond, as his weakness increased. In the fall of 1840, he left home

for the last time, to visit his friends in Boston. He returned, apparently benefited by the excursion, and no immediate danger was apprehended until the beginning of the following January. On the second of that month his disorder assumed an alarming form, and the next day was passed in intense agony. On Monday, his pain was alleviated; yet his skilful medical attendants beheld in this but the precursor of death; and it became their duty, on the following morning, to impart to him the news that his hours were few and numbered.

"Of the events of this solemn day, when he beheld the sands of life fast running out, and girded up his strength to meet the King of Terrors," says the writer to whom I have before alluded, "I cannot speak. The loss is still too recent to allow us to withdraw the veil and tell of his dying hours. Yet touching was the scene, as the warm affections of that noble heart gathered in close folds around those he was about to leave, or wandered back in remembrance to the opening of life, and the friends of childhood who had already gone. It was also the Christian's death. The mind which had conceived so vividly the scenes of the judgment, must often have looked forward to that hour, which he now could meet in an humble, trusting faith. And thus the day wore on, until, about eight o'clock in the evening, without a struggle, he fell asleep."

As a poet, he possessed qualities seldom found united: a masculine strength of mind, and a most delicate perception of the beautiful. With an imagination of the loftiest order—with "the vision and the faculty divine" in its fullest exercise, the wanderings of his fancy were chastened and controlled by exquisite taste. The grand

characteristic of his writings is their classical beauty. Every passage is polished to the utmost, yet there is no exuberance, no sacrifice to false and meretricious taste. He threw aside the gaudy and affected brilliancy with which too many set forth their poems, and left his to stand, like the doric column, charming by its simplicity. Writing not for present popularity, or to catch the senseless applause of the multitude, he was willing to commit his works—as Lord Bacon did his memory—"to the next ages." And the result is proving how wise were his calculations. The "fit audience," which at first hailed his poems with pleasure, from realizing their worth, has been steadily increasing. The scholar studies them as the productions of a kindred spirit, which had drunk deeply at the fountains of ancient lore, until it had itself been moulded into the same form of stern and antique beauty, which marked the old Athenian dramatists. The intellectual and the gifted claim him as one of their own sacred brotherhood; and all who have a sympathy with genius, and are anxious to hold communion with it as they travel on the worn and beaten path of life, turn with ever renewed delight to his pages. They see the evidences of one, who wrote not because he must write, but because he possessed a mind crowded and glowing with images of beauty, and therefore, in the language of poetry, he poured forth its hoarded treasures. Much as we must lament the withdrawal of that bright mind, at an age when it had just ripened into the maturity of its power, and when it seemed ready for greater efforts than it yet had made, we rejoice that the event did not happen until a permanent rank had been gained among the noblest of our poets.

THE JUDGMENT.

I.

THE rites were past of that auspicious day
When white-robed altars wreath'd with living green
Adorn the temples;—when unnumber'd tongues
Repeat the glorious anthem sung to harps
Of angels while the star o'er Bethlehem stood;—
When grateful hearts bow low, and deeper joy
Breathes in the Christian than the angel song,
On the great birthday of our Priest and King.
That night, while musing on his wondrous life,
Precepts, and promises to be fulfill'd,
A trance-like sleep fell on me, and a dream
Of dreadful character appall'd my soul.
Wild was the pageant:—face to face with kings,
Heroes, and sages of old note, I stood;
Patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles saw,
And venerable forms, ere round the globe
Shoreless and waste a weltering flood was roll'd,
With angels, compassing the radiant throne
Of MARY'S Son, anew descended, crown'd
With glory terrible, to judge the world.

II.

Methought I journey'd o'er a boundless plain,
Unbroke by vale or hill, on all sides stretch'd,
Like circling ocean, to the low-brow'd sky;
Save in the midst a verdant mount, whose sides
Flowers of all hues and fragrant breath adorn'd.
Lightly I trod, as on some joyous quest,
Beneath the azure vault and early sun;
But while my pleased eyes ranged the circuit green,
New light shone round; a murmur came, confused,
Like many voices and the rush of wings.
Upward I gazed, and, 'mid the glittering skies,
Begirt by flying myriads, saw a throne
Whose thousand splendours blazed upon the earth
Refulgent as another sun. Through clouds
They came, and vapours colour'd by AURORA,
Mingling in swell sublime, voices, and harps,
And sounding wings, and hallelujahs sweet.
Sudden, a seraph that before them flew,
Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes,
Put to his mouth the likeness of a trumpet,
And toward the four winds four times fiercely
breathed.

Doubling along the arch, the mighty peal

To heaven resounded; hell return'd a groan,
And shuddering earth a moment reel'd, confounded,
From her fixed pathway as the staggering ship,
Stunn'd by some mountain billow, reels. The isles,
With heaving ocean, rock'd: the mountains shook
Their ancient coronets: the avalanche
Thunder'd: silence succeeded through the nations.
Earth never listen'd to a sound like this.
It struck the general pulse of nature still,
And broke, forever, the dull sleep of death.

III.

Now, o'er the mount the radiant legions hung,
Like plummy travellers from climes remote
On some sequester'd isle about to stoop.
Gently its flowery head received the throne;
Cherubs and seraphs, by ten thousands, round
Skirting it far and wide, like a bright sea,
Fair forms and faces, crowns, and coronets,
And glistering wings furl'd white and numberless.
About their LORD were those seven glorious spirits
Who in the ALMIGHTY'S presence stand. Four
lean'd

On golden wands, with folded wings, and eyes
Fix'd on the throne: one bore the dreadful books,
The arbiters of life: another waved
The blazing ensign terrible, of yore,
To rebel angels in the wars of heaven:
What seem'd a trump the other spirit grasp'd,
Of wondrous size, wreathed multiform and strange.
Illustrious stood the seven, above the rest
Towering, like a constellation glowing,
What time the sphere-instructed huntsman, taught
By ATLAS, his star-studded belt displays
Aloft, bright-glittering, in the winter sky.

IV.

Then on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes,
Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe,
I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne.
His robe, methought, was whiter than the light;
Upon his breast the heavenly Urim glow'd
Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flash'd,
No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze.
Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone
Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand:
Resplendent in his face the Godhead beam'd,
Justice and mercy, majesty and grace,
Divinely mingling. Celestial glories play'd
Around with beamy lustre; from his eye
Dominion look'd; upon his brow was stamp'd
Creative power. Yet over all the touch
Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst, amidst
Dissolving nature's anguish, breathed a prayer
For guilty man. Redundant down his neck
His locks roll'd graceful, as they waved, of old,
Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

V.

His throne of heavenly substance seem'd composed,
Whose pearly essence, like the eastern shell,
Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light.
Clear as the moon it look'd through ambient clouds
Of snowy lustre, waving round its base,

That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set,
Flash'd wondrous beams, of unknown character,
From many a burning stone of lustre rare,
Stain'd like the bow whose mingling splendour
stream'd

Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye.
Above him hung a canopy whose skirts
The mount o'ershadow'd like an evening cloud.
Clouds were his curtains: not like their dim types
Of blue and purple round the tabernacle,
That waving vision of the lonely wild,
By pious Israel wrought with cherubim;
Veiling the mysteries of old renown,
Table, and altar, ark, and mercy-seat,
Where, 'twixt the shadow of cherubic wings,
In lustre visible JEHOVAH shone.

VI.

In honour chief, upon the LORD's right hand
His station MICHAEL held: the dreadful sword
That from a starry baldric hung, proclaim'd
The Hierarch. Terrible, on his brow
Blazed the archangel crown, and from his eye
Thick sparkles flash'd. Like regal banners, waved
Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans,
Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun,
Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars,
Or some illumined city seen by night,
When her wide streets pour noon, and, echoing
through

Her thronging thousands, mirth and music ring.

Opposed to him, I saw an angel stand
In sable vesture, with the Books of Life.
Black was his mantle, and his changeful wings
Gloss'd like the raven's; thoughtful seem'd his
mien,

Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow
Had Meditation set her seal; his eyes
Look'd things unearthly, thoughts unutterable,
Or utter'd only with an angel's tongue.
Renown'd was he among the seraphim
For depth of prescience, and sublimest lore;
Skill'd in the mysteries of the ETERNAL,
Profoundly versed in those old records where,
From everlasting ages, live God's deeds;
He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds,
That roll around us, into being sprang;
Their system, laws, connexion; all he knew
But the dread moment when they cease to be.
None judged like him the ways of God to man,
Or so had ponder'd; his excursive thoughts
Had visited the depths of night and chaos,
Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

VII.

Like ocean billows seem'd, ere this, the plain,
Confusedly heaving with a sunless host
From earth's and time's remotest bounds: a roar
Went up before the multitude, whose course
The unfurl'd banner guided, and the bow,
Zone of the universe, athwart the zenith
Sweeping its arch. In one vast confluent roll'd,
Wave following wave, were men of every age,
Nation, and tongue; all heard the warning blast,
And, led by wondrous impulse, hither came.

Mingled in wild confusion, now, those met
In distant ages born. Gray forms, that lived
When Time himself was young, whose temples
shook

The hoary honours of a thousand years,
Stood side by side with Roman consuls:—here,
Mid prophets old, and heaven-inspired bards,
Were Grecian heroes seen:—there, from a crowd
Of reverend patriarchs, tower'd the nodding
plumes,

Tiars, and helmets, and sparkling diadems
Of Persia's, Egypt's, or Assyria's kings;
Clad as when forth the hundred gates of Thebes
On sounding cars her hundred princes rush'd;
Or, when, at night, from off the terrace top
Of his aerial garden, touched to soothe
The troubled monarch, came the solemn chime
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, adown
The Euphrates, floating in the moonlight wide
O'er sleeping Babylon. For all appear'd
As in their days of earthly pride; the clank
Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of kings.
Though on the angels while I gazed, their names
Appeared not, yet amongst the mortal throng
(Capricious power of dreams!) familiar seem'd
Each countenance, and every name well known.

VIII.

Nearest the mount, of that mix'd phalanx first,
Our general parent stood: not as he look'd
Wandering, at eve, amid the shady bowers
And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flowery banks of some soft-rolling stream,
Pausing to list its lulling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless EVE, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to Paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden; his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to gray; with years and sorrows
bow'd

He seem'd, but through his ruined form still shone
The majesty of his Creator: round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

IX.

Close at his side appear'd a martial form,
Of port majestic, clad in massive arms,
Covering above whose helm with outspread wings
The Roman eagle flew; around its brim
Was character'd the name at which earth's queen
Bow'd from her seven-fold throne and owned her
lord.

In his dilated eye amazement stood;
Terror, surprise, and blank astonishment
Blanch'd his firm cheek, as when, of old, close
hemm'd

Within the capitol, amidst the crowd
Of traitors, fearless else, he caught the gleam
Of BRUTUS' steel. Daunted, yet on the pomp
Of towering seraphim, their wings, their crowns,
Their dazzling faces, and upon the LORD
He fix'd a steadfast look of anxious note,
Like that PHARSALIA'S hurtling squadrons drew
When all his fortunes hung upon the hour.

X.

Near him, for wisdom famous through the east,
ABRAHAM rested on his staff; in guise
A Chaldee shepherd, simple in his raiment
As when at Mamre in his tent he sat,
The host of angels. Snow-white were his locks
And silvery beard, that to his girdle roll'd.
Fondly his meek eye dwelt upon his LORD;
Like one, that, after long and troubled dreams,
A night of sorrows, dreary, wild, and sad,
Beholds, at last, the dawn of promised joys.

With kindred looks his great descendant gazed.
Not in the poor array of shepherds he,
Nor in the many-coloured coat, fond gift
Of doating age, and cause of direful hate;
But, stately, as his native palm, his form
Was, like Egyptian princes', proudly deck'd
In tissue purple sweeping to the ground.
Plumes from the desert waved above his head,
And down his breast the golden collar hung,
Bestow'd by PHARAOH, when through Egypt word
Went forth to bow the knee as to her king.
Graced thus, his chariot with impetuous wheels
Bore him toward Goshen, where the fainting heart
Of ISRAEL waited for his long-lost son,
The son of RACHEL. Ah! had she survived
To see him in his glory!—As he rode,
His boyhood, and his mother's tent, arose,
Link'd with a thousand recollections dear,
And JOSEPH'S heart was in the tomb by Ephrath.

XI.

At hand, a group of sages mark'd the scene.
PLATO and SOCRATES together stood,
With him who measured by their shades those piles
Gigantic, 'mid the desert scene, at eve,
By toiling caravans for Memphis bound,
Peering like specks above the horizon's verge,
Whose huge foundations vanish in the mist
Of earliest time. Transfix'd they seem'd with
wonder,

Awe-struck,—amazement rapt their inmost souls.
Such glance of deep inquiry and suspense
They threw around, as, in untutor'd ages,
Astronomers upon some dark eclipse,
Close counselling amidst the dubious light
If it portended Nature's death, or spoke
A change in heaven. What thought they, then,
of all

Their idle dreams, their proud philosophy,
When on their wilder'd souls redemption, CHRIST,
And the ALMIGHTY broke! But, though they err'd
When all was dark, they reason'd for the truth.
They sought in earth, in ocean, and the stars,
Their maker, arguing from his works toward God;
And from his word had not less nobly argued,
Had they beheld the gospel sending forth
Its pure effulgence o'er the farthest sea,
Lighting the idol mountain-tops, and gilding
The banners of salvation there. These men
Ne'er slighted a REDEEMER; of his name
They never heard. Perchance their late-found
harps,

Mixing with angel symphonies, may sound
In strains more rapturous to them so new.

XII.

Nearer the mount stood MOSES; in his hand
The rod which blasted with strange plagues the
realm

Of Misraim, and from its time-worn channels
Upturn'd the Arabian sea. Fair was his broad,
High front, and forth from his soul-piercing eye
Did legislation took; which full he fix'd
Upon the blazing panoply, undazzled.
No terrors had the scene for him who, oft,
Upon the thunder-shaken hill-top, veil'd
With smoke and lightnings, with JENOVAH talk'd,
And from his fiery hand received the law.
Beyond the Jewish ruler, banded close,
A company full glorious, I saw
The twelve apostles stand. O, with what looks
Of ravishment and joy, what rapturous tears,
What hearts of ecstacy, they gazed again
On their beloved Master! what a tide
Of overwhelming thoughts press'd to their souls,
When now, as he so frequent promised, throned,
And circled by the hosts of heaven, they traced
The well-known lineaments of him who shared
Their wants and sufferings here! Full many a day
Of fasting spent with him, and night of prayer,
Rush'd on their swelling hearts. Before the rest,
Close to the angelic spears, had PETER urged,
Tears in his eye, love throbbing at his breast,
As if to touch his vesture, or to catch
The murmur of his voice. On him and them
Jesus beam'd down benignant looks of love.

XIII.

How diverse from the front sublime of PAUL,
Or pale and placid dignity of him
Who in the lonely Isle saw heaven unveil'd,
Was his who in twelve summers won a world!
Not such his countenance nor garb, as when
He foremost breasted the broad Granicus,
Dark-rushing through its steepes from lonely Ida,
His double-tufted plume conspicuous mark
Of every arrow; cheering his bold steed
Through pikes, and spears, and threatening axes, up
The slippery bank through all their chivalry,
Princes and satraps link'd for CRAUS' throne,
With cuirass pierced, cleft helm, and plumeless
head,
To youthful conquest: or, when, panic-struck,
DARIUS from his plunging chariot sprang,
Away the bow and mantle cast, and fled.
His robe, all splendid from the silk-worm's loom,
Floated effeminate, and from his neck
Hung chains of gold, and gems from eastern mines.
Bedight with many-colour'd plumage, flamed
His proud tiara, plumage which had spread
Its glittering dyes of scarlet, green, and gold,
To evening suns by Indus' stream: around
Twined careless, glow'd the white and purple band,
The imperial, sacred badge of Persia's kings.
Thus his triumphal car in Babylon
Display'd him, drawn by snow-white elephants,
Whose feet crush'd odours from the flowery wreaths
Boy-Cupids scatter'd, while soft music breathed
And incense fumed around. But dire his hue,
Bloated and bacchanal as on the night

When old Persepolis was wrapp'd in flame!
Fear over all had slung a livid tinge.
A deeper awe subdued him than amazed
PARMENIO and the rest, when they beheld
The white-stoled Levites from Jerusalem,
Thrown open as on some high festival,
With hymns and solemn pomp, come down the hill
To meet the incensed king, and wondering saw,
As on the pontiff's awful form he gazed,
Glistering in purple with his mystic gems,
JOVE's vaunted son, at JADDUA's foot, adore.

XIV.

Turn, now, where stood the spotless Virgin:
sweet
Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets;
But changeful as the hues of infancy
Her face. As on her son, her God, she gazed,
Fix'd was her look,—earnest, and breathless;—
now,
Suffused her glowing cheek; now, changed to
pale;—
First, round her lip a smile celestial play'd,
Then, fast, fast rain'd the tears.—Who can in-
terpret?—
Perhaps some thought maternal cross'd her heart,
That mused on days long past, when on her breast
He helpless lay, and of his infant smile;
Or, on those nights of terror, when, from worse
Than wolves, she hasted with her babe to Egypt.

XV.

Girt by a crowd of monarchs, of whose fame
Scarce a memorial lives, who fought and reign'd
While the historic lamp shed glimmering light,
Above the rest one regal port aspired,
Crown'd like Assyria's princes; not a crest
O'erstop'd him, save the giant seraphim.
His countenance, more piercing than the beam
Of the sun-gazing eagle, earthward bent
Its haught, fierce majesty, temper'd with awe.
Seven years with brutish herds had quell'd his
pride,
And taught him there's a mightier king in heaven.
His powerful arm founded old Babylon,
Whose bulwarks like the eternal mountains heaved
Their adamantine heads; whose brazen gates
Beleaguering nations foil'd, and bolts of war,
Unshaken, unanswer'd as the pelting hail.
House of the kingdom! glorious Babylon!
Earth's marvel, and of unborn time the theme!
Say where thou stood'st:—or, can the fisherman
Plying his task on the Euphrates, now,
A silent, silver, unpolluted tide,
Point to thy grave, and answer? From a sash
O'er his broad shoulder hung the ponderous sword,
Fatal as sulphurous fires to Nineveh,
That level'd with her waves the walls of Tyrus,
Queen of the sea; to its foundations shook
Jerusalem, and reap'd the fields of Egypt.

XVI.

Endless the task to name the multitudes
From every land, from isles remote, in seas
Which no adventurous mariner has sail'd:—
II

From desert-girdled cities, of whose pomp
Some solitary wanderer, by the stars
Conducted o'er the burning wilderness,
Has told a doubted tale: as Europe's sons
Describing Mexic', and, in fair Peru,
The gorgeous Temple of the Sun, its priests,
Its virgin, and its fire, forever bright,
Were fablers deem'd, and, for belief, met scorn.
Around while gazing thus, far in the sky
Appear'd what look'd, at first, a moving star;
But, onward, wheeling through the clouds it came,
With brightening splendour and increasing size,
Till within ken a fiery chariot rush'd,
By flaming horses drawn, whose heads shot forth
A twisted, horn-like beam. O'er its fierce wheels
Two shining forms alighted on the mount,
Of mortal birth, but deathless rapt to heaven.
Adown their breasts their loose beards floated, white
As mist by moonbeams silver'd; fair they seem'd,
And bright as angels; fellowship with heaven
Their mortal grossness so had purified.
Lucent their mantles; other than the seer
By Jordan caught; and in the prophet's face
A mystic lustre, like the Urim's, gleamed.

XVII.

Now for the dread tribunal all prepared:
Before the throne the angel with the books
Ascending kneel'd, and, crossing on his breast
His sable pinions, there the volumes spread.
A second summons echoed from the trump,
Thrice sounded, when the mighty work began.
Waved onward by a seraph's wand, the sea
Of palpitating bosoms toward the mount
In silence roll'd. No sooner had the first
Pale tremblers its mysterious circle touched
Than, instantaneous, swift as fancy's flash,
As lightning darting from the summer cloud,
Its past existence rose before the soul,
With all its deeds, with all its secret store
Of embryo works, and dark imaginings.
Amidst the chaos, thoughts as numberless
As whirling leaves when autumn strips the woods,
Light and disjointed as the sibyl's, thoughts
Scatter'd upon the waste of long, dim years,
Pass'd in a moment through the quicken'd soul.
Not with the glozing eye of earth beheld;
They saw as with the glance of Deity.
Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast,
Decided. Self-acquitted or condemned,
Through two broad, glittering avenues of spears
They cross'd the angelic squadrons, right, or left
The judgment-seat; by power supernal led
To their allotted stations on the plain.
As onward, onward, numberless, they came,
And touch'd, appall'd, the verge of destiny,
The heavenly spirits inly sympathized:—
When youthful saints, or martyrs scarr'd and white,
With streaming faces, hands ecstatic clasp'd,
Sprang to the right, celestial beaming smiles
A ravishing beauty to their radiance gave;
But downcast looks of pity chill'd the left.
What clench'd hands, and frenzied steps were there!
Yet, on my shuddering soul, the stifled groan,
Wrung from some proud blasphemer, as he rush'd,

Constrain'd by conscience, down the path of death,
Knells horrible.—On all the hurrying throng
The unerring pen stamp'd, as they pass'd, their fate.
Thus, in a day, amazing thought! were judged
The millions, since from the ALMIGHTY'S hand,
Launch'd on her course, earth roll'd rejoicing.

Whose

The doom to penal fires, and whose to joy,
From man's presumption mists and darkness veil.
So pass'd the day; divided stood the world,
An awful line of separation drawn,
And from his labours the MESSIAH ceased.

XVIII.

By this, the sun his westerling car drove low;
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold:
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleam'd
With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;
With deeper light the ruby blush'd; and thick
Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seem'd drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits,
Cast off upon the dewy air huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint forever drew.

XIX.

But while at gaze, in solemn silence, men
And angels stood, and many a quaking heart
With expectation throb'd; about the throne
And glittering hill-top slowly wreathed the clouds,
Erewhile like curtains for adornment hung,
Involving Shiloh and the seraphim
Beneath a snowy tent. The bands around,
Eyeing the gonfalon that through the smoke
Tower'd into air, resembled hosts who watch
The king's pavilion where, ere battle hour,
A council sits. What their consult might be,
Those seven dread spirits and their LOAN, I mused,
I marvell'd. Was it grace and peace?—or death?
Was it of man?—Did pity for the lost
His gentle nature wring, who knew, who felt
How frail is this poor tenement of clay?—
Arose there from the mystic tabernacle
A cry like that upon Gethsemane?—
What pass'd in JESUS' bosom none may know,
But close the cloudy dome invested him;
And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed
Where, in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft,
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Pass'd o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, "Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that displayest so soft

* For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—HEB. iv. 15.

Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires roll'd, like smoke, away,
But thou, unalter'd, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hail'd thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou sett'st forever,—lovely orb, farewell!"

XX.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps
Were heard among the angels, touch'd and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices; louder as they swell'd,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mix'd with clear, silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first with glistering eyes
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellow'd bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

XXI.

Calm, deep, and silent was the tide of joy
That roll'd o'er all the blessed; visions of bliss,
Rapture too mighty, swell'd their hearts to bursting;
Prelude to heaven it seem'd, and in their sight
Celestial glories swam. How fared, alas!
That other band! Sweet to their troubled minds
The solemn scene; ah! doubly sweet the breeze
Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes
But newly oped from that benumbing sleep
Whose dark and drear abode no cheering dream,
No bright-hued vision ever enters, souls
For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim world
Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight gloom.
For, like the spirit's last seraphic smile,
The earth, anticipating now her tomb,
To rise, perhaps, as heaven magnificent,
Appear'd Hesperian: gales of gentlest wing
Came fragrance-laden, and such odours shed
As Yemen never knew, nor those blest isles
In Indian seas, where the voluptuous breeze
The peaceful native breathes, at eventide,
From nutmeg groves and bowers of cinnamon.
How solemn on their ears the choral note
Swell'd of the angel hymn! so late escaped
The cold embraces of the grave, whose damp
Silence no voice or string'd instrument

Has ever broke! Yet with the murmuring breeze
Full sadly chimed the music and the song,
For with them came the memory of joys
Forever past, the stinging thought of what
They once had been, and of their future lot.
To their grieved view the passages of earth
Delightful rise, their tender ligaments
So dear, they heeded not an after state,
Though by a fearful judgment usher'd in.
A bridegroom fond, who lavish'd all his heart
On his beloved, forgetful of the Man
Of many Sorrows, who, for him, resign'd
His meek and spotless spirit on the cross,
Has marked among the blessed bands, array'd
Celestial in a spring of beauty, doom'd
No more to fade, the charmer of his soul,
Her cheek soft blooming like the dawn in heaven.
He recalls the days when on his smile
She lived; when, gently leaning on his breast,
Tears of intense affection dimm'd her eyes,
Of dove-like lustre.—Thoughtless, now, of him
And earthly joys, eternity and heaven
Engross her soul.—What more accursed pang
Can hell inflict? With her, in realms of light,
In never-dying bliss, he might have roll'd
Eternity away; but now, forever
Torn from his bride new-found, with cruel fiends,
Or men like fiends, must waste and weep. Now, now
He mourns with burning, bitter drops his days
Misspent, probation lost, and heaven despised.
Such thoughts from many a bursting heart drew
forth

Groans, lamentations, and despairing shrieks,
That on the silent air came from afar.

XXII.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush BRAHMA's temples, capp'd
With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnish'd domes,
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun,
So from the hill the cloudy curtains roll'd,
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the SAVIOUR and his seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flash'd
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host
Mild turning, with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaim'd in accents
Which on their ravish'd ears pour'd thrilling, like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afair in sweetest jubilee; then, swift
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left,
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them
Seem'd like the crush of heaven, pronounced the
doom.

The sentence utter'd, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow;
Each angel spread his wings; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument

Of heavenly minstrelsy unknown on earth,
And angels' voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransom'd, like a thunder-shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes roll'd,
And faint hosannas distant climes return'd.

XXIII.

Down from the lessening multitude came faint
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,
All else in distance lost; when, to receive
Their new inhabitants, the heavens unfolded.
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse
The wicked caught of Paradise, whence streaks
Of splendour, golden quivering radiance shone,
As when the showery evening sun takes leave,
Breaking a moment o'er the illumined world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow-turning to the light their snowy wings.
A deep-drawn, agonizing groan escaped
The hapless outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold, gray heaven,
As if to catch, alas! a hope not there.
But shades began to gather; night approach'd
Murky and lowering: round with horror roll'd
On one another, their despairing eyes
That glared with anguish: starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls, never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon linger'd yet
A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there;
Red flashes, follow'd by low muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doom'd to hurl
The fragments of the earth again to chaos.
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark, impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive
Their watery element.—O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds appalling, I awoke; and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming wo,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful. Gladly I survey'd her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY
OF JERUSALEM.

'T is so;—the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen,
Arm'd with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Waved their dark beauty round the tower of
David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine;

Hail'd by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not, for thou art fair and turret-crown'd,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and bless'd
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern
law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the glory hovers, here I war.

UNTOLD LOVE.*

THE soul, my lord, is fashion'd—like the lyre.
Strike one chord suddenly, and others vibrate.
Your name abruptly mention'd, casual words
Of comment on your deeds, praise from your
uncle,

News from the armies, talk of your return,
A word let fall touching your youthful passion,
Suffused her cheek, call'd to her drooping eye
A momentary lustre; made her pulse
Leap headlong, and her bosom palpitate.
I could not long be blind, for love defies
Concealment, making every glance and motion,
Silence, and speech a tell-tale—. . . .

These things, though trivial of themselves, begat
Suspicion. But long months elapsed,
Ere I knew all. She had, you know, a fever.
One night, when all were weary and at rest,
I, sitting by her couch, tired and o'erwatch'd,
Thinking she slept, suffer'd my lids to close.
Waked by a voice, I found her—never, Signor,
While life endures, will that scene fade from me,—
A dying lamp wink'd in the hearth, that cast,
And snatched the shadows. Something stood be-
fore me

In white. My flesh began to creep. I thought
I saw a spirit. It was my lady risen,
And standing in her night-robe with clasp'd hands,
Like one in prayer. Her pallid face display'd
Something, methought, surpassing mortal beauty.
She presently turn'd round, and fix'd her large,
wild eyes,
Brimming with tears, upon me, fetched a sigh,
As from a riven heart, and cried: "He's dead!
But, hush!—weep not,—I've bargain'd for his
soul,—

That's safe in bliss!"—Demanding who was dead,
Scarce yet aware she raved, she answer'd quick,
Her Cosmo, her beloved; for that his ghost,
All pale and gory, thrice had pass'd her bed.
With that, her passion breaking loose, my lord,
She pour'd her lamentation forth in strains
Pathetical beyond the reach of reason.
"Gone, gone, gone to the grave, and never knew
I loved him!"—I'd no power to speak, or move.—
I sat stone still,—a horror fell upon me.
At last, her little strength ebb'd out, she sank,
And lay, as in death's arms, till morning.

* From "Demetria."

SCENE FROM HADAD.

The terraced roof of ANSALOM's house by night; adorned with vases of flowers and fragrant shrubs; an awning over part of it. TAMAR and HADAD.

Tam. No, no, I well remember—proofs, you said, Unknown to MOSES.

Had. Well, my love, thou know'st I've been a traveller in various climes; Trod Ethiopia's scorching sands, and scaled The snow-clad mountains; trusted to the deep; Traversed the fragrant islands of the sea, And with the wise conversed of many nations.

Tam. I know thou hast.

Had. Of all mine eyes have seen, The greatest, wisest, and most wonderful Is that dread sage, the Ancient of the Mountain.

Tam. Who?

Had. None knows his lineage, age, or name: his locks

Are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes Beam with the wisdom of collected ages. In green, unbroken years he sees, 'tis said, The generations pass, like autumn fruits, Garner'd, consumed, and springing fresh to life, Again to perish, while he views the sun, The seasons roll, in rapt serenity, And high communion with celestial powers. Some say 'tis SHEM, our father, some say ENOCH, And some MELCHISEDEK.

Tam. I've heard a tale Like this, but ne'er believed it.

Had. I have proved it.

Through perils dire, dangers most imminent, Seven days and nights, mid rocks and wildernesses, And boreal snows, and never-thawing ice, Where not a bird, a beast, a living thing, Save the far-soaring vulture comes, I dared My desperate way, resolved to know or perish.

Tam. Rash, rash adventurer!

Had. On the highest peak

Of stormy Caucasus there blooms a spot On which perpetual sunbeams play, where flowers And verdure never die; and there he dwells.

Tam. But didst thou see him?

Had. Never did I view

Such awful majesty: his reverend locks Hung like a silver mantle to his feet; His raiment glistened saintly white, his brow Rose like the gate of Paradise; his mouth Was musical as its bright guardians' songs.

Tam. What did he tell thee? O! what wisdom fell

From lips so hallow'd?

Had. Whether he possesses

The Tetragrammaton—the powerful name Inscribed on MOSES' rod, by which he wrought Unheard-of wonders, which constrains the heavens To shower down blessings, shakes the earth, and rules

The strongest spirits; or if God hath given A delegated power, I cannot tell.

But 'twas from him I learn'd their fate, their fall, Who erewhile wore resplendent crowns in heaven; Now scatter'd through the earth, the air, the sea. Them he compels to answer, and from them Has drawn what MOSES, nor no mortal ear Has ever heard.

Tam. But did he tell it thee?

Had. He told me much—more than I dare reveal; For with a dreadful oath he seal'd my lips.

Tam. But canst thou tell me nothing? Why unfold

So much, if I must hear no more?

Had. You bade

Explain my words, almost reproach me, sweet, For what by accident escaped me.

Tam. Ah!

A little—something tell me—sure not all Were words inhibited.

Had. Then promise never, Never to utter of this conference A breath to mortal.

Tam. Solemnly I vow.

Had. Even then, 'tis little I can say, compared With all the marvels he related.

Tam. Come,

I'm breathless. Tell me how they sinn'd, how fell.

Had. Their head, their prince involved them in his ruin.

Tam. What black offence on his devoted head Drew endless punishment?

Had. The wish to be Like the All-Perfect.

Tam. Arrogating that

Due only to his Maker! awful crime!

But what their doom! their place of punishment?

Had. Above, about, beneath; earth, sea, and air; Their habitations various as their minds, Employments, and desires.

Tam. But are they round us, HADAD? not confined

In penal chains and darkness?

Had. So he said,

And so your holy books infer. What saith Your prophet? what the prince of Uz?

Tam. I shudder,

Lest some dark minister be near us now.

Had. You wrong them. They are bright intelligences,

Robb'd of some native splendour, and cast down, 'Tis true, from heaven; but not deform'd and foul, Revengeful, malice-working fiends, as fools Suppose. They dwell, like princes, in the clouds; Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky; Or arch their palaces beneath the hills, With stones inestimable studded so, That sun or stars were useless there.

Tam. Good heavens!

Had. He bade me look on rugged Caucasus, Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken, Naked and wild, as if creation's ruins Were heaped in one immeasurable chain Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms Of everlasting winter. But within Are glorious palaces and domes of light, Irradiate halls and crystal colonnades,

Vaults set with gems the purchase of a crown,
Blazing with lustre past the noontide beam,
Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking
The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.

Tam. Unheard-of splendour!

Had. There they dwell, and muse,
And wander; beings beautiful, immortal,
Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky,
Whose thoughts connect past, present, and to come,
And glow with light intense, imperishable.
Thus, in the sparry chambers of the sea
And air-pavilions, rainbow tabernacles,
They study nature's secrets, and enjoy
No poor dominion.

Tam. Are they beautiful,
And powerful far beyond the human race?

Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it.
When

The sage described them, fiery eloquence
Flow'd from his lips; his bosom heaved, his eyes
Grew bright and mystical; moved by the theme,
Like one who feels a deity within.

Tam. Wondrous! What intercourse have they
with men?

Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man,
But oft with woman.

Tam. Ha! with woman?

Had. She
Attracts them with her gentler virtues, soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves.
They have been known to love her with a passion
Stronger than human.

Tam. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.

Had. This the sage affirms;
And Moses, darkly.

Tam. How do they appear?
How manifest their love?

Had. Sometimes 'tis spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition. They have stoop'd
To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.

Tam. Frightful to be so beloved!
Who could endure the horrid thought! What makes
Thy cold hand tremble? or is't mine
That feels so deathly?

Had. Dark imaginations haunt me
When I recall the dreadful interview.

Tam. O, tell them not: I would not hear them.

Had. But why condemn a spirit's love? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deign'd!

Tam. Forswear
My Maker! love a demon!

Had. No—O, no—
My thoughts but wander'd. Oft, alas! they wander.

Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly now? And
Thine eyes are fix'd again upon Arcturus. [lo!
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,
Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power
To cause or cure thy melancholy mood?

[*He appears lost in thought.*

Tell me, ascribest thou influence to the stars?

Had. (*starting.*) The stars! What know'st
thou of the stars?

Tam. I know that they were made to rule the
night.

Had. Like palace lamps! 'Thou echoest well
thy grandsire.

Woman! the stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite!

Tam. Speak not so wildly.

I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.

Had. Eternity!

O! mighty, glorious, miserable thought!
Had ye endured like those great sufferers,
Like them, seen ages, myriad ages roll;
Could ye but look into the void abyss
With eyes experienced, unobscured by torments,
Then mightst thou name it, name it feelingly.

Tam. What ails thee, *HADAD*? Draw me not
so close.

Had. *TAMAR*! I need thy love—more than thy
love—

Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears—Nay, let us
'Tis late—I cannot, must not linger. [part—

[*Breaks from him, and exit.*

Had. Loved and abhorr'd! Still, still accursed!
[*He paces twice or thrice up and down, with
passionate gestures; then turns his face to
the sky, and stands a moment in silence.*]

O! where,

In the illimitable space, in what
Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,
Their radiant journey run, forever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning?
[*Exit.*

ARTHUR'S SOLILOQUY.*

HERE let me pause, and breathe a while, and wipe
These servile drops from off my burning brow.
Amidst these venerable trees, the air
Seems hallow'd by the breath of other times.—
Companions of my fathers! ye have mark'd
Their generations pass. Your giant arms
Shadow'd their youth, and proudly canopied
Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory,
These walks they trod to meditate on heaven.
What warlike pageants have ye seen! what trains
Of captives, and what heaps of spoil! what pomp,
When the victorious chief, war's tempest o'er,
In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply!
What floods of splendour, bursts of jocund din,
Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades,
When night awoke the tumult of the feast,
The song of damsels, and the sweet-toned lyre!
Then, princely *PENEZ* reigned amidst his halls,
Champion, and judge, and father of the north.
O, days of ancient grandeur! are ye gone?
Forever gone! Do these same scenes behold
His offspring here, the hiring of a foe?
O, that I knew my fate! that I could read
The destiny which Heaven has mark'd for me!

* From "Percy's Masque."

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Born, 1791.]

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in 1791. His father, who still survives, was one of that celebrated band who, in 1773, resisted taxation by pouring the tea on board several British ships into the sea.

Mr. SPRAGUE was educated in the schools of his native city, which he left at an early period to acquire in a mercantile house a practical knowledge of trade. When he was about twenty-one years of age, he commenced the business of a merchant on his own account, and continued in it, I believe, until he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank, one of the first establishments of its kind in Massachusetts. This office he now holds, and he has from the time he accepted it discharged its duties in a faultless manner, notwithstanding the venerable opinion that a poet must be incapable of successfully transacting practical affairs. In this period he has found leisure to study the works of the greatest authors, and particularly those of the masters of English poetry, with which, probably, very few contemporary writers are more familiar; and to write the admirable poems on which is based his own reputation.

The first productions of Mr. SPRAGUE which attracted much attention, were a series of brilliant prologues, the first of which was written for the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1821. Prize theatrical addresses are proverbially among the most worthless compositions in the poetic form. Their brevity and peculiar character prevents the development in them of original conceptions and striking ideas, and they are usually made up of commonplace thoughts and images, compounded with little skill. Those by Mr. SPRAGUE are certainly among the best of their kind, and some passages in them are conceived in the true spirit of poetry. The following lines are from the one recited at the opening of a theatre in Philadelphia, in 1822.

"To grace the stage, the bard's career'ing mind
Seeks other worlds, and leaves his own behind;
He tures from air its bright, unprison'd forms,
Breaks through the tomb, and Death's dull region storms,
O'er ruin'd realms he pours creative day,
And slumbering kings his mighty voice obey.
From its damp shades the long-laid spirit walks,
And round the murderer's bed in vengeance stalks.
Poor, maniac Beauty brings her cypress wreath,—
Her smile a moonbeam on a blasted heath;
Round some cold grave she comes, sweet flowers to strew,
And, lost to Heaven, still to love is true.
Hate shuts his soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads;
Power lifts his axe, and Truth's bold service bleeds;
Remorse drops anguish from his burning eyes,
Feels hell's eternal worm, and, shuddering, dies;
War's trophied minion, too, forsakes the dust,
Grasps his worn shield, and waves his sword of rust,
Springs to the slaughter at the trumpet's call,
Again to conquer, or again to fall."

The ode recited in the Boston theatre, at a pageant in honour of SHAKESPEARE, in 1823, is one

of the most vigorous and beautiful lyrics in the English language. The first poet of the world, the greatness of his genius, the vast variety of his scenes and characters, formed a subject well fitted for the flowing and stately measure chosen by our author, and the universal acquaintance with the writings of the immortal dramatist enables every one to judge of the merits of his composition. Though to some extent but a reproduction of the creations of SHAKESPEARE, it is such a reproduction as none but a man of genius could effect.

The longest of Mr. SPRAGUE's poems is entitled "Curiosity." It was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in August, 1829. It is in the heroic measure, and its diction is faultless. The subject was happily chosen, and admitted of a great variety of illustrations. The descriptions of the miser, the novel-reader, and the father led by curiosity to visit foreign lands, are among the finest passages in Mr. SPRAGUE's writings. "Curiosity" was published in Calcutta a few years ago, as an original work by a British officer, with no other alterations than the omission of a few American names, and the insertion of others in their places, as SCOTT for COOPER, and CHALMERS for CHANNING; and in this form it was reprinted in London, where it was much praised in some of the critical gazettes.

The poem delivered at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, contains many spirited passages, but it is not equal to "Curiosity" or "The Shakspeare Ode." Its versification is easy and various, but it is not so carefully finished as most of Mr. SPRAGUE's productions. "The Winged Worshippers," "Lines on the Death of M. S. C.," "The Family Meeting," "Art," and several other short poems, evidence great skill in the use of language, and show him to be a master of the poetic art. They are all in good taste; they are free from turgidness; and are pervaded by a spirit of good sense, which is unfortunately wanting in much of the verse written in this age.

Mr. SPRAGUE has written, besides his poems, an essay on drunkenness, and an oration, pronounced at Boston on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence; and I believe he contributed some papers to the "New England Magazine," while it was edited by his friend J. T. BUCKINGHAM. The style of his prose is florid and much less carefully finished than that of his poetry.

He mixes but little in society, and, I have been told, was never thirty miles from his native city. His leisure hours are passed among his books; with the few "old friends, the tried, the true," who travelled with him up the steeps of manhood; or in the quiet of his own fireside. His poems show the strength of his domestic and social affections.

CURIOSITY.*

It came from Heaven—its power archangels knew,
When this fair globe first rounded to their view;
When the young sun reveal'd the glorious scene
Where oceans gather'd and where lands grew green;
When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarm'd,
And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warm'd:

It reign'd in Eden—when that man first woke,
Its kindling influence from his eye-balls spoke;
No roving childhood, no exploring youth
Led him along, till wonder chill'd to truth;
Full-form'd at once, his subject world he trod,
And gazed upon the labours of his God;
On all, by turns, his charter'd glance was cast,
While each pleased best as each appear'd the last;
But when She came, in nature's blameless pride,
Bone of his bone, his heaven-anointed bride,
All meaner objects faded from his sight,
And sense turn'd giddy with the new delight;
Those charm'd his eye, but this entranced his soul,
Another self, queen-wonder of the whole!
Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood,
And, like his Maker, saw that all was good.

It reign'd in Eden—in that heavy hour
When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,
In thrilling charm her yielding heart assail'd,
And even o'er dread JENOVAN's word prevail'd.
There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew,
And hung its mystic apples to her view:
"Eat," breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise,
"Ye shall know all things; gather, and be wise!"
Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole,
And roused the ruling passion of her soul.
"Ye shall become like God,"—transcendent fate!
That God's command forgot, she pluck'd and ate;
Ate, and her partner lured to share the crime,
Whose wo, the legend saith, must live through time.
For this they shrank before the Avenger's face,
For this He drove them from the sacred place;
For this came down the universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

It came from Heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—

It roves on earth, and every walk invades:
Childhood and age alike its influence own;
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low it turns,
With terror curdles and with rapture burns;
Now feels a seraph's throb, now, less than man's,
A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

'Tis CURIOSITY—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant see the power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand;
Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;

Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break, and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores;
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask;
And, when the waning hour to-bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more!

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arch'd the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;

Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who fill'd the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort, or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father, who made God?"

Thus through life's stages may we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour.
It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and frozen seas to roam;
By air-blown bubbles buoy'd, it bids him rise,
And hang, an atom in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.

Turn to the world—its curious dwellers view,
Like PAUL's Athenians, seeking something new.
Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
A murder, or a muster, 'tis the same,
Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame.
Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air,
How the roused multitude come round to stare;
Sport drops his ball, Toil throws his hammer by,
Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye;
Up fly the windows, even fair mistress cook,
Though dinner burn, must run to take a look.
In the thronged court the ruling passions read,
Where STOUT dooms, where WIRT and WEBSTER plead;

Yet kindred minds alone their flights shall trace,
The herd press on to see a cut-throat's face.
Around the gallows' foot behold them draw,
When the lost villain answers to the law;
Soft souls, how anxious on his pangs to gloat,
When the vile cord shall tighten round his throat;
And, ah! each hard-bought stand to quit how grieved,

As the sad rumour runs—"The man's reprieved!"
See to the church the pious myriads pour,
Squeeze through the aisles and jostle round the door;

* Delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1829.

Does **LANGDON** preach?—(I veil his quiet name
Who serves his God, and cannot stoop to fame;—)
No, 'tis some reverend mime, the latest rage,
Who thumps the desk, that should have trod the
stage;

Cant's veriest ranter crams a house, if new,
When **PAUL** himself, oft heard, would hardly fill
a pew.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warp'd mirror to a gaping age;
There, where, to raise the drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne;
There, where grown children gather round, to praise
The new-vamp'd legends of their nursery days;
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to
shame,

Then ten of **CHANNING**'s lectures can reclaim;
There, where in idiot rapture we adore
The herded vagabonds of every shore:
Women unsex'd, who, lost to woman's pride,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride;
Pert, lisping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;
Neat-jointed mummors, mocking nature's shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,
Where Sin holds carnival and Wit keeps Lent;
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,
One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush,
When mincing **RAVENOR** sports tight pantalettes,
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes;
There, at each ribald sally, where we hear
The knowing giggle and the scurille jeer;
While from the intellectual gallery first
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.

Gods! who can grace yon desecrated dome,
When he may turn his **SHAKESPEARE** o'er at home?
Who there can group the pure ones of his race,
To see and hear what bids him veil his face?
Ask ye who can? why I, and you, and you;
No matter what the nonsense, if 'tis new.
To Doctor **Logic**'s wit our sons give ear;
They have no time for **HAMLET**, or for **LEAR**;
Our daughters turn from gentle **JULIET**'s wo,
To count the twirls of **ALMAVIVA**'s toe.

Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat,
But ours, who throng the board and grossly eat;
We laud, indeed, the virtue-kindling stage,
And prate of **SHAKESPEARE** and his deathless page;
But go, announce his best, on **COOPER** call,
COOPER, "the noblest Roman of them all;"
Where are the crowds, so wont to choke the door?
'Tis an old thing, they've seen it all before.

Pray Heaven, if yet indeed the stage must stand,
With guiltless mirth it may delight the land;
Far better else each scenic temple fall,
And one approving silence curtain all.
Despots to shame may yield their rising youth,
But Freedom dwells with purity and truth;
Then make the effort, ye who rule the stage—
With novel decency surprise the age;
Even Wit, so long forgot, may play its part,
And Nature yet have power to melt the heart;

Perchance the listeners, to their instinct true,
May fancy common sense—'t were surely something new.

Turn to the Press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and
wrecks,

Harangues, and hail-storms, brawls, and broken
necks;

Where half-fledged bards, on feeble pinions, seek
An immortality of near a week;

Where cruel eulogists the dead restore,
In maudlin praise, to martyr them once more;

Where ruffian slanderers wreak their coward spite,
And need no venom'd dagger while they write:

There, (with a quill so noisy and so vain,
We almost hear the goose it clothed complain.)

Where each hack scribe, as hate or interest burns,
Toad or toad-eater, stains the page by turns;

Enacts virtue, usurps the critic's chair,
Lauds a mock **GUIDO**, or a mouthing player;

Viceroy's it o'er the realms of prose and rhyme,
Now puffs pert "**Pelham**," now "**The Course of**

Time;"

And, though ere Christmas both may be forgot,
Vows this beats **MILTON**, and that **WALTER SCOTT**;

With **SAMSON**'s vigour feels his nerves expand,
To overthrow the nobles of the land;

Soils the green garlands that for **OTIS** bloom,
And plants a brier even on **CANOT**'s tomb;

As turn the party coppers, heads or tails,
And now this faction and now that prevails;

Applauds to-day what yesterday he cursed,
Lampoons the wisest, and extols the worst;

While, hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
Which sullies best, the slander or the praise.

Yet, sweet or bitter, hence what fountains burst,
While still the more we drink, the more we thirst:

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the page has run;

The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;

While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone;

The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;

Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings;

Naught comes amiss, we take the nauseous stuff,
Verjuice or oil, a libel or a puff.

'T is this sustains that coarse, licentious tribe
Of tenth-rate type-men, gaping for a bribe;

That reptile race, with all that's good at strife,
Who trail their slime through every walk of life;

Stain the white tablet where a great man's name
Stands proudly chisell'd by the hand of Fame;

Nor round the sacred fireside fear to crawl,
But drop their venom there, and poison all.

'T is Curiosity—though, in its round,
No one poor dupe the calumny has found,

Still shall it live, and still new slanders breed;
What though we ne'er believe, we buy and read;

Like Scotland's war-cries, thrown from hand to
hand,

To rouse the angry passions of the land,

So the black falsehood flies from ear to ear,
While goodness grieves, but, grieving, still must
hear.

All are not such? O no, there are, thank Heaven,
A nobler troop, to whom this trust is given;
Who, all unbribed, on Freedom's ramparts stand,
Faithful and firm, bright warders of the land.
By them still lifts the Press its arm abroad,
To guide all-curious man along life's road;
To cheer young Genius, Pity's tear to start,
In Truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart;
O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,
And scourge the unsex'd thing that scorns her Gon;
To hunt Corruption from his secret den,
And show the monster up, the gaze of wondering
men.

How swells my theme! how vain my power I
find,

To track the windings of the curious mind;
Let aught be hid, though useless, nothing boots,
Straightway it must be pluck'd up by the roots.
How oft we lay the volume down to ask
Of him, the victim in the Iron Mask;
The crusted medal rub with painful care,
To spell the legend out—that is not there;
With dubious gaze, o'er mossgrown tombstones
bend,

To find a name—the heralds never penn'd;
Dig through the lava-deluged city's breast,
Learn all we can, and wisely guess the rest:
Ancient or modern, sacred or profane,
All must be known, and all obscure made plain;
If 't was a pippin tempted EVE to sin;
If glorious BYRON drugg'd his muse with gin;
If Troy o'er stood; if SHAKESPEARE stole a deer;
If Israel's missing tribes found refuge here;
If like a villain Captain HENRY lied;
If like a martyr Captain MORGAN died.

Its aim oft idle, lovely in its end,
We turn to look, then linger to befriend;
The maid of Egypt thus was led to save
A nation's future leader from the wave;
New things to hear, when erst the Gentiles ran,
Truth closed what Curiosity began.
How many a noble art, now widely known,
Owes its young impulse to this power alone;
Even in its slightest working, we may trace
A deed that changed the fortunes of a race:
BRUCE, bann'd and hunted on his native soil,
With curious eye survey'd a spider's toil:
Six times the little climber strove and fail'd;
Six times the chief before his foes had quail'd;
"Once more," he cried, "in thine my doom I
read,

Once more I dare the fight, if thou succeed;"
'T was done—the insect's fate he made his own,
Once more the battle waged, and gain'd a throne.

Behold the sick man, in his easy chair,
Barr'd from the busy crowd and bracing air,—
How every passing trifle proves its power
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour.
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.

So with each new-born nothing rolls the day,
Till some kind neighbour, stumbling in his way,
Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse,
And makes him happy while he tells—the news.

The news! our morning, noon, and evening
cry,

Day unto day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?" then lay him in the
ground;

To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,
For this the dinner cools, the bed remains un-
press'd.

What gives each tale of scandal to the street,
The kitchen's wonder, and the parlour's treat?
See the pert housemaid to the keyhole fly,
When husband storms, wife frets, or lovers sigh;
See Tom your pockets ransack for each note,
And read your secrets while he cleans your coat;
See, yes, to listen see even madam deign,
When the smug seamstress pours her ready strain.
This wings that lie that malice breeds in fear,
No tongue so vile but finds a kindred ear;
Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly,
Caught by Paul Pry and carried home to Polly;
On this each foul calumniator leans,
And nods and hints the villany he means;
Full well he knows what latent wildfire lies
In the close whisper and the dark surmise;
A muffled word, a wordless wink has woke
A warmer throb than if a DEXTER spoke;
And he, o'er EVERETT's periods who would nod,
To track a secret, half the town has trod.

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can
save,

Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,—
Felon unwhipp'd! than whom in yonder cells
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,
Blush—if of honest blood a drop remains,
To steal its lonely way along thy veins,
Blush—if the bronze, long harden'd on thy cheek,
Has left a spot where that poor drop can speak;
Blush to be branded with the slanderer's name,
And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least dread
shame.

We hear, indeed, but shudder while we hear
The insidious falsehood and the heartless jeer;
For each dark libel that thou lick'st to shape,
Thou mayest from law, but not from scorn escape;
The pointed finger, cold, averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

The churl, who holds it heresy to *think*,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets first of fools;
Who never found what good from science grew,
Save the grand truth that one and one are two;
And marvels BOWDITCH o'er a book should pore,
Unless to make those two turn into four;

Who, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the sky,

Grieves that such quarries all unhewn should lie;
Or, gazing where Niagara's torrents thrill,
Exclaims, "A monstrous stream—to turn a mill!"
Who loves to feel the blessed winds of heaven,
But as his freighted barks are portward driven:
Even he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep:
Who never learn'd life's real bliss to know—
With Curiosity even he can glow.

Go, seek him out on yon dear Gotham's walk,
Where traffic's venturers meet to trade and talk:
Where Mammon's votaries bend, of each degree,
The hard-eyed lender, and the pale lender;
Where rogues, insolvent, strut in white-wash'd pride,

And shove the dupes, who trusted them, aside.
How through the buzzing crowd he threads his way,
To catch the flying rumours of the day,—
To learn of changing stocks, of bargains cross'd,
Of breaking merchants, and of cargoes lost;
The thousand ills that traffic's walks invade,
And give the heart-ache to the sons of trade.
How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries, "I told you so:
The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means,
He must buy brants—I make my folks eat beans;"
What cares he for the knave, the knave's sad wife,
The blighted prospects of an anxious life?
The kindly throbs, that other men control,
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends;
But, when to death he sinks, ungrieved, unsung,
Buoy'd by the blessing of no mortal tongue,—
No worth rewarded, and no want redress'd,
To scatter fragrance round his place of rest, —
What shall that hallow'd epitaph supply—
The universal woe when good men die?
Cold Curiosity shall linger there,
To guess the wealth he leaves his tearless heir;
Perchance to wonder what must be his doom,
In the far land that lies beyond the tomb;—
Alas! for him, if, in its awful plan,
Heaven deal with him as he hath dealt with man.

Child of romance, these work-day scenes you spurn;

For loftier things your finer pulses burn;
Through Nature's walk your curious way you take,
Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,—
Her spring's first cheerful green, her autumn's last,
Born in the breeze, or dying in the blast;
You climb the mountain's everlasting wall;
You linger where the thunder-waters fall;
You love to wander by old ocean's side,
And hold communion with its sullen tide;
Wash'd to your foot some fragment of a wreck,
Fancy shall build again the crowded deck
That trod the waves, till, mid the tempest's frown,
The sepulchre of living men went down.
Yet Fancy, with her milder, tenderer glow,
But dreams what Curiosity would know;
Ye would stand listening, as the booming gun
Proclaim'd the work of agony half-done;

There would you drink each drowning seaman's cry,

As wild to heaven he cast his frantic eye;
Though vain all aid, though Pity's blood ran cold,
The mortal havoc ye would dare behold;
Still Curiosity would wait and weep,
Till all sank down to slumber in the deep.

Nor yet appeased the spirit's restless glow:
Ye would explore the gloomy waste below;
There, where the joyful sunbeams never fell,
Where ocean's unrecorded monsters dwell,
Where sleep earth's precious things, her rifled gold,

Bones bleach'd by ages, bodies hardly cold,
Of those who bow'd to fate in every form,
By battle-strife, by pirate, or by storm;
The sailor-chief, who Freedom's foes defied,
Wrapp'd in the sacred flag for which he died;
The wretch, thrown over to the midnight foam,
Stabb'd in his blessed dreams of love and home;
The mother, with her fleshless arms still clasp'd
Round the scared infant, that in death she grasp'd;
On these, and sights like these, ye long to gaze,
The mournful trophies of uncounted days;
All that the miser deep has brooded o'er,
Since its first billow roll'd to find a shore.

Once more the Press,—not that which daily flings

Its fleeting ray across life's fleeting things,—
See tomes on tomes of fancy and of power,
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holiest hour.
Now Fiction's groves we tread, where young Ro-

mance
Laps the glad senses in her sweetest trance;
Now through earth's cold, unpeopled realms we range,

And mark each rolling century's awful change;
Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honour'd dead.

'T was Heaven to lounge upon a couch, said GRAY,

And read new novels through a rainy day:
Add but the Spanish weed, the hard was right;
'T is heaven, the upper heaven of calm delight;
The world forgot, to sit at ease reclined,
While round one's head the smoky perfumes wind,
Firm in one hand the ivory folder grasp'd,
Scorr's uncut latest by the other clasp'd;
'T is heaven, the glowing, graphic page to turn,
And feel within the ruling passion burn;
Now through the dingles of his own bleak isle,
And now through lands that wear a sunnier smile,
To follow him, that all-creative one,
Who never found a "brother near his throne."

Look, now, directed by yon candle's blaze,
Where the false shutter half its trust betrays,—
Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
Its curtain round her polish'd shoulders spread;
Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power;
What keeps her waking in that dreary hour?
See where the volume on her pillow lies—
Claims RANDELLE or CHAPONE those frequent sighs!

'T is some wild legend,—now her kind eye fills,
And now cold terror every fibre chills;

Still she reads on—in Fiction's labyrinth lost—
Of tyrant fathers, and of true love cross'd ;
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffin'd bones,
Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door ;—
Still she reads on—even though to read she fears,
And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her look,
Glares in her face, the goblin of the book ;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast ;
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last ;
Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip o'er ;
At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased,
Her thirsting Curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

Her bright, her bloody records to unroll,
See History come, and wake th' inquiring soul :
How founders the bosom at each wondrous deed
Of those who founded, and of those who freed ;
The good, the valiant of our own loved clime,
Whose names shall brighten through the clouds
of time.

How rapt we linger o'er the volumed lore
That tracks the glories of each distant shore ;
In all their grandeur and in all their gloom,
The throned, the thrall'd rise dimly from the tomb ;
Chiefs, sages, bards, the giants of their race,
Earth's monarch men, her greatness and her grace ;
Warm'd as we read, the penman's page we spurn,
And to each near, each far arena turn ;
Here, where the Pilgrim's altar first was built,
Here, where the patriot's life-blood first was spilt ;
There, where new empires spread along each spot
Where old ones flourish'd but to be forgot,
Or, direr judgment, spared to fill a page,
And with their errors warn an after age.

And where is he upon that Rock can stand,
Nor with their firmness feel his heart expand,
Who a new empire planted where they trod,
And gave it to their children and their God ?
Who yon immortal mountain-shrine hath press'd,
With saintlier relics stored than priest e'er bless'd,
But felt each grateful pulse more warmly glow,
In voiceless reverence for the dead below ?
Who, too, by Curiosity led on,
To tread the shores of kingdoms come and gone,
Where Faith her martyrs to the fagot led,
Where Freedom's champions on the scaffold bled,
Where ancient power, though stripp'd of ancient
fame,

Curb'd, but not crushed, still lives for guilt and
shame,
But prouder, happier, turns on home to gaze,
And thanks his God who gave him better days ?

Undraw yon curtain ; look within that room,
Where all is splendour, yet where all is gloom :
Why weeps that mother ? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood ?
The battledore is still, laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its custom'd nook.
Who hath done this ? what cold, un pitying foe
Hath made this house the dwelling-place of wo ?

'Tis he, the husband, father, lost in care,
O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there :
The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand,
Bears him to-morrow from his native land.
Why turns he, half-unwilling, from his home ?
To tempt the ocean and the earth to roam ?
Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush ;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honour'd and so bless'd, what bids him go ?—
His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead ;
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime ;
The pagan's temple and the churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest
bower ;

All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams :
Where SOCRATES once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where HOMER pour'd his everlasting lay ;
From VIRGIL's tomb he longs to pluck one flower,
By AVON's stream to live one moonlight hour ;
To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a patriot's tear to MILTON's fate ;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old :
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of man ;
For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

Yet say, shall not new joy these hearts inspire,
When grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return ?—
Return ! alas ! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore.
Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow ;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep ;
Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.
Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear ;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true ;
The crew look on with sad, but curious view ;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays ;
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays ;
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of death's Sabbath-hour :
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid ;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace ;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more ;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

"Alps rise on Alps"—in vain my muse essays
To lay the spirit that she dared to raise :
What spreading scenes of rapture and of wo,
With rose and cypress lure me as I go.
In every question and in every glance,
In folly's wonder and in wisdom's trance,

In all of life, nor yet of life alone,
In all beyond, this mighty power we own.
We would unclasp the mystic book of fate,
And trace the paths of all we love and hate;
The father's heart would learn his children's
doom,

Even when that heart is crumbling in the tomb;
If they must sink in guilt, or soar to fame,
And leave a hated or a hallow'd name;
By hope elated, or depress'd by doubt,
Even in the death-pang he would find it out.

What boots it to your dust, your son were born
An empire's idol or a rabble's scorn?
Think ye the franchised spirit shall return,
To share his triumph, his disgrace to mourn!
Ah, Curiosity! by thee inspired,
This truth to know how oft has man inquired!
And is it fancy all? can reason say
Earth's loves must moulder with earth's moulder-
ing clay?

That death can chill the father's sacred glow,
And hush the throb that none but mothers know!
Must we believe those tones of dear delight,
The morning welcome and the sweet good-night,
The kind monition and the well-earn'd praise,
That won and warm'd us in our earlier days,
Turn'd, as they fell, to cold and common air!—
Speak, proud Philosophy! the truth declare!

Yet, no, the fond delusion, if no more,
We would not yield for wisdom's cheerless lore;
A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
The dead return, with them to joy or grieve.
How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,
When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,
When the round moon rolls through the unpillar'd
skies,

And stars look down as they were angels' eyes,
How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,
And hear their voices in the night-winds sigh.
Full many an idle dream that hope had broke,
And the awed heart to holy goodness woke;
Full many a felon's guilt in thought had died,
Fear'd he his father's spirit by his side;—
Then let that fear, that hope, control the mind;
Still let us question, still no answer find;
Let Curiosity of Heaven inquire,
Nor earth's cold dogmas quench the ethereal fire.

Nor even to life, nor death, nor time confined—
The dread hereafter fills the exploring mind;
We burst the grave, profane the coffin's lid,
Unwisely ask of all so wisely hid;
Eternity's dark record we would read,
Mysteries, unravell'd yet by mortal creed;
Of life to come, unending joy and wo,
And all that holy wranglers dream below;
To find their jarring dogmas out we long,
Or which is right, or whether all be wrong;
Things of an hour, we would invade His throne,
And find out Him, the Everlasting One!
Faith we may boast, undarken'd by a doubt,
We thirst to find each awful secret out;
Hope may sustain, and innocence impart
Her sweet specific to the fearless heart;
The inquiring spirit will not be controll'd,
We would make certain all, and all behold.

Unfathom'd well-head of the boundless soul!
Whose living waters lure us as they roll,
From thy pure wave one cheering hope we draw—
Man, man at least shall spurn proud Nature's law.
All that have breath, but he, lie down content,
Life's purpose served, indeed, when life is spent;
All as in Paradise the same are found;
The beast, whose footstep shakes the solid ground,
The insect living on a summer spire,
The bird, whose pinion courts the sunbeam's fire;
In lair and nest, in way and want, the same
As when their sires sought Adam for a name:
Their be-all and their end-all here below,
They nothing need beyond, nor need to know;
Earth and her hoards their every want supply,
They revel, rest, then, fearless, hopeless, die.
But Man, his Maker's likeness, lord of earth,
Who owes to Nature little but his birth,
Shakes down her puny chains, her wants, and woes,
One world subdues, and for another glows.
See him, the feeblest, in his cradle laid;
See him, the mightiest, in his mind array'd!
How wide the gulf he clears, how bold the flight
That bears him upward to the realms of light!
By restless Curiosity inspired,
Through all his subject world he roves untired:
Looks back and scans the infant days of yore,
On to the time when time shall be no more;
Even in life's parting throb its spirit burns,
And, shut from earth, to heaven more warmly
turns.

Shall he alone, of mortal dwellers here,
Thus soar aloft to sink in mid-career!
Less favour'd than a worm, shall his stern doom
Lock up these seraph longings in the tomb?—
O Thou, whose fingers raised us from the dust,
Till there we sleep again, be this our trust:
This sacred hunger marks the immortal mind,
By Thee 't was given, for Thee, for heaven design'd;
There the rapt spirit, from earth's grossness freed,
Shall see, and know, and be like Thee indeed.
Here let me pause—no further I rehearse
What claims a loftier soul, a nobler verse;
The mountain's foot I have but loiter'd round,
Not dared to scale its highest, holiest ground;
But ventured on the pebbly shore to stray,
While the broad ocean all before me lay;—
How bright the boundless prospect there on high!
How rich the pearls that here all hidden lie!
But not for me—to life's coarse service sold,
Where thought lies barren and naught breeds but
gold—

'Tis yours, ye favour'd ones, at whose command
From the cold world I ventured, here to stand:
Ye who were lapp'd in Wisdom's murmuring
bowers,

Who still to bright improvement yield your hours;
To you the privilege and the power belong,
To give my theme the grace of living song;
Yours be the flapping of the eagle's wing,
To dare the loftiest crag, and heavenward spring;
Mine the light task to hop from spray to spray,
Bless'd if I charm one summer hour away.
One summer hour—its golden sands have run,
And the poor labour of the bard is done.—

Yet, ere I fling aside my humble lyre,
 Let one fond wish its trembling strings inspire;
 Fancy the task to Feeling shall resign,
 And the heart prompt the warm, untutor'd line.
 Peace to this ancient spot! here, as of old,
 May Learning dwell, and all her stores unfold;
 Still may her priests around these altars stand,
 And train to truth the children of the land;
 Bright be their paths, within these shades who rest,
 These brother-bands—beneath his guidance bless'd,
 Who, with their fathers, here turn'd wisdom's page,
 Who comes to them the statesman and the sage.
 Praise be his portion in his labours here,
 The praise that cheer'd a KIRKLAND's mild career;
 The love that finds in every breast a shrine,
 When zeal and gentleness with wisdom join.
 Here may he sit, while race succeeding race
 Go proudly forth his parent care to grace;
 In head and heart by him prepared to rise,
 To take their stations with the good and wise:
 This crowning recompense to him be given,
 To see them guard on earth and guide to heaven;
 Thus, in their talents, in their virtues bless'd,
 O be his ripest years his happiest and his best!

SHAKSPEARE ODE.*

Gon of the glorious lyre!
 Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
 While Jove's exulting choir
 Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
 Come! bless the service and the shrine
 We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
 When Havoc led his legions forth,
 O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyer
 spread:
 In dust the sacred statue slept,
 Fair Science round her altars wept,
 And Wisdom cowl'd his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
 The raven veil of night was torn,
 When, through golden clouds descending,
 Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
 Till Avon rolled, all sparkling to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
 Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel
 stray'd.
 Lighting there and lingering long,
 Thou didst teach the bard his song;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
 And round his brows a garland curl'd;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
 And bade him wake and warm the world!

Then SHAKSPEARE rose!
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And, lo! a new creation glows!

There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance;
 Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
 And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sun-beams lit,
 Waking laughter's merry swell,
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes
 his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
 Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
 Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
 Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her
 maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
 Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb
 Where his plighted victims lie—
 Where they met, but met to die:
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
 Through the dewy arbour peeping,
 Where Beauty's child, the frowning world
 forgot,
 To youth's devoted tale is listening,
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard
 the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
 Obedient to their master's song,
 And lead in willing chain the wandering soul along,
 For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd in vain—
 O'er other worlds see SHAKSPEARE rove and reign!
 The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.
 Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,
 Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise:
 Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
 And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of Sleep:
 Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores
 The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.

The fireside legend, and the faded page,
 The crime that cursed, the deed that bless'd an
 age,
 All, all come forth, the good to charm and cheer,
 To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous
 tear;
 With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path of
 Fame.

Lo! hand in hand,
 Hell's juggling sisters stand,
 To greet their victim from the fight;
 Group'd on the blasted heath,
 They tempt him to the work of death,
 Then melt in air, and mock his wondering
 sight.

* Delivered in the Boston Theatre, in 1823, at the exhibition of a pageant in honour of SHAKSPEARE.

In midnight's hallow'd hour
 He seeks the fatal tower,
 Where the lone raven, perch'd on high,
 Pours to the sullen gale
 Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
 And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
 See, by the phantom dagger led,
 Pale, guilty thing,
 Slowly he steals with silent tread,
 And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping
 king.

Hark! 't is the signal bell,
 Struck by that bold and unsex'd one,
 Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
 His ear hath caught the knell—
 'T is done! 't is done!
 Behold him from the chamber rushing,
 Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing:
 Look, where he trembling stands,
 Sad, gazing there,
 Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
 And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair.

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
 There flit the slaves of conscience round,
 With hoding tongues foul murderers num-
 bering;
 Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
 In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
 At his own dull scream behold him waking!
 Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
 For him the living furies burn;
 For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
 And chides the lagging night, and whets her hun-
 gry beak.

Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
 Echoes round the vale of death.
 Unhorsed, unhelm'd, disdainful shield,
 The panting tyrant scours the field.
 Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
 The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven,
 He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
 And all his guilty glories fade.
 Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lies,
 And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king—
 Yon white-lock'd, weeping sire—
 Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring,
 And burst their streams of flood and fire!
 He gave them all—the daughters of his love:
 That recreant pair! they drive him forth to
 rove;

In such a night of wo,
 The cubless regent of the wood
 Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
 And caverns with her foe!
 Yet one was ever kind:
 Why lingers she behind?

O pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
 Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.

His aching eyeballs strain,
 To see those curtain'd orbs unfold,
 That beauteous bosom heave again:
 But, all is dark and cold.
 In agony the father shakes;

Grief's choking note
 Swells in his throat,
 Each wither'd heart-string tugs and breaks!
 Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
 And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss
 breathes.

Down! trembling wing: shall insect weakness keep
 The sun-defying eagle's sweep?
 A mortal strike celestial strings,
 And feebly echo what a seraph sings!
 Who now shall grace the glowing throne,
 Where, all unrivall'd, all alone,
 Bold SHAKESPEARE sat, and look'd creation through,
 The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
 On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.
 Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
 One spot shall spare—the grave where SHAKESPEARE
 sleeps.

Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
 But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
 Art's chisel'd boast and Glory's trophied shore
 Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
 While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may
 claim,

Still roars the Olympic car in PINDAR's fame:
 Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes pass'd away,
 Yet frown on Greece in HOMER's deathless lay;
 Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
 Stands all immortal in her MARO's strains;
 So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
 On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,
 To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
 And all her triumphs in her SHAKESPEARE end!

O thou! to whose creative power
 We dedicate the festal hour,
 While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
 Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipp'd
 band—

Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
 Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
 Deep in the west, as Independence roves,
 His banners planting round the land he loves,
 Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
 In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race:
 Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
 And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
 Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
 But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,
 Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind;
 Still o'er our land shall Albion's sceptre wave,
 And what her mighty lion lost, her mightier swan
 shall save.

THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two—the others sleep
 Through death's untroubled night;
 We are but two—O, let us keep
 The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
"Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke:
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky,
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE."

O, IT is life! departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze:
'Tis EMMA's self—this brow so fair,
Half-curtain'd in this glossy hair,
These eyes, the very home of love,
The dark twin arches traced above,
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is—ah no!—'tis all *but* life.

'Tis all *but* life—art could not save
Thy graces, EMMA, from the grave;
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,
Thy love-lit eyes have look'd their last;
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,
All we adored of thee is hid;
Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell,
Is throbless in the narrow cell;
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more;
Its last, last, joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,
The requiem of the fair and young;
The theme is old, alas! how old,
Of grief that will not be controll'd,
Of sighs that speak a father's wo,
Of pangs that none but mothers know,
Of friendship, with its bursting heart,
Doom'd from the idol-one to part—
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain
Shall long to go, but long in vain;
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And, gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

'Tis darkness all! black banners wave
Round the cold borders of the grave;
There, when in agony we bend
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,
One only comfort then we know—
We, too, shall quit this world of wo;
We, too, shall find a quiet place
With the dear lost ones of our race;
Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,
And life's sad story find an end.

And *is* this all—this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime—
There, when the storms of life are past,
The light beyond shall break at last.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in you bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

DEDICATION HYMN.

God of wisdom, God of might,
Father! dearest name of all,
Bow thy throne and bless our rite;
'Tis thy children on thee call.
Glorious ONE! look down from heaven,
Warm each heart and wake each vow;
Unto Thee this house is given;
With thy presence fill it now.

Fill it now! on every soul
Shed the incense of thy grace,
While our anthem-echoes roll
Round the consecrated place;
While thy holy page we read,
While the prayers Thou lovest ascend,
While thy cause thy servants plead,—
Fill this house, our God, our Friend.

Fill it now—O, fill it long!
So, when death shall call us home,
Still to Thee, in many a throng,
May our children's children come.
Bless them, Father, long and late,
Blot their sins, their sorrows dry;

Make this place to them the gate
Leading to thy courts on high.

There, when time shall be no more,
When the feuds of earth are past,
May the tribes of every shore
Congregate in peace at last!
Then to Thee, thou ONE all-wise,
Shall the gather'd millions sing,
Till the arches of the skies
With their hallelujahs ring.

TO MY CIGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner pass'd?
I would reply, with reason strong,
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day,
The odour of whose virtues lives
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

A while, like thee, earth's masters burn,
And smoke and fume around,
And then, like thee, to ashes turn,
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly roll'd,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is pass'd:
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

CENTENNIAL ODE.*

I.

Not to the pagan's mount I turn
 For inspirations now;
 Olympus and its gods I spurn—
 Pure One, be with me, Thou!
 Thou, in whose awful name,
 From suffering and from shame
 Our fathers fled, and braved a pathless sea;
 Thou, in whose holy fear,
 They fix'd an empire here,
 And gave it to their children and to Thee.

II.

And You! ye bright-ascended Dead,
 Who scorn'd the bigot's yoke,
 Come, round this place your influence shed;
 Your spirits I invoke.
 Come, as ye came of yore,
 When on an unknown shore
 Your daring hands the flag of faith unfurl'd,
 To float sublime,
 Through future time
 The beacon-banner of another world.

III.

Behold! they come—those sainted forms,
 Unshaken through the strife of storms;
 Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
 And earth puts on its rudest frown;
 But colder, ruder was the hand
 That drove them from their own fair land;
 Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
 Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat;
 By valour guarded, and by victory crown'd,
 For all, but gentle charity renown'd.
 With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
 Even from that land they dared to part,
 And burst each tender tie;
 Haunts, where their sunny youth was pass'd,
 Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
 In peaceful age to die.
 Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurn'd;
 Their fathers' hallow'd graves;
 And to a world of darkness turn'd,
 Beyond a world of waves.

IV.

When ISRAEL'S race from bondage fled,
 Signs from on high the wanderers led;
 But here—Heaven hung no symbol here,
 Their steps to guide, their souls to cheer;
 They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
 Naught but the fagot's guilty light;
 The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
 That round their murder'd brethren broke.
 Nor power above, nor power below
 Sustain'd them in their hour of wo;
 A fearful path they trod,
 And dared a fearful doom;
 To build an altar to their God,
 And find a quiet tomb.

* Pronounced at the Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Boston, September, 1830.

V.

But not alone, not all unblest'd,
 The exile sought a place of rest;
 ONE dared with him to burst the knot
 That bound her to her native spot;
 Her low, sweet voice in comfort spoke,
 As round their bark the billows broke;
 She through the midnight watch was there,
 With him to bend her knees in prayer;
 She trod the shore with girded heart,
 Through good and ill to claim her part;
 In life, in death, with him to seal
 Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

VI.

They come;—that coming who shall tell?
 The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
 But the poor tongue in vain essays
 A fitting note for them to raise.
 We hear the after-shout that rings
 For them who smote the power of kings;
 The swelling triumph all would share,
 But who the dark defeat would dare,
 And holdly meet the wrath and wo
 That wait the unsuccessful blow?
 It were an envied fate, we deem,
 To live a land's recorded theme,
 When we are in the tomb;
 We, too, might yield the joys of home,
 And waves of winter darkness roam,
 And tread a shore of gloom—
 Knew we those waves, through coming time,
 Should roll our names to every clime;
 Felt we that millions on that shore
 Should stand, our memory to adore.
 But no glad vision burst in light
 Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight;
 Their hearts no proud hereafter swell'd;
 Deep shadows veil'd the way they held;
 The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
 Their monument, a grave without a name.

VII.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
 On yonder ice-bound rock,
 Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
 To meet fate's rudest shock.
 Though anguish rends the father's breast,
 For them, his dearest and his best,
 With him the waste who trod—
 Though tears that freeze, the mother sheds
 Upon her children's houseless heads—
 The Christian turns to God!

VIII.

In grateful adoration now,
 Upon the barren sands they bow.
 What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer
 As bursts in desolation there?
 What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
 As waits to crown that feeble hour?
 There into life an infant empire springs!
 There falls the iron from the soul;
 There Liberty's young accents roll
 Up to the King of kings!

To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day;
Before the loftier throne of Heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given—
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
That monarch, God; that creed, His word alone.

IX.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell—
But what exploits with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind—
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas pass'd o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?

X.

O, many a time it hath been told,
The story of those men of old.
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed
Her sweetest, purest flower;
For this proud Eloquence hath breathed
His strain of loftiest power;
Devotion, too, hath linger'd round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
And hill and valley bless'd;
There, where our banish'd fathers stray'd,
There, where they loved, and wept, and pray'd,
There, where their ashes rest.

XI.

And never may they rest unsung,
While Liberty can find a tongue.
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem,
Who, to life's noblest end,
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours.

XII.

By centuries now the glorious hour we mark,
When to these shores they steer'd their shatter'd
bark;
And still, as other centuries melt away,
Shall other ages come to keep the day.
When we are dust, who gather round this spot,
Our joys, our griefs, our very names forgot,
Here shall the dwellers of the land be seen,
To keep the memory of the Pilgrims green.

Nor here alone their praises shall go round,
Nor here alone their virtues shall abound—
Broad as the empire of the free shall spread,
Far as the foot of man shall dare to tread,
Where our hath never dipp'd, where human tongue
Hath never through the woods of ages rung,
There, where the eagle's scream and wild wolf's cry
Keep ceaseless day and night through earth and sky,
Even there, in after time, as toil and taste
Go forth in gladness to redeem the waste,
Even there shall rise, as grateful myriads throng,
Faith's holy prayer and Freedom's joyful song;
There shall the flame that flash'd from yonder Rock,
Light up the land, till nature's final shock.

XIII.

Yet while, by life's endearments crown'd,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas! alas! for them—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green
lands;
Our fathers call'd them savage—they, whose bread,
In the dark hour, those famish'd fathers fed;
We call them savage, we,
Who hail the struggling free
Of every clime and hue;
We, who would save
The branded slave,
And give him liberty he never knew;
We, who but now have caught the tale
That turns each listening tyrant pale,
And bless'd the winds and waves that bore
The tidings to our kindred shore;
The triumph-tidings pealing from that land
Where up in arms insulted legions stand;
There, gathering round his bold compeers,
Where He, our own, our welcomed One,
Riper in glory than in years,
Down from his forfeit throne
A craven monarch hurl'd,
And spurn'd him forth, a proverb to the world!

XIV.

We call them savage—O, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, 'tis from the dust—
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye—
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he pray'd not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

XV.

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead—
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turn'd to nature for a creed;

Beneath the pillar'd dome,
 We seek our Gon in prayer;
 Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
 And the Great Spirit worshipp'd there.
 But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
 To one divinity with us he knelt;
 Freedom, the self-same Freedom we adore,
 Bade him defend his violated shore.
 He saw the cloud, ordain'd to grow,
 And burst upon his hills in wo;
 He saw his people withering by,
 Beneath the invader's evil eye;
 Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones;
 At midnight hour he woke to gaze
 Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
 And listen to his children's dying groans.
 He saw—and, maddening at the sight,
 Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
 To tiger rage his soul was driven;
 Mercy was not—nor sought nor given;
 The pale man from his lands must fly;
 He would be free—or he would die.

XVI.

And was this savage? say,
 Ye ancient few,
 Who struggled through
 Young Freedom's trial-day—
 What first your sleeping wrath awoke?
 On your own shores war's larum broke;
 What turn'd to gall even kindred blood?
 Round your own homes the oppressor stood;
 This every warm affection chill'd,
 This every heart with vengeance thrill'd,
 And strengthen'd every hand;
 From mound to mound
 The word went round—
 "Death for our native land!"

XVII.

Ye mothers, too, breathe ye no sigh
 For them who thus could dare to die?
 Are all your own dark hours forgot,
 Of soul-sick suffering here?
 Your pangs, as, from yon mountain spot,
 Death spoke in every booming shot
 That knell'd upon your ear?
 How oft that gloomy, glorious tale ye tell,
 As round your knees your children's children hang,
 Of them, the gallant ones, ye loved so well,
 Who to the conflict for their country sprang!
 In pride, in all the pride of wo,
 Ye tell of them, the brave laid low,
 Who for their birth-place bled;
 In pride, the pride of triumph then,
 Ye tell of them, the matchless men,
 From whom the invaders fled.

XVIII.

And ye, this holy place who throng,
 The annual theme to hear,
 And bid the exulting song
 Sound their great names from year to year;
 Ye, who invoke the chisel's breathing grace,
 In marble majesty their forms to trace;

Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise,
 To guard their dust and speak their praise;
 Ye, who, should some other band
 With hostile foot defile the land,
 Feel that ye like them would wake,
 Like them the yoke of bondage break,
 Nor leave a battle-blade undrawn,
 Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn—
 Say, have not ye one line for those,
 One brother-line to spare,
 Who rose but as your fathers rose,
 And dared as ye would dare!

XIX.

Alas! for them—their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out from hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds;
 The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
 Their children—look, by power oppress'd,
 Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go—to die.

XX.

O, doubly lost! Oblivion's shadows close
 Around their triumphs and their woes.
 On other realms, whose suns have set,
 Reflected radiance lingers yet;
 There sage and bard have shed a light
 That never shall go down in night;
 There time-crown'd columns stand on high,
 To tell of them who cannot die;
 Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
 In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
 But the doom'd Indian leaves behind no trace,
 To save his own, or serve another race;
 With his frail breath his power has pass'd away,
 His deeds, his thoughts are buried with his clay;
 Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page
 Shall link him to a future age,
 Or give him with the past a rank;
 His heraldry is but a broken bow,
 His history but a tale of wrong and wo,
 His very name must be a blank.

XXI.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps;
 O'er him no filial spirit weeps;
 No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend,
 To bless his coming and embalm his end;
 Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue;
 By foes alone his death-song must be sung;
 No chronicles but theirs shall tell
 His mournful doom to future times;
 May these upon his virtues dwell,
 And in his fate forget his crimes.

XXII.

Peace to the mingling dead!
 Beneath the turf we tread,
 Chief, pilgrim, patriot sleep.
 All gone! how changed! and yet the same
 As when Faith's herald bark first came
 In sorrow o'er the deep.

Still, from his noonday height,
The sun looks down in light;
Along the trackless realms of space,
The stars still run their midnight race;
The same green valleys smile, the same rough shore
Still echoes to the same wild ocean's roar;—
But where the bristling night-wolf sprang
Upon his startled prey,
Where the fierce Indian's war-cry rang
Through many a bloody fray,
And where the stern old pilgrim pray'd
In solitude and gloom,
Where the bold patriot drew his blade,
And dared a patriot's doom,—
Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.

XXIII.

All gone! the wild beast's lair is trodden out;
Proud temples stand in beauty there;
Our children raise their merry shout
Where once the death-whoop vex'd the air.
The pilgrim—seek yon ancient mound of graves,
Beneath that chapel's holy shade;
Ask, where the breeze the long grass waves,
Who, who within that spot are laid:
The patriot—go, to Fame's proud mount repair;
The tardy pile, slow rising there,
With tongueless eloquence shall tell
Of them who for their country fell.

XXIV.

All gone! 't is ours, the goodly land—
Look round—the heritage behold;
Go forth—upon the mountains stand;
Then, if ye can, be cold.
See living vales by living waters bless'd;
Their wealth see earth's dark caverns yield;
See ocean roll, in glory dress'd,
For all a treasure, and round all a shield;
Hark to the shouts of praise
Rejoicing millions raise;
Gaze on the spires that rise
To point them to the skies,
Unfearing and unfear'd;
Then, if ye can, O, then forget
To whom ye owe the sacred debt—
The pilgrim race revered!
The men who set Faith's burning lights
Upon these everlasting heights,
To guide their children through the years of time;
The men that glorious law who taught,
Unshrinking liberty of thought,
And roused the nations with the truth sublime.

XXV.

Forget! No, never—ne'er shall die
Those names to memory dear;
I read the promise in each eye
That beams upon me here.
Descendants of a twice-recorded race!
Long may ye here your lofty lineage grace.
'T is not for you home's tender tie
To rend, and brave the waste of waves;
'T is not for you to rouse and die,
Or yield, and live a line of slaves.

The deeds of danger and of death are done:
Upheld by inward power alone,
Unhonour'd by the world's loud tongue,
'T is yours to do unknown,
And then to die unsung.
To other days, to other men belong
The penman's psalms, and the poet's song;
Enough for glory has been wrought;
By you be humbler praises sought;
In peace and truth life's journey run,
And keep unsullied what your fathers won.

XXVI.

Take then my prayer, ye dwellers of this spot!
Be yours a noiseless and a guiltless lot.
I plead not that ye bask
In the rank beams of vulgar fame;
To light your steps, I ask
A purer and a holier flame.
No bloated growth I supplicate for you,
No pining multitude, no pamper'd few;
'T is not alone to coffer gold,
Nor spreading borders to behold;
'T is not fast-swelling crowds to win,
The refuse-ranks of want and sin.
This be the kind decree:
Be ye by goodness crown'd;
Revered, though not renown'd;
Poor, if Heaven will, but free!
Free from the tyrants of the hour,
The clans of wealth, the clans of power,
The coarsers, cold scorers of their God;
Free from the taint of sin,
The leprosy that feeds within,
And free, in mercy, from the bigot's rod.

XXVII.

The sceptre's might, the crosier's pride,
Ye do not fear;
No conquest blade, in life-blood dyed,
Drops terror here,—
Let there not lurk a subtler snare,
For wisdom's footsteps to beware.
The shackle and the stake
Our fathers fled;
Ne'er may their children wake
A fouler wrath, a deeper dread;
Ne'er may the craft that fears the flesh to bind,
Lock its hard fetters on the mind;
Quench'd be the fiercer flame
That kindles with a name;
The pilgrim's faith, the pilgrim's zeal,
Let more than pilgrim kindness seal;
Be purity of life the test,
Leave to the heart, to heaven, the rest.

XXVIII.

So, when our children turn the page,
To ask what triumphs mark'd our age—
What we achieved to challenge praise,
Through the long line of future days—
This let them read, and hence instruction draw:
"Here were the many bless'd,
Here found the virtues rest,
Faith link'd with Love, and Liberty with Law;

Here industry to comfort led;
 Her book of light here learning spread;
 Here the warm heart of youth
 Was woo'd to temperance and to truth;
 Here hoary age was found,
 By wisdom and by reverence crown'd.
 No great but guilty fame
 Here kindled pride, that should have kindled shame;
 These chose the better, happier part,
 That pour'd its sunlight o'er the heart,
 That crown'd their homes with peace and health,
 And weigh'd Heaven's smile beyond earth's
 wealth;
 Far from the thorny paths of strife
 They stood, a living lesson to their race,
 Rich in the charities of life,
 Man in his strength, and woman in her grace;
 In purity and truth their pilgrim path they trod,
 And when they served their neighbour, felt they
 served their God."

XXIX.

This may not wake the poet's verse,
 This souls of fire may ne'er rehearse
 In crowd-delighting voice;
 Yet o'er the record shall the patriot bend,
 His quiet praise the moralist shall lend,
 And all the good rejoice.

XXX.

This be our story, then, in that far day,
 When others come their kindred debt to pay.
 In that far day?—O, what shall be,
 In this dominion of the free,
 When we and ours have render'd up our trust,
 And men unborn shall tread above our dust?
 O, what shall be?—He, He alone
 The dread response can make,
 Who sitteth on the only throne
 That time shall never shake:
 Before whose all-beholding eyes
 Ages sweep on, and empires sink and rise.
 Then let the song, to Him begun,
 To Him in reverence end;
 Look down in love, Eternal One,
 And Thy good cause defend;
 Here, late and long, put forth thy hand,
 To guard and guide the Pilgrim's land.

LINES TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

YOUNG mother! what can feeble friendship say,
 To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?
 They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
 Know how the living sorrow for the dead;
 Each tutor'd voice, that seeks such grief to cheer,
 Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear;
 I've felt it all—alas! too well I know
 How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe!
 God cheer thee, childless mother! 'tis not given
 For man to ward the blow that falls from heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now;
 Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow,
 I've sat and watch'd by dying beauty's bed,
 And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;
 I've gazed upon the sweet, but pallid face,
 And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;
 I've listen'd to the short and struggling breath;
 I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death;
 Like thee, I've veil'd my head in speechless gloom,
 And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

I SEE THEE STILL.

"I rock'd her in the cradle,
 And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.
 What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
 Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grew old.
 The fond endearments of our earlier days
 We keep alive in them, and when they die,
 Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I SEE thee still:

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
 Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
 Thou comest in the morning light,
 Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
 In dreams I meet thee as of old:
 Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
 And thy sweet voice is in my ear:
 In every scene to memory dear
 I see thee still.

I see thee still,

In every hallow'd token round;
 This little ring thy finger bound,
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
 This silken chain by thee was braided,
 These flowers, all wither'd now, like thee,
 Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
 This book was thine, here didst thou read;
 This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still:

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
 Here was thy favourite fireside seat;
 This was thy chamber—here, each day,
 I sat and watch'd thy sad decay;
 Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,
 Here, on this pillow, thou didst die:
 Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
 As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still:

Thou art not in the grave confined—
 Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust;
 Thee, O! my sister, 'tis not thee
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
 Thou to a fairer land art gone;
 There, let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF M. S. C.

I KNEW that we must part—day after day,
 I saw the dread Destroyer win his way;
 That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
 As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;
 Feeble and slow thy once light footstep grew,
 Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
 Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,
 Each sweet "Good night" fell fainter from thy
 tongue;

I knew that we must part—no power could save
 Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;
 Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they
 cast,

Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
 Thy lips so pale, that gently press'd my cheek,
 Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;—
 All told thy doom; I felt it at my heart;
 The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, MARY—thou art gone!
 Gone in thine innocence, meek, suffering one.
 Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep
 So peacefully, it seem'd a sin to weep,
 In those fond watchers who around thee stood,
 And felt, even then, that God, even then, was good.
 Like stars that struggle through the clouds of
 night,

Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
 As if to thee, in that dread hour, 'twere given
 To know on earth what faith believes of heaven;
 Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,
 Nor one, one pang the awful change confess'd.
 Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,
 And touch'd each feature with a new-born grace;
 On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,
 And told that life's poor cares had pass'd away.
 In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me!
 I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, MARY—thou art dead!
 On its last resting-place I laid thy head,
 Then by thy coffin-side knelt down, and took
 A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look;
 Those marble lips no kindred kiss return'd;
 From those veil'd orbs no glance responsive burn'd;
 Ah! then I felt that thou hadst pass'd away,
 That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay;
 And then came Memory, with her busy throng
 Of tender images, forgotten long;
 Years hurried back, and as they swiftly roll'd,
 I saw thee, heard thee, as in days of old;
 Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew;
 Manhood was moved, and Sorrow claim'd her due;
 Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started;
 I turn'd away—and felt that we had parted.—

But not forever—in the silent tomb,
 Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;
 A little while, a few short years of pain,
 And, one by one, we'll come to thee again;
 The kind old father shall seek out the place,
 And rest with thee, the youngest of his race;
 The dear, dear mother, bent with age and grief,
 Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;

Sister and brother, and that faithful friend,
 True from the first, and tender to the end,—
 All, all, in His good time, who placed us here,
 To live, to love, to die, and disappear,
 Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
 Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree;
 With thee to sleep through death's long, dream-
 less night,
 With thee rise up and bless the morning light.

THE FAMILY MEETING.*

WE are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.

Each chair is fill'd—we're all at home;

To-night let no cold stranger come:

It is not often thus around

Our old familiar hearth we're found:

Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;

For once be every care forgot;

Let gentle Peace assert her power,

And kind Affection rule the hour;

We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,

Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,

And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.

Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,

Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:

Some like a night-flash pass'd away,

And some sank, lingering, day by day;

The quiet graveyard—some lie there—

And cruel Ocean has his share—

We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;

Fond Memory, to her duty true,

Brings back their faded forms to view.

How life-like, through the mist of years,

Each well-remember'd face appears!

We see them as in times long past;

From each to each kind looks are cast;

We hear their words, their smiles behold;

They're round us as they were of old—

We *are* all here.

We *are* all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said;

Soon must we join the gather'd dead;

And by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

O! then, that wisdom may we know,

Which yields a life of peace below!

So, in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all here!

* Written on the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

[Born about 1792.]

MISS GOULD is a native of Lancaster, in Vermont, and was born, I believe, in 1792. Her father, who was a soldier in the revolutionary army,—one of the “noble few” who fought at Lexington,—removed, during her youth, to Newburyport, near Boston; and the greater portion of her life has been passed in that pleasant town. She began to write about twenty years ago, and her poems have appeared in various periodicals

since that time. They have also been collected and published in three duodecimo volumes.

Among American poets of the second class, Miss GOULD has a high rank. Without much force of imagination, delicacy of fancy, or affluence of language, she has acquired popularity by the purity of her thoughts, and the deep moral and religious feeling she infuses into her compositions.

CHANGES ON THE DEEP.

A GALLANT ship! and trim and tight,
Across the deep she speeds away,
While mantled with the golden light
The sun throws back, at close of day.
And who, that sees that stately ship
Her haughty stem in ocean dip,
Has ever seen a prouder one
Illumined by a setting sun?

The breath of summer, sweet and soft,
Her canvass swells, while, wide and fair,
And floating from her mast aloft,
Her flag plays off on gentle air.
And, as her steady prow divides
The waters to her even sides,
She passes, like a bird, between
The peaceful deep and sky serene.

And now grave twilight's tender veil
The moon, with shafts of silver, rends;
And down on billow, deck, and sail
Her placid lustre gently sends.
The stars, as if the arch of blue
Were pierced to let the glory through,
From their bright world look out and win
The thoughts of man to enter in.

And many a heart that's warm and true
That noble ship bears on with pride;
While mid the many forms, are two
Of passing beauty, side by side.
A fair young mother standing by
Her bosom's lord, has fix'd her eye,
With his, upon the blessed star
That points them to their home afar.

Their thoughts fly forth to those, who there
Are waiting now, with joy to hail
The moment that shall grant their prayer,
And heave in sight their coming sail.
For, many a time the changeeful queen
Of night has vanish'd, and been seen,
Since, o'er a foreign shore to roam,
They passed from that dear, native home.

The babe, that on its father's breast
Has let its little eyelids close,
The mother bears below to rest,
And sinks with it in sweet repose.
The while a sailor climbs the shroud,
And in the distance spies a cloud:
Low, like a swelling seed, it lies,
From which the towering storm shall rise.

The powers of air are now about
To muster from their hidden caves;
The winds, unchain'd, come rushing out,
And into mountains heap the waves.
Upon the sky the darkness spreads!
The tempest on the ocean treads;
And yawning caverns are its track
Amid the waters wild and black.

Its voice—but who shall give the sounds
Of that dread voice?—The ship is dash'd
In roaring depths—and now, she bounds
On high, by foaming surges lash'd.
And how is she the storm to bide?
Its sweeping wings are strong and wide!
The hand of man has lost control
O'er her!—his work is for the soul!

She's in a scene of nature's war:
The winds and waters are at strife;
And both with her contending for
The brittle thread of human life
That she contains; while sail and shroud
Have yielded; and her head is bow'd.
Then, who that slender thread shall keep,
But He, whose finger moves the deep?

A moment—and the angry blast
Has done its work and hurried on.
With parted cables, shiver'd mast;
With riven sides, and anchor gone,
Behold the ship in ruin lie;
While from the waves a piercing cry
Surmounts the tumult high and wild,
And shouts to heaven, “My child! my
child!”

The mother in the whelming surge
Lifts up her infant o'er the sea,
While lying on the awful verge
Where time unveils eternity—
And calls to Mercy, from the skies
To come and rescue, while she dies,
The gift that, with her fleeting breath,
She offers from the gates of death.

It is a call for Heaven to hear.
Maternal fondness sends above
A voice, that in her Father's ear
Shall enter quick, for Gon is love.
In such a moment, hands like these
Their Maker with their offering sees;
And for the faith of such a breast
He will the blow of death arrest!

The moon looks pale from out the cloud,
While Mercy's angel takes the form
Of him, who, mounted on the shroud,
Was first to see the coming storm.
The sailor has a ready arm
To bring relief, and cope with harm;
Though rough his hand, and nerved with
steel,
His heart is warm and quick to feel.

And see him, as he braves the frown
That sky and sea each other give!
Behold him where he plunges down,
That child and mother yet may live,
And plucks them from a closing grave!
They're saved! they're saved! the madden'd
wave
Leaps foaming up, to find its prey
Snatch'd from its mouth and borne away.

They're saved! they're saved! but where is he,
Who lull'd his fearless babe to sleep!
A floating plank on that wild sea
Has now his vital spark to keep!
But, by the wan, affrighted moon
Help comes to him; and he is soon
Upon the deck with living men
To clasp that smiling boy again.

And now can He, who only knows
Each human breast, behold alone
What pure and grateful incense goes
From that sad wreck to his high throne.
The twain, whose hearts are truly one,
Will early teach their prattling son
Upon his little heart to bear
The sailor to his Gon, in prayer:—

"O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves, that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep!
And, when their voyage of life is o'er,
May they be welcomed to the shore
Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
And angels sing, 'They're saved! they're
saved!'"

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?"
"T was this a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through measureless space it stray'd,
Or as, half by dalliance, half-afraid,
It seem'd in mid-air suspended.

"O, no!" said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and
warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!"

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:—
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the
mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regarding thy dazzling brightness.

"I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlock'd fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake;
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow,
By the promise that Gon hath given!"

THE WATERFALL.

YE mighty waters, that have join'd your forces,
Roaring and dashing with this awful sound,
Here are ye mingled; but the distant sources
Whence ye have issued, where shall they be
found?

Who may retrace the ways that ye have taken,
Ye streams and drops? who separate you all,
And find the many places ye've forsaken,
To come and rush together down the fall?

Through thousand, thousand paths have ye been
roaming,
In earth and air, who now each other urge
To the last point! and then, so madly foaming,
Leap down at once, from this stupendous
verge.

Some in the lowering cloud a while were center'd,
That in the stream beheld its sable face,
And melted into tears, that, falling, enter'd
With sister waters on this sudden race.

Others, to light that beam'd upon the fountain,
Have from the vitals of the rock been freed,
In silver threads, that, shining down the moun-
tain,
Twined off among the verdure of the mead.

And many a flower that bow'd beside the river,
In opening beauty, ere the dew was dried,
Stirr'd by the breeze, has been an early giver
Of her pure offering to the rolling tide.

Thus, from the veins, through earth's dark bosom
pouring,
Many have flowed in tributary streams;
Some, in the bow that bent, the sun adoring,
Have shone in colours borrow'd from his beams.

But He, who holds the ocean in the hollow
Of his strong hand, can separate you all!
His searching eye the secret way will follow
Of every drop that hurries to the fall!

We are, like you, in mighty torrents mingled,
And speeding downward to one common home;
Yet there's an eye that every drop hath singled,
And mark'd the winding ways through which
we come.

Those who have here adored the Sun of heaven,
And shown the world their brightness drawn
from him,
Again before him, though their hues be *seven*,
Shall blend their beauty, never to grow dim.

We bless the promise, as we thus are tending
Down to the tomb, that gives us hope to rise
Before the Power to whom we now are bend-
ing,
To stand his bow of glory in the skies!

THE WINDS.

WE come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell!

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud or high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still, 't is we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to him, who binds
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

WITH cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favourite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scatter'd locks, that, with the flight
Of fourscore years, are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 't is five-and-fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valour fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!

"And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'T is since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil,
In which my blood bedew'd the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

"But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword;
And, undismay'd by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle-field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell."

THE WINTER BURIAL.

THE deep-toned bell peals long and low,
On the keen, mid-winter air;
A sorrowing train moves sad and slow,
From the solemn place of prayer.

The earth is in a winding-sheet,
And nature wrapp'd in gloom,
Cold, cold the path which the mourners' feet
Pursue to the waiting tomb.

They follow one, who calmly goes
From her own loved mansion-door,
Nor shrinks from the way through gather'd snows,
To return to her home no more.

A sable line, to the drift-crown'd hill,
The narrow pass they wind;
And here, where all is drear and chill,
Their friend they leave behind.

The silent grave they're bending o'er,
A long farewell to take;
One last, last look, and then, no more
Till the dead shall all awake!

THE FROST.

THE Frost look'd forth one still, clear night,
And whisper'd, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its
crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers; and
these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

THE ROBE.

'T WAS not the robe of state
Which the high and the haughty wear,
That my busy hand, as the lamp burn'd late,
Was hastening to prepare.

It had no clasp of gold,
No diamond's dazzling blaze,
For the festive board; nor the graceful fold
To float in the dance's maze.

'T was not to wrap the breast
With gladness light and warm;
For the bride's attire—for the joyous guest,
Nor to clothe the sufferer's form.

'T was not the garb of wo
We wear o'er an aching heart,
When our eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
And our dearest ones depart.

'T was what we all must bear
To the cold, the lonely bed!
'T was the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead!

I saw a fair, young maid
In the snowy vesture dress'd;
So pure, she look'd as one array'd
For the mansions of the bless'd.

A smile had left its trace
On her lip at the parting breath,
And the beauty in that lovely face
Was fix'd with the seal of death!

THE CONSIGNMENT.

FIRE, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence intrust:
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This—in childhood's rosy morn,
 This was gaily fill'd and sent.
 Childhood is forever gone;
 Here—devouring element.
This was friendship's cherish'd pledge;
 Friendship took a colder form:
 Creeping on its gilded edge,
 May the blaze be bright and warm!

These—the letter and the token,
 Never more shall meet my view!
 When the faith has once been broken,
 Let the memory perish too!
This—'t was penn'd while purest joy
 Warm'd the heart, and lit the eye:
 Fate that peace did soon destroy,
 And its transcript now will I!

This must go! for, on the seal
 When I broke the solemn yew,
 Keener was the pang than steel;
 'T was a heart-string breaking too!
 Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
 Blister'd o'er by many a tear.
 Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
 Go, forever disappear!

This is his, who seem'd to be
 High as heaven, and fair as light:
 But the visor rose, and he—
 Spare, O memory, spare the sight
 Of the face that frown'd beneath,
 While I take it, hand and name,
 And entwine it with a wreath
 Of the purifying flame!

These—the hand is in the grave,
 And the soul is in the skies,
 Whence they came! 'T is pain to save
 Cold remains of sunder'd ties!
 Go together, all, and burn,
 Once the treasures of my heart!
 Still, my breast shall be an urn
 To preserve your better part!

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

'T is midnight—all is peace profound!
 But, lo! upon the murmuring ground,
 The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
 Of distant wheels is heard!
 They come—they pause a moment—when,
 Their charge resign'd, they start, and then
 Are gone, and all is hush'd again,
 As not a leaf had stirr'd.

Hast thou a parent far away,
 A beauteous child, to be thy stay
 In life's decline—or sisters, they
 Who shared thine infant glee?
 A brother on a foreign shore?
 Is he whose breast thy token bore,
 Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
 A wide, tumultuous sea?

If aught like these, then thou must feel
 The rattling of that reckless wheel,
 That brings the bright, or boding seal,
 On every trembling thread
 That strings thy heart, till morn appears,
 To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
 To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
 As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep,
 Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
 Thy brother where thou canst not weep
 Upon his distant grave!
 Thy parent's hoary head no more
 May shed a silver lustre o'er
 His children group'd,—nor death restore
 Thy son from out the wave!

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is still'd,
 Thy sister's lip is pale and chill'd,
 Thy blooming bride, perchance, has fill'd
 Her corner of the tomb.
 May be, the home where all thy sweet
 And tender recollections meet,
 Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
 In midnight's awful gloom!

And while, alternate, o'er my soul
 Those cold or burning wheels will roll
 Their chill or heat, beyond control,
 Till morn shall bring relief,
 Father in heaven, what'er may be
 The cup, which thou has sent for me,
 I know 't is good, prepared by Thee,
 Though fill'd with joy or grief!

THE SHIP IS READY.

FARE thee well! the ship is ready,
 And the breeze is fresh and steady.
 Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
 High in air the streamer's playing.
 Spread the sails—the waves are swelling
 Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.
 Fare thee well! and when at sea,
 Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,
 And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
 Think of those behind, who love thee,
 While the sun is bright above thee!
 Then, as, down to ocean glancing,
 In the waves his rays are dancing,
 Think how long the night will be
 To the eyes that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,
 All below thee still and sleeping,—
 As the needle points the quarter
 O'er the wide and trackless water,
 Let thy vigils ever find thee
 Mindful of the friends behind thee!
 Let thy bosom's magnet be
 Turn'd to those who wake for thee!

When, with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean,—
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,
Where the shining hosts attend her:
Let the brightest visions be
Country, home, and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck, and death before thee,
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts, to heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy-seat, to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee!

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I AM a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;—
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sunk away,
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble look'd up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn,—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!"

That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, O! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapp'd in silence yet.

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

THE full-orb'd moon has reach'd no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane; and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of peace—the Source of light,
Where man for God prepared the place,
And God to man unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen;
She bends, and worships like a queen!
Her robe of light and beaming crown
In silence she is casting down;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth—
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging purity!

Pale traveller, on thy lonely way,
'Tis well thine homage thus to pay;
To reverence that ancient pile,
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle
Which many a pious foot has trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod;
Where many a sacred tear was wept
From eyes that long in death have slept!

The temple's builders—where are they?
The worshippers!—all pass'd away,
Who came the first, to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer!
Man's generation passes soon;
It wanes and changes like the moon.
He rears the perishable wall;
But, ere it crumbles, he must fall!

And does he sink to rise no more?
Has he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king! no spark, to save
From darkness, ashes, and the grave?
Thou holy place, the answer, wrought
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!
The spirit that establish'd thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!

THE CHILD ON THE BEACH.

MARY, a beautiful, artless child,
Came down on the beach to me,
Where I sat, and a pensive hour beguiled
By watching the restless sea.

I never had seen her face before,
And mine was to her unknown;
But we each rejoiced on that peaceful shore
The other to meet alone.

Her cheek was the rose's opening bud,
Her brow of an ivory white;
Her eyes were bright as the stars that stud
The sky of a cloudless night.

To reach my side as she gayly sped,
With the step of a bounding fawn,
The pebbles scarce moved beneath her tread,
Ere the little light foot was gone.

With the love of a holier world than this
Her innocent heart seem'd warm;
While the glad young spirit look'd out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylph-like form.

Her soul seem'd spreading the scene to span
That open'd before her view,
And longing for power to look the plan
Of the universe fairly through.

She climb'd and stood on the rocky steep,
Like a bird that would mount and fly
Far over the waves, where the broad, blue deep
Roll'd up to the bending sky.

She placed her lips to the spiral shell,
And breathed through every fold;
She look'd for the depth of its pearly cell,
As a miser would look for gold.

Her small white fingers were spread to toss
The foam, as it reach'd the strand:
She ran them along in the purple moss,
And over the sparkling sand.

The green sea-egg, by its tenant left,
And form'd to an ocean cup,
She held by its sides, of their spears bereft,
To fill, as the waves roll'd up.

But the hour went round, and she knew the space
Her mother's soft word assign'd;
While she seem'd to look with a saddening face
On all she must leave behind.

She search'd mid the pebbles, and, finding one
Smooth, clear, and of amber dye,
She held it up to the morning sun,
And over her own mild eye.

Then, "Here," said she, "I will give you this,
That you may remember me!"
And she seal'd her gift with a parting kiss,
And fled from beside the sea.

Mary, thy token is by me yet:
To me 'tis a dearer gem
Than ever was brought from the mine, or set
In the loftiest diadem.

It carries me back to the far-off deep,
And places me on the shore,
Where the beauteous child, who bade me keep
Her pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure, and bright,
In a soul that is young, and free
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart
In memory meets me there,
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,
Was caught by the ocean air.

Bless'd one! over time's rude shore, on thee
May an angel guard attend,
And "*a white stone bearing a new name*," be
Thy passport when time shall end!

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I pass'd,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

CARLOS WILCOX.

(Born, 1794. Died, 1827.)

THE ancestors of CARLOS WILCOX were among the early emigrants to New England. His father was a respectable farmer at Newport, New Hampshire, where the poet was born, on the twenty-second day of October, 1794. When he was about four years old, his parents removed to Orwell, in Vermont; and there, a few years afterward, he accidentally injured himself with an axe; the wound, for want of care or skill, was not healed; it was a cause of suffering for a long period, and of lameness during his life; it made him a minister of religion, and a poet.

Perceiving that this accident and its consequences unfitted him for agricultural pursuits, his parents resolved to give him a liberal education. When, therefore, he was thirteen years old, he was sent to an academy at Castleton; and when fifteen, to the college at Middlebury. Here he became religious, and determined to study theology. He won the respect of the officers, and of his associates, by the mildness of his temper, the gravity of his manners, and the manliness of his conduct; and he was distinguished for his attainments in languages and polite letters.

He was graduated in 1813; and after spending a few months with a maternal uncle, in Georgia, he entered the theological school at Andover, in Massachusetts. He had not been there long when one of his classmates died, and he was chosen by his fellows to pronounce a funeral oration. The departed student was loved by all for his excellent qualities; but by none more than by WILCOX; and the tenderness of feeling, and the purity of diction which characterized his eulogy, established his reputation for genius and eloquence in the seminary.

WILCOX had at this time few associates; he was a melancholy man; "I walk my room," he remarks, in one of his letters, "with my hands clasped in anguish, and my eyes streaming with tears;" he complained that his mind was unstrung, relaxed almost beyond the power of reaction; that he had lost all control of his thoughts and affections, and become a passive slave of circumstances; "I feel borne along," he says, "in despairing listlessness, guided by the current in all its windings, without resolution to raise my head to see where I am, or whither I am going; the roaring of a cataract before me would rather lull me to a deeper sleep than rouse me to an effort to escape destruction." His sufferings were apparent to his friends, among whom there were givings-out concerning an unrequited passion, or the faithlessness of one whose hand had been pledged to him; and he himself mentioned to some who were his confidants, troubles of a different kind: he was indebted to the college faculty, and in other ways embarrassed. Whatever may have been the cause, all perceived that there

was something preying on his mind; that he was ever in dejection.

As time wore on, he became more cheerful; he finished the regular course of theological studies, in 1817, and in the following spring returned to Vermont, where he remained a year. In this period he began the poem, in which he has sung

"Of true Benevolence, its charms divine,
With other motives to call forth its power,
And its grand triumphs."

In 1819, WILCOX began to preach; and his professional labours were constant, for a year, at the end of which time his health failed, and he accepted an invitation from a friend at Salisbury, in Connecticut, to reside at his house. Here he remained nearly two years, reading his favourite authors, and composing "The Age of Benevolence." The first book was published at New Haven, in 1822; it was favourably received by the journals and by the public. He intended to complete the poem in five books; the second, third, and fourth, were left by him when he died, ready for the press; but, for some reason, only brief fragments of them have been printed.

During the summer of 1824, WILCOX devoted his leisure hours to the composition of "The Religion of Taste," a poem which he pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College; and in the following winter he was ordained as minister of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford. He soon obtained a high reputation for eloquence; his sermons were long, prepared with great care, and delivered with deep feeling. His labours were too arduous; his health rapidly declined; and in the summer of 1825, he sought relief in relaxation and travel. He visited New York, Philadelphia, the springs of Saratoga, and, for the last time, his home in Vermont. In the autumn he returned to his parish, where he remained until the spring, when, finding himself unable to perform the duties of his office, he sent to the government of the church his resignation. It was reluctantly accepted, for he had endeared himself, as a minister and a man, to all who knew him. The summer of 1826 was passed at Newport, Rhode Island, in the hope that the sea-breeze and bathing in the surf would restore his health. He was disappointed; and in September, he visited the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and afterward went to Boston, where he remained several weeks. Finally, near the end of December, he received an invitation to preach in Danbury, in Connecticut. He went immediately to his new parish, and during the winter discharged the duties of his profession regularly. But as the spring came round, his strength failed; and on the 27th of May, 1827, he died.

There is much merit in some passages of the fragment of the "Age of Benevolence." WILCOX was pious, gentle-hearted, and unaffected and retiring in his manners. The general character of his poetry is religious and sincere. He was a

lover of nature, and he described rural sights and sounds with singular clearness and fidelity. In the ethical and narrative parts of his poems, he was less successful than in the descriptive; but an earnestness and simplicity pervaded all that he wrote.

SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.*

Lone swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds

Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
 Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
 Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
 A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
 Is naked Nature in her full attire.
 On the first morn, light as an open plain
 Is all the woodland, fill'd with sunbeams, pour'd
 Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
 With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
 With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
 In one short week the orchard buds and blooms;
 And now, when steep'd in dew or gentle showers,
 It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
 Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
 E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,
 And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
 Fill'd with a watery glimmering, receives
 A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
 Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
 New notes to swell the music of the groves.
 And soon the latest of the feather'd train
 At evening twilight come; the lonely snipe,
 O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
 Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
 Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;
 And, in mid air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
 Flying a while at random, uttering oft
 A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
 Of level pinions, dark, but when upturn'd
 Against the brightness of the western sky,
 One white plume showing in the midst of each,
 Then far down diving with a hollow sound;
 And, deep at first within the distant wood,
 The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
 She, soon as children from the noisy sport
 Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
 To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
 Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
 Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;
 And when the twilight, deepen'd into night,
 Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
 And on its dark side, haply on the step
 Of unfrequented door lighting unseen,
 Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
 The closing sometimes quicken'd, as in sport.
 Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
 All harmony, activity, and joy,
 Is lovely Nature, as in her bless'd prime.
 The robin to the garden or green yard,

Close to the door, repairs to build again
 Within her wonted tree; and at her work
 Seems doubly busy for her past delay.
 Along the surface of the winding stream,
 Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
 Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
 Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
 Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
 Easy, and light. One snatches from the ground
 A downy feather, and then upward springs,
 Follow'd by others, but oft drops it soon,
 In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
 When all at once dart at the falling prize.
 The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
 Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
 Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops
 On the next tree, and on its highest limb
 Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
 Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes
 Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet,
 All chanted in the fulness of delight,
 The forest rings: where, far around enclosed
 With bushy sides, and cover'd high above
 With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
 Like pillars rising to support a roof,
 It seems a temple vast, the space within
 Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
 Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
 The merry mocking-bird together links
 In one continued song their different notes,
 Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
 Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields
 Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
 Here chirps so shrill, that human feet approach
 Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
 Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat
 Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree;
 But oft a moment after reappears,
 First peeping out, then starting forth at once
 With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
 Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
 Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,
 Singly and mutely, the contented herd;
 And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep;
 Regardless of the frolic lambs, that, close
 Beside them, and before their faces prone,
 With many an antic leap and butting feint,
 Try to provoke them to unite in sport,
 Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts;
 When, gathering in one company apart,
 All vigour and delight, away they run,
 Straight to the utmost corner of the field,
 The fence beside; then, wheeling, disappear
 In some small sandy pit, then rise to view;
 Or crowd together up the heap of earth
 Around some upturn'd root of fallen tree,

* This and the four following extracts are from "The Age of Benevolence."

And on its top a trembling moment stand,
Then to the distant flock at once return.
Exhilarated by the general joy,
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,
His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet.
With many a cheering word, his willing team
For labour fresh, he hastens to the field
Ere morning lose its coolness; but at eve,
When loosen'd from the plough and homeward
turn'd,

He follows slow and silent, stopping oft
To mark the daily growth of tender grain
And meadows of deep verdure, or to view
His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will
Assembling for the night by various paths,
The old now freely sporting with the young,
Or labouring with uncouth attempts at sport.

A SUMMER NOON.

A SULTRY noon, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom,
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy bended heads
Support as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud,
On the soft bosom of the air becalm'd,
Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side;
Or in the polish'd mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

No sound nor motion of a living thing
The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe,
Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more.
The yellow-hammer by the way-side picks,
Mutely, the thistle's seed; but in her flight,

So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread
To rise a little, closed to fall as far,
Moving like sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves,
With each new impulse chimes a feeble note.
The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
Half-hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun,
With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain,
Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale,
The harmless locust of this western climate,
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.
Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground,
Continue still to wave their open fans
Powder'd with gold; while on the jutting twigs
The spindling insects that frequent the banks
Rest, with their thin, transparent wings outspread
As when they fly. Oftimes, though seldom seen,
The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our groves,
Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high,
On his broad pinions sailing round and round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still.

SEPTEMBER.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year.
All mildness, soothing loneliness, and peace;
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom, blooming May,
And therefore less the favourite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checker'd by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick
Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below,
With its bright colours, intermix'd with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,

Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropp'd
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.*

THE sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half conceal'd—
And now is gone: the last faint, twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threaten'd rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed

* Every person, who has witnessed the splendour of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad, level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows, and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the north-western blasts, that sweep fresh from the snowbanks on the Grand Monadnock, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenial climate.—REV. G. B. CHEEVER.

Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade, with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
A pyramid of polish'd sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth!

SUMMER EVENING LIGHTNING.

FAR off and low
In the horizon, from a sultry cloud,
Where sleeps in embryo the midnight storm,
The silent lightning gleams in fitful sheets,
Illumes the solid mass, revealing thus
Its darker fragments, and its ragged verge;
Or if the bolder fancy so conceive
Of its fantastic forms, revealing thus
Its gloomy caverns, rugged sides and tops
With beetling cliffs grotesque. But not so bright
The distant flashes gleam as to efface
The window's image, on the floor impress'd
By the dim crescent; or outshines the light
Cast from the room upon the trees hard by,
If haply, to illumine a moonless night,
The lighted taper shine; though lit in vain,
To waste away unused, and from abroad
Distinctly through the open window seen,
Lone, pale, and still as a sepulchral lamp.

THE CASTLE OF IMAGINATION.*

Just in the centre of that wood was rear'd
 Her castle, all of marble, smooth and white;
 Above the thick young trees, its top appear'd
 Among the naked trunks of towering height;
 And here at morn and eve it glitter'd bright,
 As often by the far-off traveller seen
 In level sunbeams, or at dead of night,
 When the low moon shot in her rays between
 That wide-spread roof and floor of solid foliage
 green.

Through this wide interval the roving eye
 From turrets proud might trace the waving line
 Where meet the mountains green and azure sky,
 And view the deep when sun-gilt billows shine;
 Fair bounds to sight, that never thought confine,
 But tempt it far beyond, till by the charm
 Of some sweet wood-note or some whispering pine
 Call'd home again, or by the soft alarm
 Of Love's approaching step, and her encircling arm.

Through this wide interval, the mountain side
 Show'd many a sylvan slope and rocky steep:
 Here roaring torrents in dark forests hide;
 There silver streamlets rush to view, and leap
 Unheard from lofty cliffs to valleys deep:
 Here rugged peaks look smooth in sunset glow,
 Along the clear horizon's western sweep;
 There from some eastern summit moonbeams flow
 Along o'er level wood, far down to plains below.

Now stretch'd a blue, and now a golden zone
 Round that horizon; now o'er mountains proud
 Dim vapours rest, or bright ones move alone:
 An ebon wall, a smooth, portentous cloud,
 First muttering low, anon with thunder loud,
 Now rises quick, and brings a sweeping wind
 O'er all that wood in waves before it bow'd;
 And now a rainbow, with its top behind
 A spangled veil of leaves, seems heaven and earth
 to bind.

Above the canopy, so thick and green,
 And spread so high o'er that enchanted vale,
 Through scatter'd openings oft were glimpses seen
 Of fleecy clouds, that, link'd together, sail
 In moonlight clear before the gentle gale:
 Sometimes a shooting meteor draws a glance;
 Sometimes a twinkling star, or planet pale,
 Long holds the lighted eye, as in a trance;
 And oft the milky-way gleams through the white
 expanse.

That castle's open windows, though half-hid
 With flowering vines, show'd many a vision fair:
 A face all bloom, or light young forms, that thrid
 Some maze within, or lonely ones that wear
 The garb of joy with sorrow's thoughtful air,
 Oft caught the eye a moment: and the sound
 Of low, sweet music often issued there,
 And by its magic held the listener bound,
 And seem'd to hold the winds and forests far around.

Within, the queen of all, in pomp or mirth,
 While glad attendants at her glance unfold
 Their shining wings, and fly through heaven and
 earth,

Oft took her throne of burning gems and gold,
 Adorn'd with emblems that of empire told,
 And rising in the midst of trophies bright,
 That bring her memory from the days of old,
 And help prolong her reign, and with the flight
 Of every year increase the wonders of her might.

In all her dwelling, tales of wild romance,
 Of terror, love, and mystery dark or gay,
 Were scatter'd thick to catch the wandering glance,
 And stop the dreamer on his unknown way;
 There, too, was every sweet and lofty lay,
 The sacred, classic, and romantic, sung
 As that enchantress moved in might or play;
 And there was many a harp but newly strung,
 Yet with its fearless notes the whole wide valley
 rung.

There, from all lands and ages of her fame,
 Were marble forms, array'd in order due,
 In groups and single, all of proudest name;
 In them the high, the fair, and tender grew
 To life intense in love's impassion'd view,
 And from each air and feature, bend and swell,
 Each shapely neck, and lip, and forehead threw
 O'er each enamour'd sense so deep a spell,
 The thoughts but with the past or bright ideal dwell.

The walls around told all the pencil's power;
 There proud creations of each mighty hand
 Shone with their hues and lines, as in the hour
 When the last touch was given at the command
 Of the same genius that at first had plann'd,
 Exulting in its great and glowing thought:
 Bright scenes of peace and war, of sea and land,
 Of love and glory, to new life were wrought,
 From history, from fable, and from nature brought.

With these were others all divine, drawn all
 From ground where oft, with signs and accents
 dread,

The lonely prophet doom'd to sudden fall
 Proud kings and cities, and with gentle tread
 Bore life's quick triumph to the humble dead,
 And where strong angels flew to blast or save,
 Where martyr'd hosts of old, and youthful bled,
 And where their mighty Lord o'er land and wave
 Spread life and peace till death, then spread them
 through the grave.

From these fix'd visions of the hallow'd eye,
 Some kindling gleams of their ethereal glow,
 Would oftimes fall, as from the opening sky,
 On eyes delighted, glancing to and fro,
 Or fasten'd till their orbs dilated grow;
 Then would the proudest seem with joy to learn
 Truths they had fear'd or felt ashamed to know;
 The skeptic would believe, the lost return;
 And all the cold and low would seem to rise and burn.

Theirs was devotion kindled by the vast,
 The beautiful, impassion'd, and refined;
 And in the deep enchantment o'er them cast,
 They look'd from earth, and soar'd above their kind

* This and the two extracts which follow are from
 "The Religion of Taste."

To the bless'd calm of an abstracted mind,
And its communion with things all its own,
Its forms sublime and lovely; as the blind,
Mid earthly scenes, forgotten, or unknown,
Live in ideal worlds, and wander there alone.

Such were the lone enthusiasts, wont to dwell
With all whom that enchantress held subdued,
As in the holiest circle of her spell,
Where meaner spirits never dare intrude,
They dwelt in calm and silent solitude,
Rapt in the love of all the high and sweet,
In thought, and art, and nature, and imbued
With its devotion to life's inmost seat,
As drawn from all the charms which in that valley meet.

ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

ROUSSEAU could weep—yes, with a heart of stone
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at eventide:
On its small running waves, in purple dyed
Beneath bright clouds, or all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gush'd from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief or love; at fancy's flash they flow'd,
Like burning drops from some proud, lonely pine,
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glow'd
Till it consumed his life, and yet he show'd
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe,
As Etna, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes?
Then why was COWPER's anguish oft as keen,
With all the heaven-born virtue that sublimed
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen
Lifts the pure heart through clouds that roll between

The earth and skies, to darken human hope?
Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene
To render vain faith's lifted telescope,
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope?

He, too, could give himself to musing deep;
By the calm lake at evening he could stand,
Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast, by not an insect fann'd,
And hear low voices on the far-off strand,
Or through the still and dewy atmosphere
The pipe's soft tones waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island near
In echoes quick return'd more mellow and more clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,
In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,

In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,
As of some temple vast or colonnade,
While on green turf, made smooth without his care,
He wander'd o'er its stripes of light and shade
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade.

'Twas thus in nature's bloom and solitude
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage;
'Twas thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age;
But he is gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.

AND thou, to whom long worshipp'd nature lends
No strength to fly from grief or bear its weight,
Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends,
Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at fate;
None seek thy misery, none thy being hate;
Break from thy former self, thy life begin;
Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
And at thy dying day his wreath of glory win.

With deeds of virtue to embalm his name,
He dies in triumph or serene delight;
Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame
At every breath, but in immortal might
His spirit grows, preparing for its flight:
The world recedes and fades like clouds of even,
But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright,

All intervening mists far off are driven;
The world will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold:
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night

When death is waiting for thy number'd hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake ere the earthborn charm unnerves thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer bless'd.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,

Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fix'd and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, mid gay thousands, with the suns and
showers

Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did NEWTON learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did HOWARD gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did PAUL gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of
Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be miss'd,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT.

ERE long the clouds were gone, the moon was set;
When deeply blue without a shade of gray,
The sky was fill'd with stars that almost met,
Their points prolong'd and sharpen'd to one ray;
Through their transparent air the milky-way
Seem'd one broad flame of pure resplendent white,
As if some globe on fire, turn'd far astray,
Had cross'd the wide arch with so swift a flight,
That for a moment shone its whole long track of
light.

At length in northern skies, at first but small,
A sheet of light meteorous begun
To spread on either hand, and rise and fall
In waves, that slowly first, then quickly run
Along its edge, set thick but one by one
With spiry beams, that all at once shot high,
Like those through vapours from the setting sun;
Then sidelong as before the wind they fly,
Like streaking rain from clouds that flit along the
sky.

Now all the mountain-tops and gulfs between
Seem'd one dark plain; from forests, caves profound,
And rushing waters far below unseen,
Rose a deep roar in one united sound,
Alike pervading all the air around,
And seeming e'en the azure dome to fill,
And from it through soft ether to resound
In low vibrations, sending a sweet thrill
To every finger's end from rapture deep and still.

LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fix'd, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced!

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Rear'd in the sunshine, blasted by the storms
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,
Men come and go like vegetable forms,
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,
Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb
A long, long life of bliss or wo shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
The swelling heart one little moment here?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near!
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

HENRY WARE, JR.

[Born 1794.]

THE Reverend HENRY WARE, Jr., D.D., was born at Hingham, in Massachusetts, on the seventh day of April, 1794. He was educated at Cambridge, and graduated when he was but eighteen years old. In 1817, he was ordained minister of the Second Congregational Church, in Hanover street, Boston; but, in consequence of ill health, he resigned that charge in 1828. In the following year he was appointed Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care in the Theological School con-

nected with Harvard College, and still holds that office. He is the author of several popular prose works, of which the most important are a *Life of the Saviour*, *Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching*, and *Hints on the Formation of the Christian Character*. As a poet, he seems to have aimed only to prove, by a few masterly attempts, his possession of the "vision and the faculty divine." He is a brother of the Reverend WILLIAM WARE, author of *Probus*, *Letters from Palmyra*, etc.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

WITH what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant; stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath thy wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.

Agnes have witness'd thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through
heaven,

And echo'd from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendours that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have roll'd their course, and time grown gray;
The earth has gather'd to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills
Have stoop'd with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had
flung

Their haughty honours in the face of heaven,
As if immortal—have been swept away:
Shatter'd and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread; youth,
strength,

And beauty still are thine; as clear, as bright,
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimm'd, unquench'd—just as I see it now—
Has issued from those dazzling points through years
That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renew'd
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those wing'd particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yes, glorious lamp of God! He may have quench'd
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reign'd.

Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,

Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire;
Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that
be—

Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works!

And these are suns! vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent aystems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless
worlds!

Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter all their multitudes!
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!
Known but to thee, bless'd Father! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlook'd
Of thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the mirror'd lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall,
None, none escape the kindness of thy care;
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes?
How form'd, how gifted? what their powers, their
state,

Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sow'd corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and
Hate,

And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life;
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfear'd; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glow in the light from God's near throne of love!

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! No language! Everlasting light
And everlasting silence! Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God

Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumber'd spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children; learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories. While the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has bless'd
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!

And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer!

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are Gon's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to Gon who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.*

THE evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light [high;
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on
Those distant suns burn'd on in quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way:
And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea,
and sky.

O what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burn'd within; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision pass'd upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the
moonless night.

When, lo, upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride

In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawn'd below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red—
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power;
Till every fervent pillar glow'd,
And every stone seem'd burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flow'd
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew;
Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven

Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'Tis done; what centuries had rear'd,
In quick explosion disappear'd,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place—
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face, [ing—
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beam—
Rose a fair, majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,
My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlock'd the world of fate!
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state!
And when their old and cumbersome walls,
Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear'd their impotent defence:
The fabric falls!
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd
And human power for human good employ'd;
Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

* From a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1825.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[Born 1794.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, in Massachusetts, on the third day of November, 1794. His father, a well-educated and popular physician, was familiar with the best English literature, and perceiving in his son early indications of superior genius, he attended carefully to his instruction, taught him the art of composition, and guided his literary taste. He is alluded to in several of our author's poems, especially in "The Hymn to Death," written in 1825,* in which an eloquent tribute is paid to his memory.

"Alas, I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus,
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offer'd me to the muses. O, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripen'd by years of toil and studious search
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks; and they who deem'd thy skill
Delay'd thy death-hour, shudder'd and turn'd pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this, and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
Whose early guidance train'd my infant steps,—
Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
Of death is over, and a happier life
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust."

Among instances of literary precocity, there are few recorded more remarkable than that of BRYANT. TASSO, when nine years old, wrote some lines to his mother, which have been praised; COWLEY, at ten, finished his "Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe;" POPE, when twelve, the "Ode to Solitude;" and the "wondrous boy CHATTERTON," at the same age, some verses entitled "A Hymn for Christmas Day;" but none of these pieces evidence the possession of more genius than is displayed in BRYANT's "Embargo" and "Spanish Revolution," written in his thirteenth year.† These were printed, in a thin volume, "for the author," at Boston, in 1808, and passed to a second edition in 1809.‡

In 1810, the youthful satirist entered Williams

* The Hymn to Death was principally written in 1820, but the death of his father occurring afterward, the lines quoted above were added in 1825, and the poem was then published in the New York Review.

† His earliest attempts in poetry were made when he was between nine and ten years old. One of his pieces, written in this period, appeared in the columns of a country gazette at Northampton.

‡ The following advertisement was prefixed to the second edition of the "Embargo," in consequence of the

College, where he was distinguished above any of his classmates for his proficiency in languages and polite letters. After remaining in that seminary two years, he solicited and obtained an honourable dismissal, and entered as a student the law office of Mr. Justice HOWE, and afterward that of the Honourable WILLIAM BATLIES. He was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1815, and followed his profession until 1825, when he removed to the city of New York.

In 1821, BRYANT published at Cambridge a volume containing *The Ages*, *Thanatopsis*,* To a

expression of some doubts in regard to the author's age, in one of the magazines:—

"A doubt having been intimated in the Monthly Anthology of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to his merits, the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise, that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony—they would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favour or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it—after which they leave him a candidate for favour in common with other literary adventurers. They, therefore, assure the public, that Mr. BRYANT, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"February, 1809."

The following lines, though by no means the most vigorous in the satire, will serve to show its style:—

"E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride.
She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound,
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings!

O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish, for, hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent, with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While, in the midst, their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues, successful, for each blockhead's vote."

The "Embargo" was directed against President JEFFERSON and his measures, and caused considerable amusement at the time of its publication. It has recently been quoted to prove an inconsistency in the political course of Mr. BRYANT; but the absurdity of contrasting the opinions of thirteen with those of forty-eight is so apparent, that it is necessary only to allude to it.

* See note on page 64. *Thanatopsis* was written in his eighteenth year.

Water-fowl, Green River, The Yellow Violet, Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood, and other pieces, which established his reputation as one of the first poets of the time. In *The Ages*, from a survey of the past eras of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, he endeavours to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of man.

Lo! unvell'd,

The scene of those stern ages! What is there!
A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
Moans with the crimson surges that entomb
Cities and banner'd armies; forms that wear
The kingly circlet, rise, amid the gloom,
O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallow'd in its
womb.

Those ages have no memory—but they left
A record in the desert—columns strewn
On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
Heap'd, like a host in battle overthrown;
Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
Were hewn into a city; streets that spread
In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
The long and perilous ways—the cities of the dead.

And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-plied—
They perish'd—but the eternal tombs remain—
And the black precipice, abrupt and wild,
Pierced by long toil and hollow'd to a fane;—
Huge piers and frowning forms of gods sustain
The everlasting arches, dark and wide,
Like the night heaven when clouds are black with rain.
But idly skill was task'd, and strength was plied,
All was the work of slaves, to swell a despot's pride.

This is the only poem he has written in the stanza of SPENSER. In its versification it is not inferior to the best passages of the *Faerie Queene* or *Childe Harold*, and its splendid imagery and pure philosophy are as remarkable as the power it displays over language.

About the time of the publication of *The Ages*, Mr. BRYANT was married, and in 1825, he removed to New York, where he has ever since resided. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became one of the editors of the *New York Monthly Review*, in which he first published many of his most admired poems; and, in 1826, an editor of the *Evening Post*, one of the oldest and most influential political and commercial gazettes in this country, with which he has ever since been connected. In 1827, 1828, and 1829, he was associated with Mr. VERPLANCK and the late Mr. SANDS,* in the production of the *Talisman*, an annual; and he wrote two or three of the "*Tales of Glauber Spa*," to which, besides the above-named authors, the late Mr. LEGGETT and Miss SEDGWICK were contributors. An intimate friend-

ship subsisted between him and Mr. SANDS, and when that brilliant writer died, in 1832, he assisted Mr. VERPLANCK in editing his works.

In 1832, an edition of all the poems BRYANT had then written was published in New York; it was soon after reprinted in Boston, and a copy of it reaching WASHINGTON IRVING, who was then in England, he caused it to be republished in London. Since that time it has passed through several editions, the last of which contains seventeen poems not in any previous impression. The *Winds*, *The Old Man's Counsel*, and *An Evening Reverie*, in this volume, have not appeared in any collection of his works.

In the summer of 1834, he visited Europe, with his family, intending to devote a few years to literary pursuits, and to the education of his children. He travelled through France, Germany, and Italy, and resided several months in each of the cities of Florence, Pisa, Munich, and Heidelberg. The dangerous illness of his partner and associate, the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, compelled him to return hastily in the early part of 1836; and he has since devoted all his time, except a few weeks in the summer of 1840, passed in the Valley of the Mississippi, to his duties as editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

Mr. BRYANT is a close observer of Nature. Hill and valley, forest and open plain, sunshine and storm, the voices of the rivulet and the wind, have been familiar to him from his early years; and, though he has not neglected books, they have been less than these the subjects of his study, and the sources of his pleasure. No poet has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world. His poetry is pervaded by a pure and genial philosophy, a solemn, religious tone, that influence the fancy, the understanding, and the heart.

He is a national poet. His works are not only American in their subjects and their imagery, but in their spirit. They breathe a love of liberty, a hatred of wrong, and a sympathy with mankind. His genius is not versatile; he has related no history; he has not sung of the passion of love; he has not described artificial life. Still, the tenderness and feeling in *The Death of the Flowers*, *Rizpah*, *The Indian Girl's Lament*, and other pieces, show that he might have excelled in delineations of the gentler passions, had he made them his study.

The melodious flow of his verse, and the vigour and compactness of his language, prove him a perfect master of his art. But the loftiness of his imagination, the delicacy of his fancy, the dignity and truth of his thoughts, constitute a higher claim to our admiration than mastery of the intricacies of rhythm, and of the force and graces of expression.

* These authors wrote all the *Talisman*, with the exception of *Red Jacket*, by HALLECK, and one or two articles from other pens.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shalt exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,—
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriachs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
 Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,— [all,
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw
 Unheeded by the living—and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase

His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
 Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
 By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
 learn'd
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks,
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences,
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power,
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose [down
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
 The boast of our vain race, to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,

That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With delicate breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seem'd
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble and are still. O, God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,

Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchain'd elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens,
and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure
walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and
cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their foot-
steps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless forever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
Among the palms of Mexico and vines {play'd
Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothen'd these verdant swells, and sown their
slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has pass'd away,
Built them;—a disciplined and populous race
Heap'd, with long toil, the earth, while yet the
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms {Greek
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourish'd their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison low'd,
And bow'd his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmur'd with their toils,
'Till twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd, and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremember'd form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanish'd from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold

Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown
gods—

The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heap'd
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flock'd to those vast, uncover'd sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumph'd. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seem'd to forget,—yet ne'er forgot,—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butcher'd, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too—
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamp'd beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the
ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When MARION'S name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green wood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Up on the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil:
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gather'd
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly,
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that MARION leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with MARION,
 For MARION are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more,
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past!
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
 And glorious ages gone
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground.
 And last, man's life on earth,
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
 Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
 Yielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
 And struggles hard to wring
 Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
 All passage, save to those who hence depart;
 Nor to the streaming eye
 Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
 Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
 Earth's wonder and her pride
 Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,
 Unpublish'd charity—unbroken faith—
 Love, that midst grief began,
 And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
 With thee are silent fame,
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine, for a space, are they—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb, from earliest time,
 Shall then come forth, to wear
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
 Kind words, remember'd voices, once so sweet,
 Smiles, radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat;

All shall come back, each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again;
 Alone shall evil die,
 And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
 And her, who, still and cold,
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

Ah, this is freedom!—these pure skies
 Were never stain'd with village smoke:
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me, where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
 No barriers in the bloomy grass;
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
 In pastures, measureless as air,
 The bison is my noble game;
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
 From the long stripe of waving sedge;
 The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
 In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
 The brinded catamount, that lies
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,
 Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way,
 Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frostwinds sere
 The heavy herbage of the ground,
 Gathers his annual harvest here,
 With roaring like the battle's sound,
 And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
 And smoke-streams gushing up the sky:
 I meet the flames with flames again,
 And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold
 The boundless future in the vast
 And lonely river, seaward roll'd.
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
 And trains the bordering vines, whose blue,
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass!

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
 I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;
 And kind the voice, and glad the eyes
 That welcome my return at night.

AFTER A TEMPEST.

THE day had been a day of wind and storm;—
 The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,—
 And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm
 Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
 I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
 My eye upon a broad and beautiful scene,
 Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
 And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
 With pleasant vales scoop'd out and villages be-
 tween.

The rain-drops glisten'd on the trees around,
 Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirr'd,
 Save when a shower of diamonds to the ground
 Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
 For birds were warbling round, and bees were
 About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung [heard
 And gossip'd, as he hasten'd ocean-ward;
 To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
 And chirping from the ground the grasshopper
 upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
 Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
 And darted up and down the butterfly,
 That seem'd a living blossom of the air.
 The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
 The violent rain had pent them; in the way
 Stroll'd groups of damsels frolicsome and fair;
 The farmer swung the scythe or turn'd the hay,
 And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at
 play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
 Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
 Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
 And precipice upspringing like a wall,
 And glassy river and white waterfall,
 And happy living things that trod the bright
 And beautiful scene; while far beyond them all,
 On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
 Was pour'd from the blue heavens the same soft,
 golden light.

I look'd, and thought the quiet of the scene
 An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
 When, o'er earth's continents and isles between,
 The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
 And married nations dwell in harmony;
 When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
 No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
 Nor the black stake be dress'd, nor in the sun
 The o'erlabour'd captive toil, and wish his life were
 done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
 And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
 The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
 And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
 The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
 Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
 And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
 O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
 On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven
 shall lie.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings,
Plays on the slope a while, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dress'd,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Pass'd o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deem'd should never die.

Years change thee not. . Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have pass'd away,
Since first, a child, and half-afraid,
I wander'd in the forest shade.
Thou, ever-joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water-cress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth:

The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sober'd eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date,)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age, and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it roll'd,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently press'd
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick, young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming bird.
And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?

And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
 These to their soften'd hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is—that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice
 To hear, again, his living voice.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high
 their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
 Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,—
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the
 grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
 The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
 That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
 And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
 May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
 Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
 Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
 And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more
 deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
 Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
 Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
 With garniture of waving grass and grain,
 Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
 While deep the sunless glens are scoop'd between,
 Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
 And ever restless feet of one, who, now,
 Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
 There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
 As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
 Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
 To gaze upon the mountains, to behold,
 With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
 And clouds along its blue abysses roll'd,
 To love the song of waters, and to hear
 The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here, I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
 Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
 And where the season's milder fervours beat,
 And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
 The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
 Am come a while to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
 In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
 The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
 From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
 The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
 Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
 The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry
 time,
 He stoops him from his vast, cerulean hall,
 He seems the breath of a celestial clime;
 As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow,
 Health and refreshment on the world below.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

Among our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent
hands

Tended or gather'd in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darken'd the brown tilth, or snow that beat
On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
Some truth; some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal Mind,
Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-hair'd man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me, a dreaming boy, and taught me much,
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steep'd the sprouting forests, the green hills,
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple tree, where rosy buds
Stood cluster'd, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full, clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce
cast

A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with
flowers,

Brighten'd the glens; the new-leaved butternut,
And quivering poplar, to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields,
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touch'd with
joy,

At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I ask'd him why.
"Well may'st thou join in gladness," he replied,
"With the glad earth, her springing plants and
flowers,

And this soft wind, the herald of the green,
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young, like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be
quench'd

In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listen'd, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the low signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck:
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
'Gainst his barr'd sides his speckled wings, and
made

A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes

At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They pass'd into a murmur, and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these will freshen truth.
Slow pass our days in childhood, every day
Seems like a century; rapidly they glide
In manhood, and in life's decline they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguish'd. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly-running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homesteads; flowery
nooks,

And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each; but the devoted swift
Darts by so swiftly, that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts,
And kind affections, reverence for thy God,
And for thy brethren; so, when thou shalt come
Into these barren years that fleet away
Before their fruits are ripe, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnish'd, and a wither'd heart."

Long since that white-hair'd ancient slept—but
still,

When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard
bough,

And the ruff'd grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

AN EVENING REVERIE.*

THE summer day has closed—the sun is set:
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropp'd it; the young
twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And wither'd; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have fill'd the air a while with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wander'd the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood
Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,

* From an unfinished poem.

Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with barky walls,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
 Mothers have clasp'd with joy the new-born babe.
 Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
 Of the throng'd city, have been hollow'd out,
 And fill'd, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
 That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
 New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
 Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
 Hath woo'd; and it hath heard, from lips which late
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
 That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
 Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
 Is added now to childhood's merry days,
 And one calm day to those of quiet age.
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
 By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
 Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
 Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the universe,
 Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
 That bearest, silently, this visible scene
 Into Night's shadow, and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very hour
 He knows when they shall darken or grow bright:
 Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
 Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame, and general scorn of
 men—

Which, who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life,
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being, which begins
 At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new, the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Nor in the solitude
 Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
 Through the great city roll'd,
 With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
 And lights their inner homes—
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gurst,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood!
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

THE WINDS.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye play'd a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye toss'd the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye roll'd the round, white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound,
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you sweep like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drown'd,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing floods close over head.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's
spray.

See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty [fear,
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through
Has chain'd your pinions, till ye wrench'd them free,
And rush'd into the unmeasured atmosphere:
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of
snow,

Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O, ye wild winds! a mightier power than yours
In chains upon the shores of Europe lies;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes:
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet, O, when that wrong'd spirit of our race,
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may he, like the spring-time, come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of Gon,
Come spouting up the unseal'd springs to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colour'd landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colour'd foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too bless'd
Forever in thy colour'd shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad; the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

JOHN NEAL.

[Born about 1784.]

JOHN NEAL is now, probably, not far from forty-seven years old. He is a native of Portland, in Maine, where he passed his early years. In 1815, he went to Baltimore, and was there, for a time, associated with JOHN PIERPONT in mercantile transactions; but these resulting disastrously, he turned his attention to literature, commencing his career by writing for "The Portico," a monthly magazine, a series of critical essays, on the works of Lord Byron. In 1818, he published "Keep Cool, a Novel," and in the following year "The Battle of Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poems, by Jehu O'Cataraht,"* and "Otho, a Tragedy." He also wrote a large portion of "Allen's History of the American Revolution," which appeared early in 1821. In 1822, he published, in Philadelphia, "Logan, a Novel," which was reprinted soon after in London, in four volumes. This was followed, in 1823, by "Seventy-six," the most popular of his fictions; "Randolph,"† a story which attracted considerable attention at the time, from the fact that it contained notices of the most prominent politicians, authors, and artists then in this country; and "Errata, or the Works of Will Adams."

Near the close of 1823, Mr. NEAL went to England. Soon after his arrival in that country, he wrote for Blackwood's Magazine "Sketches of the five American Presidents, and the five Candidates for the Presidency," an article which was republished in many of the foreign and American periodicals. To correct the erroneous opinions which he found to be prevalent in regard to this country, he contributed to Blackwood's, and other British magazines, under the guise of an Englishman, numerous articles on the political and social condition of the United States, which attracted considerable attention, and led to his introduction

to many distinguished men, among whom was JEREMY BENTHAM. His acquaintance with this distinguished philosopher, it is said, had much influence on his subsequent conduct and opinions.

After passing four years in Great Britain and France, and publishing, besides his papers in the periodicals, the novel entitled "Brother Jonathan," Mr. NEAL returned to his native city of Portland, where he has since resided. The year after his return, he published "Rachel Dyer," a novel, and he has since that time given to the world "Authorship," "The Down Easters," and "Bentham's Morals and Legislation." He also conducted for two years "The Yankee," a weekly gazette, and he has written much in other periodicals.

Mr. NEAL is a man of uncommon natural abilities; and had he been thoroughly educated, he might have won an enduring and enviable reputation as an author. His works contain many brilliant passages, but they are written too carelessly, and with too little regard to the rules of art, to be long remembered.

I have heard an anecdote which illustrates the rapidity with which he throws off his compositions. When he lived in Baltimore, he went one evening to the rooms of PIERPONT, and read to him a poem which he had just completed. The author of "The Airs of Palestine" was always a nice critic, and he frankly pointed out the faults of the performance. NEAL promised to revise it, and submit it again on the following morning. At the appointed time he repaired to the apartment of his friend, and read to him a new poem, of three or four hundred lines; he had tried to improve his first attempt, but failing to do so, had chosen a new subject, a new measure, and produced an entirely new work, before he retired to sleep. True poetry is never so written.

THE SOLDIER'S VISIT TO HIS FAMILY.†

AND there the stranger stays: beneath that oak,
Whose shatter'd majesty hath felt the stroke
Of heaven's own thunder—yet it proudly heaves
A giant sceptre, wreathed with blasted leaves,—

* "JEHU O'CATARAHT" was the name given to NEAL by the Delphian Club of Baltimore, of which PAUL ALLEN, Gen. BYND, the Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, Judge BRECKENRIDGE, NEAL, and other distinguished men, were then members. The second edition of the Battle of Niagara was published in 1819, and for "JEHU O'CATARAHT" was substituted "JOHN NEAL."

† In a note in Blackwood's Magazine, Mr. NEAL says he wrote "Randolph" in thirty-six days, with an interval of about a week between the two volumes, in which he wrote nothing; "Errata" in less than thirty-nine days; and "Seventy-six" in twenty-seven days. During this time he was engaged in professional business, and they were written in the leisure and idle hours of a lawyer.

‡ From "The Battle of Niagara."

As though it dared the elements, and stood
The guardian of that cot, the monarch of that wood.

Beneath its venerable vault he stands:
And one might think, who saw his outstretch'd
hands,

That something more than soldiers e'er may feel,
Had touch'd him with its holy, calm appeal:
That yonder wave—the heaven—the earth—the air
Had call'd up on his spirit for her prayer.

His eye goes dimly o'er the midnight scene:
The oak—the cot—the wood—the faded green—
The moon—the sky—the distant moving light—
All, all are gathering on his dampen'd sight.

His warrior helm and plume, his fresh-dyed blade
Beneath a window on the turf are laid;
The panes are ruddy through the clambering vines
And blushing leaves, that summer intertwines
In warmer tints than e'er luxuriant spring,
O'er flower-imbosom'd roof led wandering.

His pulses quicken ; for a rude, old door
Is open'd by the wind ; he sees the floor,
Strew'd with white sand, on which he used to trace
His boyhood's battles, and assign a place
To charging hosts, and give the Indian yell,
And shout to hear his hoary grandsire tell
How he had fought with savages, whose breath
He felt upon his cheek like mildew till his death.

Hark ! that sweet song, how full of tenderness !
O ! who would breathe in this voluptuous press
Of lulling thoughts ! so soothing, and so low,
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow :
It is as if some holy, lovely thing,
Within our very hearts were murmuring.
The soldier listens, and his arms are press'd
In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast ;
Now, on the very window where he stands,
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands ;
And now—ah, Heaven ! blessings on that smile !
Stay, soldier, stay ! O, linger yet a while !
An airy vision now appears, with eyes
As tender as the blue of weeping skies,
Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue
When sunset glitters on its falling dew :
With form—all joy and dance—as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain liberty,
Or naked angels, dream'd by poesy ;
A blooming infant to her heart is press'd,
And, ah ! a mother's song is lulling it to rest.

A single bound ! our chief is standing by,
Trembling from head to foot with ecstasy ; [love !
"Bless thee !" at length he murmur'd, "bless thee,
My wife ! my boy !" Their eyes are raised above.
His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone,
A choking transport drowns his manly tone.
He sees the closing of that mild, blue eye,
His bosom echoes to a faint, low cry,
His glorious boy springs freshly from his sleep,
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eyebears leap,
As half in fear, along the stranger's dress,
Then, half-advancing, yields to his caress ;
Then peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye,
With the clear look of radiant infancy,
The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky,

The stranger now is kneeling by the side
Of that young mother, watching for the tide
Of her returning life : it comes ; a glow
Goes faintly, slowly, o'er her cheek and brow :
A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds
A snowy breast, like twilight's melting clouds,
In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays
The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

On a blue summer night,
When the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light ;
While the newly-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away ;
From a lone, woody place
There look'd out a face,

With large, blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brim full of water and light ;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright :
"T was the head of a poet ! He grew
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded—alone—
Till his heart had blown—
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow ;
Till every thought wore a changeable strain,
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain :
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy ;
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head ;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of wo and surprise,—
Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.
Looking about,
For a moment or two, he stood,
On the shore of the mighty wood ;
Then ventured out,
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him !
The broad sea all before him !

AMBITION.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll ;
And held my breath, when—flaming high—
I saw our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky ;
They went like battle o'er my soul :
For I was so ambitious then,
I burn'd to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
A standard swaying far and free ;
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels floating wide and bright,
Above the stars, above the fight

Where nations warr'd for liberty :
And thought I heard the battle-cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sail'd upon the dark-blue deep,
And shouted to the eagle soaring ;
And hung me from a rocking steep,
When all but spirits were asleep ;
And, O, my very soul would leap
To hear the gallant waters roaring ;
For every sound and shape of strife
To me was but the breath of life.

But I am strangely alter'd now,—
I love no more the bugle's voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain, with his clouded brow—
The thunder, when his blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice,—
I love to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and half-shut eyes.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[Born, 1795. Died, 1820.]

THE author of the "Culprit Fay" was born in the city of New York, on the seventh day of August, 1795. His father died while he was very young, and I believe left his family in possession of but little property. Young DRAKE, therefore, experienced some difficulties in acquiring his education. He entered Columbia College, however, at an early period, and passed through that seminary with a reputation for scholarship, taste, and admirable social qualities. He soon after made choice of the medical profession, and became a student, first, with Doctor ROMAINE, and subsequently with Doctor POWELL, both of whom were at that time popular physicians in New York.

Soon after completing his professional studies he was married to Miss SARAH ECKFORD, a daughter of the well-known marine architect, HENRY ECKFORD, through whom he inherited a moderate fortune. His health, about the same time, began to decline, and in the winter of 1819 he visited New Orleans, to which city his mother, who had married a second husband, had previously removed with his three sisters. He had anticipated some benefit from the sea-voyage, and the mild climate of Louisiana, but was disappointed, and in the spring of 1820 he returned to New York. His disease—consumption—was now too deeply seated for hope of restoration to be cherished, and he gradually withdrew himself from society, and sought quiet among his books, and in the companionship of his wife and most intimate friends. He lingered through the summer, and died near the close of September, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

He began to write verses when very young, and was a contributor to several gazettes before he was sixteen years old. He permitted none but his most intimate friends to know his signatures, and sometimes kept the secrets of his authorship entirely to himself. The first four of the once celebrated series of humorous and satirical odes, known as the "Croaker Pieces," were written by him, for the New York "Evening Post," in which they appeared between the tenth and the twentieth of March, 1819. After the publication of the fourth number, DRAKE made HALLECK, then recently arrived in New York, a partner, and the remainder of the pieces were signed "Croaker and Co." The last one written by DRAKE was "The American Flag," printed on the twenty-ninth of May, and the last of the series, "Curtain Conversations," was contributed by HALLECK, on the twenty-fourth of July. These pieces related to persons, events, and scenes, with which most of the readers in New York were familiar, and as they were distinguished alike for playful humour, and an easy and spirited diction, they became very popular, and many efforts were made to find out the authors. Both DRAKE and HALLECK were unknown as poets, and, as they

kept the secret from their friends, a considerable period elapsed before they were discovered.

The "Croakers" are now, however, well nigh forgotten, save a few of the least satirical numbers, which HALLECK has preserved in the collections of his own and of his friend's writings; and the reputation of either author rests on more elaborate and ingenious productions. The longest poem by DRAKE is "The Culprit Fay," a story exhibiting the most delicate fancy, and much artistic skill, which was not printed until several years after his death. It was composed hastily among the highlands of the Hudson, in the summer of 1819. The author was walking with some friends, on a warm, moonlit evening, when one of the party remarked, that "it would be difficult to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters." When the friends were reassembled, two or three days afterwards, "The Culprit Fay" was read to them, nearly as it is printed in this volume.

DRAKE placed a very modest estimate on his own productions, and it is believed that but a small portion of them have been preserved. When on his death-bed, a friend inquired of him what disposition he would have made with his poems? "O, burn them," he replied, "they are quite valueless." Written copies of a number of them were, however, in circulation, and some had been incorrectly printed in the periodicals; and, for this reason, Commodore DEKAR, the husband of the daughter and only child of the deceased poet, in 1836 published the single collection of them which has appeared. It includes, beside "The Culprit Fay," eighteen shorter pieces, some of which are very beautiful.

DRAKE was unassuming and benevolent in his manners and his feelings, and he had an unfailing fountain of fine humour, which made him one of the most pleasant of companions. HALLECK closes a tributary poem published soon after his death, in the "New York Review," with the following stanzas—

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and wo were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essay'd it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fix'd too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!
 Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales
 I see old fairy land's miraculous show!
 Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales,
 Her Ouphs that, clonk'd in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
 And fairies, swarming —"

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.

I.

"Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cronest,
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnish'd length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid.
 And naught is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
 And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
 Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
 Ever a note of wail and wo,
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

"Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke
 Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
 And he has awaken'd the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
 ("T was made of the white snail's pearly shell:—)
 "Midnight comes, and all is well!
 Hither, hither, wing your way!
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks
 And rock'd about in the evening breeze; [high,

Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had open'd the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little nimble forms array'd
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunn'd him in her eye of blue,
 Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,
 Play'd in the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away:—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI.

The throne was rear'd upon the grass,
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy—
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
 The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,
 The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
 And his peers were ranged around the throne.
 He waved his sceptre in the air,
 He look'd around and calmly spoke;
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,
 But his voice in a soften'd accent broke:

VII.

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
 Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark,
 And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
 In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
 Thou hast scorn'd our dread decree,
 And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
 But well I know her sinless mind
 Is pure as the angel forms above,
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
 Such as a spirit well might love;
 Fairy! had she spot or taint,
 Bitter had been thy punishment.

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Toss'd on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doom'd to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murder'd fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock light.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is wash'd away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark,
Thou must reillumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X.

The goblin mark'd his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bow'd him low,
Then pluck'd a crimson colen-bell,
And turn'd him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leap'd the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,

Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red wax'd fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laugh'd as he jump'd upon her back;
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
He lash'd her sides with an osier thong;
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reach'd at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnish'd blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then toss'd a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
With snail-plate armour snatch'd in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
And some on the jellied quail, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;

Their warriors come in swift career
 And hem him round on every side;
 On his thigh the leech has fix'd his hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his javelin;
 The gritty star has rubb'd him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV.

He turn'd him round, and fled amain
 With hurry and dash to the beach again,
 He twisted over from side to side,
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
 And with all his might he flings his feet,
 But the water-sprites are round him still,
 To cross his path and work him ill.
 They bade the wave before him rise;
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
 And they stunn'd his ears with the scallop stroke,
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
 O! but a weary wight was he
 When he reach'd the foot of the dogwood tree.
 —Gash'd and wounded, and stiff and sore,
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;
 He bless'd the force of the charmed line,
 And he bann'd the water goblin's spite,
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their might
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gather'd the balsam dew
 From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
 Over each wound the balm he drew,
 And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the blood.
 The mild west wind was soft and low,
 It cool'd the heat of his burning brow,
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
 As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
 And now he treads the fatal shore,
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII.

Wrapp'd in musing stands the sprite:
 'Tis the middle wane of night;
 His task is hard, his way is far,
 But he must do his errand right
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
 And vain are the spells of fairy-land;
 He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a sadden'd look around,
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
 When, glittering on the shadow'd ground,
 He saw a purple muscle-shell;

Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
 She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
 As ever fairy had paddled in,
 For she glow'd with purple paint without,
 And shone with silvery pearl within;
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
 An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
 Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
 And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
 They had no power above the wave,
 But they heaved the billow before the prow,
 And they dash'd the surge against her side,
 And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
 She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-toss'd stream;
 And momentarily athwart her track
 The quarl uprear'd his island back,
 And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
 And patter the water about the boat;
 But he bail'd her out with his colen-bell,
 And he kept her trimm'd with a wary tread,
 While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,
 Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
 And saw beneath the surface dim
 The brown-back'd sturgeon slowly swim:
 Around him were the goblin train—
 But he scull'd with all his might and main,
 And follow'd wherever the sturgeon led,
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then he dropp'd his paddle-blade,
 And held his colen-goblet up
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But left an arch of silver bright,
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight
 To see the puny goblin there;
 He seem'd an angel form of light,
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circled with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
 But ere it met the billow blue,

He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polish'd glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half-swelling out,
While on the gloss'd and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And, as he lightly leap'd to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gayly kiss'd each little hand,
And dropp'd in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stay'd the fairy there;
He kiss'd the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
So vanish'd, far in heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has call'd the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmed armour don,
Thou! 't need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down:
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito check'd his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropp'd his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouch'd them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was
bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twigs bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feather'd with down of the hum-bird's wing,
And now they deem'd the courier ouphe,
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watch'd till they saw him mount the
roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freak'd about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitch'd the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him play'd,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurr'd with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunn'd with the thunder's blare,
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gash'd their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gain'd the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
 In breathless motion fast,
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The sphered moon is past,
 The earth but seems a tiny blot
 On a sheet of azure cast.
 O! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
 But the Elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the milky-way,
 Then he check'd his courser's foot,
 And watch'd for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
 That swell'd to meet their footsteps' fall,
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
 Around the Fay they weave the dance,
 They skip before him on the plain,
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
 And one upholds his bridle-rein;
 With warblings wild they lead him on
 To where, through clouds of amber seen,
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone
 The palace of the sylphid queen.
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
 Were streamers of the northern light;
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush
 Was of the morning's rosy blush,
 And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, O! how fair the shape that lay
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
 She seem'd to the entranced Fay
 The loveliest of the forms of light;
 Her mantle was the purple roll'd
 At twilight in the west afar;
 'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
 And button'd with a sparkling star.
 Her face was like the lily roon
 That veils the vestal planet's hue;
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
 Set floating in the welkin blue.
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,
 And the diamond gems which round it gleam
 Are the pure drops of dewy even
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
 And they leap'd with smiles, for well I ween
 Never before in the bowers of light
 Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
 Long she look'd in his tiny face;
 Long with his butterfly cloak she play'd;
 She smooth'd his wings of azure lace,
 And handled the tassel of his blade;

And as he told in accents low
 The story of his love and wo,
 She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
 And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
 And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
 "Return no more to your woodland height,
 But ever here with me abide
 In the land of everlasting light!
 Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
 We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
 And all the jewels of the sky
 Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
 And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
 That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
 And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
 And dance upon the orb'd moon!
 We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
 We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
 And I will bid my sylphs to sing
 The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
 Their harps are of the umber shade,
 That hides the blush of waking day,
 And every gleamy string is made
 Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray;
 And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
 While heavenly breathings float around,
 And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
 Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,
 The earthly form imprinted there;
 Naught he saw in the heavens above
 Was half so dear as his mortal love,
 For he thought upon her looks so meek,
 And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
 Never again might he bask and lie
 On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye,
 But in his dreams her form to see,
 To clasp her in his revery,
 To think upon his virgin bride,
 Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
 On the word of a fairy-knight,
 To do my sentence-task aright;
 My honour scarce is free from stain,
 I may not soil its snows again;
 Betide me weal, betide me wo,
 Its mandate must be answer'd now."
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 The tear was in her drooping eye;
 But she led him to the palace gate,
 And call'd the sylphs who hover'd there,
 And bade them fly and bring him straight
 Of clouds condensed a sable car.
 With charm and spell she bless'd it there,
 From all the fiends of upper air;
 Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
 And tied his steed behind the cloud;
 And press'd his hand as she bade him fly
 Far to the verge of the northern sky,

For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reach'd the northern plain,
And back'd his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapp'd in sulphur-smoke,
And quench'd is its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail behind
The Elfin gallops along,
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheel'd around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither—hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the leaf;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;

The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owl's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made:
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crow'd, and the Fays are gone.

BRONX.

I sat me down upon a green bank-side,
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seem'd unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends, who linger while they sever,
Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes;
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beech was spangling,
The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, encased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flash'd in their eyes unheeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touch'd wings around,
The bluefinch caroll'd in the still retreat;
The antic squirrel caper'd on the ground
Where lichens made a carpet for his feet;
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars, with loose, mossy tresses,
White-powder'd dog trees, and stiff hollies
flaunting
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue peloret from purple leaves uplanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom:
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds
excelling,
O! 'twas a ravishing spot, form'd for a poet's dwelling.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
 Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
 Pain'd with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
 Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness?
 Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
 To prison wandering thought and mar sweet soli-
 tude!
 Yet I will look upon thy face again,
 My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
 A face more pleasant than the face of men.
 Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
 A well-remember'd form in each old tree,
 And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She call'd her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trumpings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on.
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valour given;
 The stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

TO SARAH.

I.

One happy year has fled, SALL,
 Since you were all my own;
 The leaves have felt the autumn blight,
 The wintry storm has blown.
 We heeded not the cold blast,
 Nor the winter's icy air;
 For we found our climate in the heart,
 And it was summer there.

II.

The summer sun is bright, SALL,
 The skies are pure in hue;
 But clouds will sometimes sadden them,
 And dim their lovely blue;
 And clouds may come to us, SALL,
 But sure they will not stay;
 For there's a spell in fond hearts
 To chase their gloom away.

III.

In sickness and in sorrow
 Thine eyes were on me still,
 And there was comfort in each glance
 To charm the sense of ill;
 And were they absent now, SALL,
 I'd seek my bed of pain,
 And bless each pang that gave me back
 Those looks of love again.

IV.

O, pleasant is the welcome kiss,
 When day's dull round is o'er,
 And sweet the music of the step
 That meets me at the door.
 Though worldly cares may visit us,
 I reckon not when they fall,
 While I have thy kind lips, my SALL,
 To smile away them all.

MARIA BROOKS.

[Born about 1795.]

WE have in America few women who devote their lives to literature, and produce artistic works. There are many who write "fugitive pieces," calculated to give no offence, rather than to excite admiration, or provoke criticism. Commonplace sentiments are smoothly versified; but the scrupulous nicety of the public in regard to decorum, or the modesty of authors, prevents the sincere, bold, and natural expression of strong emotion. Prudery and affectation are everywhere offensive; but in poetry they are unpardonable.

Mrs. Brooks—better known as *Maria del Occidente*—is not of this class. She is the poet of passion; her writings are distinguished by a fearlessness of thought and expression; she gives the heart its true voice. In an age which allows but little room for the development of character, and which would make men and women after conventional patterns, she has manifested individualism in her life, and originality in her works. She was born in Medford, near Boston, about the year 1795. Her maiden name was GOWAN. She very early manifested a love for literature and the fine arts. Before she was nine years old, it is said, she had committed to memory many passages by SHAKESPEARE, POPE, MILTON, and other great authors; and at twelve she was a proficient in painting and music. At the early age of fourteen, she was betrothed, and as soon as her education was finished, married, to Mr. Brooks, a merchant of Boston. The first few years of her womanhood were passed in affluence; but by some disasters at sea the wealth of her husband was lost, and in the period which followed, poetry was resorted to for amusement and consolation. She wrote at nineteen a metrical romance, in seven cantos, but it was never published. In 1820, a small volume of her writings, entitled "Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts," appeared, after having been submitted to some of her friends, who were professors in Harvard University, by whom a favourable judgment of its merits was expressed. It contained many creditable passages, and was praised in some of the critical journals of this country and England. The following lines are descriptive of one of the characters:

With even step, in mourning garb array'd,
Fair JUDITH walk'd, and grandeur mark'd her air;
Though humble dust, in pious sprinklings laid,
Soil'd the dark tresses of her copious hair.

The next stanza alludes to her son:

Softly supine his rosy limbs reposed,
His locks curl'd high, leaving the forehead bare;
And o'er his eyes the light lids gently closed,
As they had fear'd to hide the brilliance there.

The second poem in this volume was founded on the book of Esther. The following verses de-

scribe the preparations of the heroine for appearing before the king.

"Take ye, my maids, this mournful garb away;
Bring all my glowing gems and garments fair;
A nation's fate impending hangs to-day
But on my beauty and your deuteous care."

Prompt to obey, her ivory form they lave;
Some comb and braid her hair of wavy gold;
Some softly wipe away the limpid wave
That o'er her dimply limbs in drops of fragrance roll'd.

Refresh'd and faultless from their hands she came,
Like form celestial clad in raiment bright;
O'er all her garb rich India's treasures flame,
In mingling beams of rainbow colour'd light.

Graceful she enter'd the forbidden court,
Her bosom throbbing with her purpose high;
Slow were her steps, and unassuming her port,
While hope just trembled in her azure eye.

Light on the marble fell her ermine tread,
And when the king reclined in musing mood,
Lifts at the gentle sound his stately head,
Low at his feet the sweet intruder stood.

Soon after the death of her husband, in 1821, Mrs. Brooks became the possessor of some property in the island of Cuba; and since that time she has not resided permanently in this country.

"Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven, by Maria del Occidente," was published in London, in 1833. The first canto had been printed, with a few miscellaneous pieces, at Boston, in 1825, but the poem was not completed until 1831, when the last notes to it were written, in Paris. At the time of its publication, Mrs. Brooks was the guest of ROBERT SOUTHBY, who corrected the proof-sheets as it passed through the press, and who, in "The Doctor,"* and other works, has alluded to it as one of the most remarkable productions of female genius. The germ of the story is in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the apocryphal book of TOBIT; but in endeavouring to give authority for the incidents of the poem, the author has not referred to the sacred writings. By the fathers of the Greek and Roman churches, it was supposed that demons or fallen angels, in an early age, had wandered about the earth, formed attachments to beautiful mortals, and caused themselves, at times, to be worshipped as divinities. ZOPHIEL, an out-cast angel, is enamoured of EGLA, the apocryphal SARA; and while, in her bridal chamber, she is

* MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE—otherwise, we believe, Mrs. Brooks—is styled in "The Doctor," &c. "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." And without taking into account *quodam ardentiora* scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and, with the more accurate substitution of "fanciful" for "imaginative" for the whole of the eulogy. It is altogether an extraordinary performance.—*London Quarterly Review*.

waiting for MELES, the first of seven who seek her hand, he appears before her and declares his passion:

Then lowly bending with seraphic grace,
The vase he proffer'd full; and not a gem
Drawn forth successive from its sparkling place,
But put to shame the Persian diadem;
While he, "Nay, let me o'er thy white arms bind
These orient pearls, less smooth; EGLA, for thee,
My thrilling substance pain'd by storm and wind,
I sought them in the caverns of the sea.
Look! here 's a ruby; drinking solar rays,
I saw it redden on a mountain-tip;
Now on thy snowy bosom let it blaze;
'T will blush still deeper to behold thy lip.
Here 's for thy hair a garland; every flower
That spreads its blossoms, water'd by the tear
Of the sad slave in Babylonian tower,
Might see its frail bright hues perpetuate here.
For morn's light bell, this changeful amethyst;
A sapphire for the violet's tender blue;
Large opals, for the queen-rose zephyr-kiss;
And here are emeralds of every hue,
For folded bud and leaflet dropp'd with dew.
And here 's a diamond, cull'd from Indian mine,
To gift a haughty queen; it might not be;
I knew a worthier brow, sister divine,
And brought the gem; for well I deem for thee
The arch-chemic sun in earth's dark bosom wrought
To prison thus a ray, that when dull night
Frowns o'er her realms, and nature's all seems naught,
She whom he grieves to leave may still behold his light."

Thus spoke he on, while still the wondering maid
Gazed as a youthful artist; rapturously
Each perfect, smooth, harmonious limb survey'd,
Insatiate still her beauty-loving eye.
For ZOPHIEL wore a mortal form; and blent
In mortal form, when perfect, Nature shows
Her all that's fair enhanced; fire, firmament,
Ocean, earth, flowers, and gems,—all there disclose
Their charms epitomised: the heavenly power
To lavish beauty, in this last work, crown'd;
And EGLA, form'd of fibres such as dower
Those who most feel, forgot all else around.
He saw, and softening every wily word,
Spoke in more melting music to her soul;
And o'er her sense, as when the fond night-bird
Wooes the full rose, o'erpowering fragrance stole;
Or when the lilies, sleeper perfume, move,
Disturb'd by two young sister fawns, that play
Among their graceful stalks at morn, and love
From their white cells to lap the dew away.
She strove to speak, but 't was in murmurs low;
While o'er her cheek, his potent spell confessing,
Deeper diffused the warm carnation glow.
Still dewy-wet with tears, her inmost soul confessing.
As the lihe reptile in some lonely grove,
With fix'd bright eye of fascinating flame,
Lures on by slow degrees the plaining dove,
So nearer, nearer still the bride and spirit came.
Success seem'd sure; but in the secret height
And pride of transport, as he braved the power
Which baffled him, at morn, an evil light
Shot from his eyes, with guilt and treachery fraught.

Nature upon her children oft bestows
The quick, untaught perception; and while Art
O'ertasks himself with guile, loves to disclose
The dark thought in the eye, to warn the o'er-trusting
Or haply, 't was some airy guardian foil'd [heart;
The sprite. . . What mix'd emotions shook his breast,
When her fair hand, ere he could clasp, recoil'd!
The spell was broke, and doubts and terrors prest
Her sore. While ZOPHIEL: "MELES' step I heard—
He's a betrayer!—wilt receive him still?"
The rosy blood driven to her heart by fear,
She said, in accents faint but firm, "I will."

The spirit heard; and all again was dark,
Save, as before, the melancholy flame
Of the full moon; and faint, unfrequent spark,
Which from the perfume's burning embers came,
That stood in vases round the room disposed.
Shuddering and trembling to her couch she crept;
Soft open'd the door, and quick again was closed,
And through the pale, gray moonlight MELES stept.
But ere he yet, with haste, could throw aside
His broider'd belt and sandals—dread to tell,
Eager he sprang—he sought to clasp his bride—
He stopp'd;—a groan was heard—he gasp'd and fell
Low by the couch of her who widow'd lay,
Her ivory hands, convulsive, clasp'd in prayer,
But lacking power to move; and when 't was day,
A cold, black corpse was all of MELES there.

Four other lovers, in succession, seek the chamber of EGLA, and perish. The fifth, ALTHEETOR, a page of the King of Medea, unterrified by the fate of others, approaches her.

Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
Enter'd the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
And, lowly bending down, made tuneless pariance there.
Like perfume, soft his gentle accents rose,
And sweetly thrill'd the gilded roof along;
His warm, devoted soul no terror knows,
And truth and love lend fervour to his song.
She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan,—she springs
Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.
Then thus: "O! being, who unseen but near,
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music,—all that's dear,
Look, look on me, and spare my agony!
"Spirit! in mercy make not me the cause,
The hateful cause of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives—he draws—
Thou wilt not blast!—he draws his harmless breath!"
Still lives ALTHEETOR; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost—given up. He fain would turn to gaze,
But cannot turn, so twined. Now all that stole
Through every vein, and thrill'd each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told,—all wound and clasp'd
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him? "What a sea of sweets!" he gasp'd,
But 't was delight: sound, fragrance, all were breathing.
Still swell'd the transport: "Let me look and thank!"
He sigh'd, (celestial smiles his lip enwrathing)—
"I die—but ask no more," he said, and sank;
Still by her arms supported—lower—lower
As by soft sleep oppress'd; so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tap'stried floor;
It seem'd an angel lay reposing there.

He died of love; or the o'erperfect joy
Of being plied—pray'd for—press'd by thee.
O! for the fate of that devoted boy
I'd sell my birthright to Eternity.
I'm not the cause of this thy last distress.
Nay! look upon thy spirit ere he flees!
Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!
He said; and tears fell fast from his immortal eyes.

Resolving that no mortal shall wed her, ZOPHIEL finally resolves to preserve EGLA, for his own society in perpetual youth and beauty; and with this intention he seeks PHAERION, one of the gentlest of the fallen spirits, made up of tenderness and love, and persuades him to lead the way to the palace of the gnomes, under the sea, where TATHYAM keeps the elixir of life. This episode,

which forms the third canto of the poem, I have quoted. A drop of the elixir is obtained, and lost on the return of the spirits to the upper air, in a tempest raised by *LUCIFER*. Finally, *HELOX*, who weds *EGLA*, puts *ZOPHIEL* to flight, and in the deserts of Ethiopia, the fallen angel is visited by *RAFAEL*, who gives him hopes of restoration to his original rank in Heaven.

Since the appearance of "*Zophiel*," Mrs. Brooks has published but little. It is understood, however, that she has written an epic poem, of which *COLUMBUS* is the hero, that will soon be given to the world. Her appreciation of the sublime in sentiment, and the noble and daring in action, qualify her well to delineate the character of the great discoverer. She recently resided several years in the vicinity of the Military Academy at West

Point, where one of her sons, now an officer in the United States army, was educated; but she has since returned to the island of Cuba.

Mrs. Brooks is the only American poet of her sex whose mind is thoroughly educated. She is familiar with the literature of Greece, Rome, and the oriental nations, and with the languages and letters of southern Europe. Learning, brilliant imagination, and masculine boldness of thought and diction, are characteristics of her works. In some of her descriptions she is, perhaps, too minute; and at times, by her efforts to condense, she becomes obscure. The stanza of "*Zophiel*" will probably never be very popular; and though the poem may, to use the language of Mr. *SOUTHEY*, have a permanent place in the literature of our language, it will never be generally admired.

PALACE OF GNOMES.*

'T is now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,

The hour of melancholy: night, as vain

Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,

That all may look upon her ere it wane.

The heavenly angel watch'd his subject star,

O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling;

The sighs of wounded love he hears, from far,

Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope
beguiling.

The nether earth looksauteous as a gem;

High o'er her groves in floods of moonlight laving,

The towering palm displays his silver stem,

The while his plummy leaves scarce in the breeze
are waving.

The nightingale among his roses sleeps;

The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping;

The dark-green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,

And every odorous spike in limpid dew is steeping.

Proud, prickly cerea, now thy blossom 'scapes

Its cell; brief cup of light; and seems to say,

"I am not for gross mortals; blood of grapes—
And sleep for them. Come, spirits, while ye may!"

A silent stream winds darkly through the shade,

And slowly gains the Tigris, where 'tis lost;

By a forgotten prince, of old, 't was made,

And in its course full many a fragment cross'd
Of marble, fairly carved; and by its side.

Her golden dust the flaunting lotos threw

O'er her white sisters, throned upon the tide,

And queen of every flower that loves perpetual
dew.

Gold-sprinkling lotos, theme of many a song,

By slender Indian warbled to his fair!

Still tastes the stream thy rosy kiss, though long

Has been but dust the hand that placed thee
there.

The little temple where its relics rest

Long since has fallen; its broken columns lie

Beneath the lucid wave, and give its breast

A whiten'd glimmer as 'tis stealing by.

* The third canto of *Zophiel*.

Here, cerea, too, thy clasping mazes twine

The only pillar time has left erect;

Thy serpent arms embrace it, as 't were thine,

And roughly mock the beam it should reflect.

An ancient prince, in happy madness blest,

Was wont to wander to this spot, and deem'd

A water-nymph came to him, and caress'd,

And loved him well; haply he only dream'd;

But on the spot a little dome arose,

And flowers were set, that still in wildness bloom;

And the cold ashes that were him, repose,

Carefully shrined in this lone ivory tomb.

It is a place so strangely wild and sweet,

That spirits love to come; and now, upon

A moonlight fragment, *ZOPHIEL* chose his seat,

In converse with the soft *PHRAERION*;

Who on the moss beside him lies reclining,

O'erstrewn with leaves, from full-blown roses
shaken,

By nightingales, that on their branches twining,

The live-long night to love and music waken.

PHRAERION, gentle sprite! nor force nor fire

He had to wake in others doubt or fear:

He'd hear a tale of bliss, and not aspire

To taste himself: 't was meet for his compeer.

No soul-creative in this being born,

Its restless, daring, fond aspirings hid:

Within the vortex of rebellion drawn,

He join'd the shining ranks as others did.

Success but little had advanced; defeat

He thought so little, scarce to him were worse;

And, as he held in heaven inferior seat,

Less was his bliss, and lighter was his curse.

He form'd no plans for happiness: content

To curl the tendrils, fold the bud; his pain

So light, he scarcely felt his banishment.

ZOPHIEL, perchance, had held him in disdain;

But, form'd for friendship, from his o'erfraught soul

'T was such relief his burning thoughts to pour

In other ears, that oft the strong control

Of pride he felt them burst, and could restrain
no more.

ZOPHIEL was soft, but yet all flame; by turns

Love, grief, remorse, shame, pity, jealousy,

Each boundless in his breast, impels or burns :

His joy was bliss, his pain was agony.

And mild PHRAERION was of heaven, and *there*

Nothing imperfect in its kind can be :

There every form is fresh, soft, bright, and fair,

Yet differing each, with that variety,

Not least of miracles, which *here* we trace :

And wonder and admire the cause that form'd

So like, and yet so different, every face,

Though of the self-same clay, by the same process warm'd.

"Order is heaven's first law." But that obey'd,

The planets fix'd, the Eternal mind at leisure,

A vast profusion spread o'er all it made,

As if in endless change were found eternal pleasure.

Harmless PHRAERION, form'd to dwell on high,

Retain'd the looks that had been his above ;

And his harmonious lip, and sweet, blue eye,

Soothed the fallen seraph's heart, and changed his scorn to love ;

Who, when he saw him in some garden pleasant,

Happy, because too little thought had he

To place in contrast past delight with present,

Had given his soul of fire for that inanity.

But, O ! in him the Eternal had infused

The restless soul that doth itself devour,

Unless it can create ; and fallen, misused,

But forms the vast design to mourn the feeble power.

In plenitude of love, the Power benign

Nearer itself some beings fain would lift ;

To share its joys, assist its vast design

With high intelligence ; O, dangerous gift !

Superior passion, knowledge, force, and fire,

The glorious creatures took ; but each the slave

Of his own strength, soon burn'd with wild desire,

And basely turn'd it 'gainst the hand that gave.

But ZOPHIEL, fallen sufferer, now no more

Thought of the past ; the aspiring voice was mute,

That urged him on to meet his doom before,

And all dissolved to love each varied attribute.

"Come, my PHRAERION, give me an embrace,"

He said. "I hope a respite of repose,

Like that respiring from thy sunny face ;

Even the peace thy guileless bosom knows.

Rememberest thou that cave of Tigris, where

We went with fruits and flowers, and meteor light,

And the fair creature, on the damp rock, there

Shivering and trembling so ? Ah ! well she might !

False were my words, infernal my intent,

Then, as I knelt before her feet, and sued ;

Yet still she blooms, uninjured, innocent,

Though now, for seven long months, by ZOPHIEL watch'd and woo'd.

Gentle PHRAERION, 'tis for her I crave

Assistance : what I could have blighted *then*,

'Tis *now* my only care to guard and save ;

Companion, then, my airy flight again.

Conduct me to those hoards of sweets and dews,

Treasured in haunts to all but thee unknown,

For favourite sprites : teach me their power and use,

And whatsoever thou wilt of ZOPHIEL, be it done !

Throughout fair Ecbatane the deeds I've wrought

Have cast such dread, that, of all *SANDIUS'* train,

I doubt if there be one, from tent or court,

Who'll try what 'tis to thwart a spirit's love again.

My EGLA, left in her acacia grove,

Has learnt to lay aside that piteous fear

That sorrow'd thee ; and I but live to prove

A love for her as harmless as sincere.

Inspirer of the arts of Greece, I charm

Her ears with songs she never heard before ;

And many an hour of thoughtfulness disarm

With stories cull'd from that vague, wondrous lore,

But seldom told to mortals :—arts on gems

Inscribed that still exist ; but hidden so

From fear of those who told that diadems

Have pass'd from brows that vainly ached to know :

Nor glimpse had mortal, save that those fair things

Loved, ages past, like her I now adore,

Caught from their angels some low whisperings,

Then told of them to such as dared not tell them more ;

But toil'd in lonely nooks, far from the eye

Of shuddering, longing men ; then, buried deep,

Till distant ages bade their secrets lie,

In hopes that time might tell what their dread oaths must keep.

EGLA looks on me doubtful, but amused ;

Admires, but, trembling, dares not bid me stay ;

Yet, hour by hour, her timid heart, more used,

Grows to my sight and words ; and when a day

I leave her, for my needful cares, at leisure,

To muse upon and feel her lonely state ;

At my returning, though restrain'd her pleasure,

There needs no spirit's eye to see she does not hate.

Oft have I look'd in mortal hearts, to know

How love, by slow advances, knows to twine

Each fibre with his wreaths ; then overthrow

At once each stern resolve. The maiden's mine !

Yet I have never press'd her ermine hand,

Nor touch'd the living coral of her lip ;

Though, listening to its tones, so sweet, so bland,

I've thought—O, impious thought !—who form'd might sip !

Most impious thought ! Soul, I would rein thee in,

E'en as the quick-eyed Parthian quells his steeds ;

But thou wilt start, and rise, and plunge in sin,

Till gratitude weeps out, and wounded reason bleeds !

Soul, what a mystery thou art ! not one

Admires, or loves, or worships virtue more

Than I ; but passion hurls me on, till torn

By keen remorse, I cool, to curse me and deplore.

But to my theme. Now, in the stillly night,

I hover o'er her fragrant couch, and sprinkle

Sweet dews about her, as she slumbers light,

Dews sought, with toil, beneath the pale star's twinkle,

From plants of secret virtue. All for lust

Too high and pure my bliss ; her gentle breath

I hear, inhale, then weep ; (for, O, she must :

That form is mortal, and must sleep in death.)

And oft, when nature pants, and the thick air,
 Charged with foul particles, weighs sluggish o'er,
 I breathe them all; that deep disgust I bear,
 To leave a fluid pure and sane for her.
 How dear is this employ! how innocent!
 My soul's wild elements forbear their strife;
 While, on these harmless cares, pleased and intent,
 I hope to save her beauty and her life,
 For many a rapturous year. But mortal ne'er
 Shall hold her to his heart; to me confined,
 Her soul must glow; nor ever shall she bear
 That mortal fruit for which her form's design'd.
 No grosser blood, commingling with her own,
 Shall ever make her mother. O, that mild,
 Sad glance I love—that lip—that melting tone,
 Shall ne'er be given to any mortal's child.
 But only for her spirit shall she live:
 Unsoil'd by earth, fresh, chaste, and innocent!
 And all a spirit dares or can I'll give;
 And sure I thus can make her far more blest,
 Framed as she is, than mortal love could do;
 For more than mortal's to this creature given,
 She's spirit more than half; her beauty's hue
 Is of the sky, and speaks my native heaven.
 But the night wanes; while all is bright above,"
 He said, and round PHRAERION, nearer drawn,
 One beauteous arm he flung, "first to my love;
 We'll see her safe; then to our task till dawn."

"T is often thus with spirits: when retired
 Afar from haunts of men; so they delight
 To move in their own beauteous forms attired;
 Though like thin shades, or air, they mock dull
 mortals' sight.

Well pleased, PHRAERION answer'd that embrace;
 All balmy he with thousand breathing sweets,
 From thousand dewy flowers. "But, to what place."

He said, "will ZOPHIEL go? who danger greets
 As if 't were peace. The palace of the gnome,*

TAHATHYAM, for our purpose most were meet;
 But then, the wave, so cold and fierce, the gloom,
 The whirlpools, rocks, that guard that deep retreat.
 Yet, there are fountains, which no sunny ray

E'er danced upon, and drops come there at last,
 Which, for whole ages, filtering all the way,
 Through all the veins of earth, in winding maze
 have past.

These take from mortal beauty every stain,
 And smooth the unseemly lines of age and pain,

With every wondrous efficacy rife;
 Nay, once a spirit whisper'd of a draught,*
 Of which a drop, by any mortal quaff'd,
 Would save, for terms of years, his feeble,
 flickering life."

"A spirit told thee it would save from death
 The being who should taste that drop. Is't so?
 O! dear PHRAERION, for another breath
 We have not time! come, follow me! we'll go
 And take one look, then guide me to the track
 Of the gnome's palace; there is not a blast

* In respect to the birth of TAHATHYAM and his court, I have followed the opinion of TERTULLIAN and others. The beings, however, which are described in the text, can only be called *gnomes*, from their residence in the earth, and their knowledge of mineralogy and gems.

To stir the sea-flower! we will go and back
 Ere morn,—nay, come!—the night is wasting
 fast."

"My friend, O, ZOPHIEL! only once I went,
 Then, though bold ANTREON bore me, such the
 pain,

I came back to the air so rack'd and spent,
 That for a whole sweet moon I had no joy again.
 What sayst thou, back at morn?—the night, a day,
 And half the night that follows it, alas!
 Were time too little for that fearful way;
 And then such depths, such caverns we must
 pass"—

"Nothing, beloved PHRAERION, I know how
 To brave such risks; and first the path will break,
 As oft I've done in water depths; and thou
 Needst only follow through the way I make."

The soft flower-spirit shudder'd, look'd on high,
 And from his bolder brother would have fled;
 But then the anger kindling in that eye
 He could not bear. So to fair EOLA's bed
 Follow'd and look'd; then shuddering all with dread,
 To wondrous realms, unknown to men, he led;
 Continuing long in sunset course his flight,
 Until for flowery Sicily he bent;
 Then, where Italia smiled upon the night,
 Between their nearest shores chose midway his
 descent.*

The sea was calm, and the reflected moon
 Still trembled on its surface; not a breath
 Cur'd the broad mirror. Night had pass'd her noon;
 How soft the air! how cold the depths beneath!
 The spirits hover o'er that surface smooth,
 ZOPHIEL's white arm around PHRAERION's
 twined,

In fond caress, his tender cares to soothe,
 While either's nearer wing the other's cross'd
 behind.

Well pleased, PHRAERION half forgot his dread,
 And first, with foot as white as lotos leaf,
 The sleepy surface of the waves essayed;
 But then his smile of love gave place to drops
 of grief.

How could he for that fluid, dense and chill,
 Change the sweet floods of air they floated on?
 E'en at the touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
 But ardent ZOPHIEL, panting, hurries on;
 And (catching his mild brother's tears, with lip
 That whisper'd courage 'twixt each glowing kiss,)
 Persuades to plunge: limbs, wings, and locks they
 dip;

Whate'er the other's pains, the lover felt but bliss.
 Quickly he draws PHRAERION on, his toil
 Even lighter than he hoped: some power benign
 Seems to restrain the surges, while they boil
 Mid crags and caverns, as of his design
 Respectful. That black, bitter element,
 As if obedient to his wish, gave way;
 So, comforting PHRAERION, on he went, [day,
 And a high, craggy arch they reach at dawn of

* Not far from the scene of Vulcan's labours; yet the regions sought by these spirits must have been very much deeper.

Upon the upper world ; and forced them through
That arch, the thick, cold floods, with such a roar,
That the hold sprite receded ; and would view
The cave before he ventured to explore.

Then, fearful lest his frightened guide might part
And not be miss'd, amid such strife and din,
He strain'd him closer to his burning heart,
And, trusting to his strength, rush'd fiercely in.

On, on, for many a weary mile they fare ;
Till thinner grew the floods, long, dark, and dense,
From nearness to earth's core ; and now, a glare
Of grateful light relieved their piercing sense ;
As when, above, the sun his genial streams
Of warmth and light darts mingling with the
waves,

Whole fathoms down ; while, amorous of his beams,
Each scaly monstrous thing leaps from its slimy
And now, PHRAERION, with a tender cry, [caves.
Far sweeter than the land-bird's note, afar
Heard through the azure arches of the sky,
By the long-baffled, storm-worn mariner :
"Hold, ZOPHIEL ! rest thee now : our task is done,
TAHATHYAM's realms alone can give this light !
O ! though 'tis not the life-awakening sun,
How sweet to see it break upon such fearful
night !"

Clear grew the wave, and thin ; a substance white,
The wide-expanding cavern floors and flanks ;
Could one have look'd from high how fair the sight !
Like these, the dolphin, on Bahaman banks,
Cleaves the warm fluid, in his rainbow tints,
While even his shadow on the sands below
Is seen ; as through the wave he glides, and glints,
Where lies the polish'd shell, and branching
corals grow.

No massive gate impedes ; the wave, in vain,
Might strive against the air to break or fall ;
And, at the portal of that strange domain,
A clear, bright curtain seem'd, or crystal wall.
The spirits pass its bounds, but would not far
Tread its slant pavement, like unbidden guest ;
The while, on either side, a bower of spar
Gave invitation for a moment's rest.
And, deep in either bower, a little throne
Look'd so fantastic, it were hard to know
If busy nature fashion'd it alone,
Or found some curious artist here below.

Soon spoke PHRAERION : "Come, TAHATHYAM,
come,

Thou know'st me well ! I saw thee once to love ;
And bring a guest to view thy sparkling dome
Who comes full fraught with tidings from above."
Those gentle tones, angelically clear,
Past from his lips, in mazy depths retreating,
(As if that bower had been the cavern's ear,)
Full many a stadia far ; and kept repeating,
As through the perforated rock they pass,
Echo to echo guiding them ; their tone
(As just from the sweet spirit's lip) at last
TAHATHYAM heard ; where, on a glittering throne
He solitary sat. "T was many a year
Ere such delightful, grateful sound had blest
His pleasur'd sense ; and with a starting tear,
Half joy, half grief, he rose to greet his guest.

First sending through the rock an answering strain
To give both spirits welcome, where they wait,
And bid them haste ; for he might strive in vain
Half-mortal as he was, to reach that gate

For many a day. But in the bower they hear
His bidding ; and, from cumbrous matter free,
Arose ; and to his princely home came near
With such spiritual strange velocity,
They met him, just as by his palace door
The gnome appear'd, with all his band, elate
In the display of his resplendent store,
To such as knew his father's high estate.

His sire, a seraph, framed to dwell above,
Had lightly left his pure and blissful home.
To taste the blandishments of mortal love ;
And from that lowly union sprang the gnome,
TAHATHYAM, first of his compeers, and best,
He look'd like heaven, fair semi-earthly thing !
The rest were born of many a maid carest

After his birth, and chose him for their king.
He sat upon a car, (and the large pearl
Once cradled in it glimmer'd, now, without)
Bound midway on two serpents' backs, that curl
In silent swiftness as he glides about.

A shell, 't was first in liquid amber wet ;
Then ere the fragrant cement harden'd round,
All o'er with large and precious stones 't was set
By skilful TSAVAVEN,* or made or found.

The reins seem'd pliant crystal (but their strength
Had match'd his earthly mother's silken band ;)†
And, fleck'd with rubies, flow'd in ample length,
Like sparkles o'er TAHATHYAM's beauteous hand.
The reptiles, in their fearful beauty, drew
As if from love, like steeds of Araby ;
Like blood of lady's lip their scarlet hue ;

Their scales so bright and sleek, 't was pleasure
but to see.

With open mouths, as proud to show the bit,
They raise their heads, and arch their necks—
(with eye
As bright as if with meteor fire 't were lit ;)

And dart their barbed tongues, 'twixt fangs of
ivory.

These, when the quick-advancing sprites they saw
Furl their swift wings, and tread with angel grace
The smooth fair pavement, check'd their speed in
awe,

And glided far aside as if to give them space.

TAHATHYAM, lighted with a pleasing pride,
And in like guise, to meet the strangers bent
His courteous steps ; the while on either side
Fierce AISHALAT and PSHAAMAXIM went.
Bright RAMAOUR follow'd on, in order meet ;
Then NAHALCOUL and ZOTZARAVEN, best
Beloved, save ROUMASAK of perfume sweet ;
Then TALHAZAK and MARMORAK ; the rest
A crowd of various use and properties,
Arranged to meet their monarch's wishes, vie
In seemly show to please the stranger's eyes,
And show what could be wrought without or
soil or sky.

* TSAVAVEN signifies tint-gem.

† It has been said that an art once existed of composing
a substance which, together with a perfect pliancy, had
the colour and transparency of glass or crystal.

And ZOPHIEL, though a spirit, ne'er had seen
 The like before; and, for he had to ask—
 A boon, almost as dear as heaven, his mien
 Was softness all; but 'twas a painful task
 To his impatience thus the time to wait
 Due to such welcome: all his soul possest
 With thoughts of her he'd left in lonely state,
 Unguarded, how he burnt to proffer his request!
 The fond PHRAERION look'd on him, and knew
 How much it pain'd him here below to stay;
 So towards the princely gnome he gently drew
 To tell what purpose brought them down from
 day;
 And said, "O! king, this humble offering take;
 How hard the task to bring I need not tell;
 Receive the poor, poor gift, for friendship's sake!"
 TAHATHYAM took a yellow asphodel,
 A deep-blue lotus, and a full moss-rose,
 And then spoke out, "My TALMALAK, come
 hither, [glows;
 Look at these flowers, cropt where the sun-beam
 Crust them with diamond, never let them wither!"

Then, soon, PHRAERION: "Monarch, if 't is truth,
 Thou hast (and that 't is false sweet powers for-
 fend!)"
 A draught whose power perpetuates life and youth,
 Wilt thou bestow one drop upon my friend?"
 Then ZOPHIEL could no more withhold, but knelt
 And said, "O! sovereign! happier far than I!
 Born as thou wert, and in earth's entrails pent,
 Though once I shared thy father's bliss on high.
 One only draught! and if its power I prove,
 By thy sweet mother, to an angel dear,
 Whate'er thou wilt, of all the world above,
 Down to these nether realms I'll bring thee
 every year.
 Thy tributary slave, I'll scorn the pain,
 Though storms and rocks my feeling substance
 TAHATHYAM, let me not implore in vain, [tear!
 Give me the draught, and save me from despair!"

TAHATHYAM paused; as if the bold request
 He liked not to refuse, nor wish'd to grant;
 Then, (after much revolving in his breast,)
 "What of this cup can an immortal want?"
 My angel sire, for many a year, endured
 The vilest toils, deep hidden in the ground,
 To mix this drink; nor was't at last procured
 Till all he fear'd had happ'd: Death's sleep pro-
 found
 Seized my fair mother. I had shared her doom:
 Mortal, like her he held than heaven more dear;
 But, by his chymic arts, he robb'd the tomb
 And fixed my solitary being here;
 As if to hide from the Life-giver's eye,
 Of his presumptuous task, untried before
 The prized success, bidding the secret lie
 For ever here; I never saw him more,
 When this was done. Yet what avails to live,
 From age to age, thus hidden 'neath the wave?
 Nor life nor being have I power to give,
 And here, alas! are no more lives to save!
 For my loved father's sight in vain I pine!
 Where is the bright CEPHROTEL? Spirit, tell

But how he fares, and what thou ask'st is thine!"
 Fair hope from ZOPHIEL's look that moment fell.
 The anxious gnome observed; and soon bethought
 How far his exile limited his will;
 And half divining why he so besought
 Gift, worthless, save to man, continued still
 His speech:—"Thou askest much: should I impart,
 Spirit, to thee, what my great father fain
 Would hide from Heaven? and what with all his art
 Even the second power desires in vain?
 All long but cannot touch: a sword of flame
 Guards the life-fruit once seen. Yet, spirit, know
 There is a service,—do what I shall name,
 And let the danger threaten,—I'll bestow.
 But first partake our humble banquet, spread
 Within these rude walls, and repose awhile;"—
 He said, and to the sparry portal led
 And usher'd his fair guest with hospitable smile.

High towered the palace and its massive pile,
 Made dubious as if of nature or of art,
 So wild and so uncouth; yet, all the while,
 Shaped to strange grace in every varying part.
 And groves adorn'd it, green in hue, and bright,
 As icicles about a laurel-tree;
 And danced about their twigs a wonderous light;
 Whence came that light so far beneath the sea?
 ZOPHIEL looked up to know, and to his view
 The vault scarce seem'd less vast than that of
 No rocky roof was seen; a tender blue [day;
 Appear'd, as of the sky, and clouds about it play:
 And, in the midst, an orb looked as 'twere meant
 To shame the sun, it mimick'd him so well.
 But ah! no quickening, grateful warmth it sent;
 Cold as the rock beneath, the paly radiance fell.
 Within, from thousand lamps the lustre strays,
 Reflected back from gems about the wall;
 And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain plays,
 Just in the centre of a spacious hall;
 But whether in the sunbeam form'd to sport,
 These shapes once lived in supleness and pride,
 And then, to decorate this wonderous court,
 Were stolen from the waves and petrified;
 Or, moulded by some imitative gnome,
 And scaled all o'er with gems, they were but stone,
 Casting their showers and rainbows 'neath the dome,
 To man or angel's eye might not be known.
 No snowy fleece in these sad realms was found,
 Nor silken ball by maiden loved so well;
 But ranged in lightest garniture around,
 In seemly folds, a shining tapestry fell.
 And fibres of asbestos, bleached in fire, [fleck'd,
 And all with pearls and sparkling gems o'er-
 Of that strange court composed the rich attire,
 And such the cold, fair form of sad TAHATHYAM
 deck'd.

Of marble white the table they surround,
 And reddest coral deck'd each curious couch,
 Which softly yielding to their forms was found,
 And of a surface smooth and wooing to the touch.
 Of sunny gold and silver, like the moon,
 Here was no lack; but if the veins of earth,
 Torn open by man's weaker race, so soon
 Supplied the alluring hoard, or here had birth

That baffling, maddening, fascinating art,
 Half-told by sprite most mischievous, that he
 Might laugh to see men toil, then not impart,
 The guests left uninquired ;—'t is still a mystery.
 Here were no flowers, but a sweet odour breathed,
 Of ampler pure ; a glistening coronal,
 Of various-coloured gems, each brow entwined,
 In form of garland, for the festival.
 All that the shell contains most delicate,
 Of vivid colours, ranged and drest with care,
 Was spread for food, and still was in the state
 Of its first freshness :—if such creatures, rare
 Among cold rocks, so far from upper air,
 By force of art, might live and propagate,
 Or were in hoards preserved, the muse cannot de-
 clare.

But here, so low from the life-wakening sun,
 However humble, life was sought in vain ;
 But when by chance, or gift, or peril won,
 'T was prized and guarded well in this domain.

Four dusky spirits, by a secret art
 Taught by a father, thoughtful of his wants,
 TATHATHYAM kept, for menial toil apart,
 But only deep in sea were their permitted haunts.
 The banquet-cups, of many a hue and shape,
 Boss'd o'er with gems, were beautiful to view ;
 But, for the madness of the vaunted grape,
 Their only draught was a pure limpid dew,
 To spirits sweet ; but these half-mortal lips
 Long'd for the streams that once on earth they
 quaffed ;

And, half in shame, TATHATHYAM coldly sips
 And craves excuses for the temperate draught.
 "Man tastes," he said, "the grape's sweet blood
 that streams ^{the}
 To steep his heart when pain'd ; when sorrowing
 In wild delirium drowns the sense, and dreams
 Of bliss arise, to cheat his misery."
 Nor with their dew were any mingling sweets
 Save those, to mortal lip, of poison fell ;
 No murmuring bee was heard in these retreats,
 The mineral clod alone supplied the hydromel.

The spirits, while they sat in social guise,
 Pledging each goblet with an answering kiss,
 Mark'd many a gnome conceal his bursting sighs ;
 And thought death happier than a life like this.
 But they had music ; at one ample side
 Of the vast arena of that sparkling hall,
 Fringed round with gems, that all the rest outvied ;
 In form of canopy, was seen to fall
 The stony tapestry, over what, at first,
 An altar to some deity appear'd ;
 But it had cost full many a year to adjust
 The limpid crystal tubes that 'neath uprear'd
 Their different lucid lengths ; and so complete
 Their wondrous rangement, that a tuneless gnome
 Drew from them sounds more varied, clear, and
 sweet,

Than ever yet had rung in any earthly dome.
 Loud, shrilly, liquid, soft ; at that quick touch
 Such modulation woo'd his angel ears
 That ZOPHIEL wonder'd, started from his couch
 And thought upon the music of the spheres.

TATHATHYAM mark'd ; and casting down the board
 A wistful glance to one who shared his cheer,
 "My RAGASTYCHEON," * said he ; at his word
 A gnome arose, and knew what strain he fain
 would hear.

More like the dawn of youth in form and face,
 And than his many pheres more lightly dress'd,
 Yet unsurpass'd in beauty and in grace,
 Silken-haired RAGASTYCHEON soon express'd
 The feelings rising at his master's heart ;
 Choosing such tones as when the breezes sigh
 Through some lone portico ; or far apart,
 From ruder sounds of mirth in the deep forest die.
 Preluding low, in notes that faint and tremble,
 Swelling, awakening, dying, plaining deep,
 While such sensations in the soul assemble,
 As make it pleasure to the eyes to weep.

Is there a heart that ever loved in vain, [dear,
 Though years have thrown their veil o'er all most
 That lives not each sensation o'er again [here ?
 In sympathy with sounds like those that mingle
 Still the fair gnome's light hands the chime prolong ;
 And while his utmost art the strain employs,
 CEPHRONIEL's softened son in gushing song
 Pour'd forth his sad, deep sense of long departed
 joys.

SONG.

O, my PHRONEMA ! how thy yellow hair
 Was fragrant, when, by looks alone carest,
 I felt it, wafted by the pitying air,
 Float o'er my lips and touch my fervid breast !

How my least word lent colour to thy cheek !
 And how thy gentle form would heave and swell,
 As if the love thy heart contained would break
 That warm, pure shrine, where nature bade it
 dwell.

We parted ; years are past, and *thou* art dead !
 Never, PHRONEMA, shall I see thee more !
 One little ringlet of thy graceful head
 Lies next my heart ; 't is all I may adore.

Torn from thy sight, to save a life of gloom,
 Hopes unaccomplish'd, warmest wishes cross'd—
 How can I longer bear my weary doom ?
 Alas ! what have I gain'd for all I lost ?

The music ceased ; and from TATHATHYAM pass'd
 The mournful extasy that lent it zest ;
 But tears adown his paly cheek fell fast,
 And sprinkled the asbestos o'er his breast.
 Then thus : "If but a being half so dear
 Could to these realms be brought, the slow dis-
 Of my long solitude were less severe, [tress
 And I might learn to bear my weariness.
 There's a nepenthic draught, which the warm
 breath

Of mortals, when they quaff, keeps in suspense ;
 Giving the pale similitude of death,
 While thus chain'd up the quick perceptive sense.
 Haply 't were possible. But to the shrine,
 Where like a god I guard CEPHRONIEL's gift !"

* This name is compounded of a Hebraic and a Greek
 word, and signifies to move or affect the soul.

Soon through the rock they wind; the draught
divine

Was hidden by a veil the king alone might lift.
CEPHRONIEL's son, with half-averted face
And faltering hand, that curtain drew and show'd,
Of solid diamond formed, a lucid vase;
And warm within the pure elixir glow'd;
Bright red, like flame and blood, (could they so
meet,)

Ascending, sparkling, dancing, whirling, ever
In quick perpetual movement; and of heat
So high, the rock was warm beneath their feet,
(Yet heat in its intenseness hurtful never,)
Even to the entrance of the long arcade

Which led to that deep shrine, in the rock's
breast

As far as if the half-angel were afraid

To know the secret he himself possessed.

TAHATHYAM filled a slip of spar with dread,

As if stood by and frown'd some power divine;
Then trembling, as he turn'd to ZOPHIEL, said,
"But for one service shalt thou call it thine.

Bring me a wife; as I have nam'd the way;

(I will not risk destruction save for love!)

Fair-haired and beauteous like my mother; say—

Pledge me this pact; so shalt thou bear above,

For thine own purpose, what has here been kept
Since bloom'd the second age, to angels dear.

Bursting from earth's dark womb, the fierce wave
swept

Off every form that lived and loved, while here,
Deep hidden here, I still lived on and wept."

Then, ZOPHIEL, pitying his emotion: "So

I promise; nay, unhappy prince, I swear

By what I dare not utter; I will go

And search; and one of all the loveliest bear

Away, the while she sleeps, to be thy wife:

Give her nepenthic drink, and through the wave

Brave hell's worst pains to guard her gentle life.

Monarch! 'tis said; now, give me what I crave!

TAHATHYAM EVANATH,* son of a sire

Who knew how love burns in a breast divine,

If this thy gift sustain—one vital fire,

Sigh not for things of earth, for all earth's best
are thine."

He took the spar: the high-wrought hopes of both
Forbad delay. So to the palace back

They came; TAHATHYAM faintly pressed; nor loth
Saw his fair guests depart to wend their watery

track.

THE STORM.†

OVER that coast whither wrong'd DRIO fled

From brother's murderous hand, low vapours
brood,

But all is hush'd; and reigns a calm as dread

As that fell Roman's who, like wolf pursued,‡

In aftertimes upon a fragment sate

Of ruin'd CARTHAGE, his fierce eye at rest,

While hungry, cold, and spent, he mock'd at fate,

And fed on the revenge deep smouldering in
his breast.

* From eva, life; and nathan, to give.

† The fourth canto of Zophiel.

‡ CAIUS MARIUS.

But now that city's turrets frown on high;

And from her distant streets is heard the shriek
Of frantic mothers, utter'd as they fly

From where with children's blood their guilty
altars reek.

But far, far off, upon the sea's expanse,

The very silence has a shriek of fear;

And, 'cross the sight, thick shadows seem to glance;

And sounds like laughter ring, yet leave the ear

In racking doubt if it has heard such peal,

Or if 'twas but affrighted fancy spoke:

Past that suspense, and lesser pain to feel,

As giant rends his chains the bursting tempest

Alas! for the poor pilot at his prow. [woke.

Far from the haven! Will his Neptune save!

The muse no longer hears his frantic vow,

But follows her fair sprites still deep beneath
the wave.

Soon through the cavern, the receding light

Refused its beam; ZOPHIEL, with toil severe,

But bliss in view, through the thrice murky night,

Sped swiftly on. A treasure now more dear

He had to guard, than boldest hope had dared

To breathe for years; but rougher grew the way;

And soft PHRAERION, shrinking back and scared

At every whirling depth, wept for his flowers and
day.

Shiver'd, and pain'd, and shrieking, as the waves

Wildly impel them 'gainst the jutting rocks;

Not all the care and strength of ZOPHIEL saves

His tender guide from half the wildering shocks

He bore. The calm, which favour'd their descent,

And bade them look upon their task as o'er,

Was past; and now the inmost earth seem'd rent

With such fierce storms as never rag'd before.

Of a long mortal life had the whole pain

Essenced in one consummate pang, been borne,

Known, and survived; it still would be in vain

To try to paint the pains felt by these sprites for-
lorn.

The power that made, intending them for bliss,

And gave their thrilling organs but to bless,

Had they been form'd for such a world as this,

Had kindly dull'd their powers and made their
tortures less.

The precious drop closed in its hollow spar,

Between his lips ZOPHIEL in triumph bore.

Now, earth and sea seem shaken! Dash'd afar

He feels it part;—'tis dropt;—the waters roar.

He sees it in a sable vortex whirling,

Form'd by a cavern vast, that 'neath the sea,

Sucks the fierce torrent in; and madly furling [he

His wings would plunge; one moment more and

Suck'd down, in earth's dark womb must wait
eternity.

"Pursue no farther! stop! alas! for me,

If not thyself!" PHRAERION's shrieks accost

Him thus "Who, ZOPHIEL, shall protect for thee

The maid thou lovest? Hear! stop! or all are
lost."

The verge, the verge is near. Must such a state,
Seraph, be thine! No! sank the spar within,

But the shrill warning reach'd him through the din
Of waves: back, back, he struggles, ere too late,
'And the whole horror of the avoided fate
Shot through his soul. The wages of his sin
He felt, for once, were light, and clasp'd his
shrieking mate,
Who thus entreats, "Up! to earth's pleasant fields!
O, ZOPHIEL, all this torture's for thy pleasure!"
Twined in his arms, the baffled seraph yields,
And flies the hungry depth that gorged his dearest treasure.

What added torment—gain'd; then snatch'd
away—

Press'd to his heart—and then, to feel it riven
From heart and hand, while bearing it to day
With joy complete as if recall'd to heaven!
That which, to own was perfect transport, lost;
Yet still, (to urge a dangerous course contending
And the fierce passions which his bosom crost
For pity, or some other hope, suspending)
Resisting all, he forced a desperate way;
His gentle phere with plaints no longer vain,
Clung closer to his neck; nor ceased to pray
To be restored to sun and flowers again.
Thus all entwined they rose again to air,
Near Lybia's coast. Black clouds, in mass deform,
Were frowning; yet a moment's calm was there,
As it had stopp'd to breathe a while the storm.
Their white feet press'd the desert sod; they shook
From their bright locks the briny drops; nor stay'd
ZOPHIEL on ills, present or past, to look;
For, weary as he was, his lonely maid
Came to his ardent soul in all her charms;
Unguarded she, what being might molest
Even now! his chill'd and wounded substance
warms

But at the thought; the while he thus address
The shivering sprite of flowers: "We must not stay;
All is but desolation here, and gloom:
Up! let us through the air, nor more delay;
Nay, droop not now; a little more essay,
I'll bear thee forward to thy bower of bloom,
And on thy roses lay thee down to rest.
Come through the desert! banquet on thy store
Of dews and sweets. Come, warm thee at my breast!
On! through the air, nor think of danger more,
As grateful for the service thou hast done
I live, though lost the object of our task,
As if were still possess'd the treasure won;
And all thou wouldst of ZOPHIEL, freely ask.
The gnome, the secret path, the draught divine
I know: TAHATHYAM sighs, beneath the wave,
For mortal bride; valour and skill are nune;
He may again bestow what once he gave."

Thus, ZOPHIEL, renovated, though the air
Was thick and dull, with just enough of hope
To save him from the stupor of despair,
Too much disdain'd the pains he felt, to droop.
But soft PHRAERION, smarting from his toil,
To buffet not a tempest was in plight;
And EGLA's lover saw him shrink, recoil,
And beg some nearer shelter for the night;
For now the tempest, bursting in its might,

Raged fiercely round, and made him fain to rest
In cave or tomb. But ZOPHIEL gently caught him,
Sustain'd him firmly at his fearless breast,
And twist Euphrates and the Tigris brought him.
Then paused a moment o'er a desert drear,
Until the thunder-clouds around him burst;
His flights renew'd, and wish'd for Media near;
But stronger grows the gale: what sprites accurst
Ride on the tempest? Warring elements
Might not alone such ardent course impede;
The wretched spirit from his speed relents
With sense like mortal bosom, when they bleed.
Loud and more loud the blast: in mingled gyre,
Flew leaves and stones; and with a deafening
crash

Fell the uprooted trees; heaven seem'd on fire—
Not, as 'tis wont, with intermitting flash,
But, like an ocean all of liquid flame,
The whole broad arch gave one continuous glare,
While through the red light from their prowlings
came, [lair
The frightened beasts, and ran, but could not find a

"Rest, ZOPHIEL, rest!" PHRAERION cries: "the surge
Was lesser pain; I cannot bear it more!
Beaten in seas so long we but emerge
To meet a fiercer conflict on the shore!"
Then ZOPHIEL: "There's a little grot on high,
The wild doves nestle there: it is secure;
To Ectabane, but for an hour, I'll fly,
And come for thee at morn: no more endure.
Nay—will not leave me? then I'll bear thee through
As lately through the whirling floods I bore."
Still closer clinging, to his bosom grew
The tender sprite; "then bear—I can no more."
He said, and came a shock, as if the earth
Crash'd 'gainst some other planet; shivered
brands [birth!]
Whirl round their heads; and (shame upon their
Both sprites lay mazed and prostrate on the sands.

The delicate PHRAERION sought a cave
Low browed; and crouching down mid trailing
snakes,
And slimy worms, (things that would hide to save
Their loathsome lives,) hearkens the roar and
quakes.
But ZOPHIEL, stung with shame, and in a mood
Too fierce for fear, uprose; yet ere for flight
Served his torn wings a form before him stood
In gloomy majesty. Like starless night
A sable mantle fell in cloudy fold
From its stupendous breast; and as it trod
The pale and lurid light, at distance rolled
Before its princely feet receding on the sod.
'T was still as death; save that the thunder spoke
In mutterings low and far; a look severe
Seemed as preluding speech; but ZOPHIEL broke
The silence first! "Why, spirit, art thou here?"
It waved its hand, and instantaneous came
A hissing bolt with new impetus back;
Darts round a group of verdant palms the flame;
That being pointed to them, blasted black.
"O! source of all my guilt! at such an hour,"
(The mortal-lover said,) "thine answer thro

I need not read : too well I know thy power

In all I've felt and feel. But has despair,
Or grief, or torment, e'er made ZOPHIEL bow ?

Declare me that, nor spend thine arts in vain
To torture more : if, like a miscreant, now

I bend to thee, 'tis not for dread of pain ;
That I can bear : yet, bid thy legions cease

Their strife. O ! spare me this resistance rude
But for an hour ! let me but on in peace ;

So shall I taste the joy of gratitude,
Even to thee."—"The joy ?" then first with scorn

Replied that sombre being : "dream'st thou still
Of joy ? a thing accursed, demean'd, forlorn,

As thou art ? Is't for joy thou mock'st my will ?
Canst thou taste pleasure ? banish'd, crush'd, de-
bated."—

"I can, betrayer ! dost thou envy me ?

But leave me to my wrongs, and I can taste
Ev'n yet of heaven, spite of my fall and thee.

But that affects not thee : thine insults spare

But for an hour ; leave me to go at will
Only till morn, and I will back and bear

What'er thou wilt. What dost obstruct me still ?

Thine armies dim, and shrouded in the storm

Then I must meet ; and weary thus, and torn,
Essay the force of an immortal arm.

Lone as I am, until another morn
Shall shame both them and thee to thine abode.

There, on the steam of human heart-blood spilt
By priest or murderer, make repast ; or brood

Over the vile creations of thy guilt,

Waste thy life-giving power on reptiles foul ;

Slow, slimy worms, and poisonous snakes ; then
watch,

Like the poor brutes that, here, for hunger prowl,
To mar the beauty that thou canst not match?"

Thus he : the other folded o'er its breast

Its arms, and stood as cold and firm the while,
As if no passion stirr'd ; save that express'd

Its pale, pale lip, a faint, ferocious smile.

While, blent with winds, ten thousand agents wage

Anew the strife, and ZOPHIEL, fain to fly,

But foil'd, gave up to unavailing rage,

And strove, and toil'd, and strove, but could not
mount on high.

Then thus the torturer : "Hie thee to the bed

Of her thou lov'st ; pursue thy dear design ;

Go dew the golden ringlets of her head !

Thou wait'st not, sure, for any power of mine.

Yet better were the duties, spirit dull,

Of thine allegiance ! Win her o'er to me,

Take all thou canst,—a pleasure brief but full,

Vain dreamer, if *not mine*, she's lost to thee."

"Wilt thou then hurt her ? Why am I detain'd ?

O, strength ! once serving 'gainst the powers
above, [strain'd

Where art thou now ?" Thus ZOPHIEL ; and he

His wounded wings to mount, but could not move.

Then thus the scorner : "Nay, be calm ! I'll still

The storm for thee : hear ! it recedes—'t is ended.

Yet, if thou dream'st success awaits thee, ill

Dost thou conceive of boundless power offended.

ZOPHIEL, bland sprite, sublime intelligence,

Once chosen for my friend and worthy me ;

Not so wouldst thou have labour'd to be hence,

Had my emprise been crowned with victory.

When I was bright in heaven, thy seraph eyes

Sought only mine. But he who every power

Beside, while hope allured him, could depise,

Changed and forsook me, in misfortune's hour."

"Changed and forsook thee ? this from thee to me ?

Once noble spirit ! O ! had not too much

My o'erfond heart adored thy fallacy, [proach ;"

I had not, now, been here to bear thy keen re-

ZOPHIEL replied : "Fallen, wretched, and debased,

E'en to thy scornful word's extent, my doom

Too well I know, and for what cause displaced ;

But not from *thee* should the remembrance come.

Forsook thee in misfortune ? at thy side

I closer fought as peril thicken'd round,

Watched o'er thee fallen : the light of heaven denied,

But proved my love more fervent and profound.

Prone as thou wert, had I been mortal-borne,

And own'd as many lives as leaves there be,

From all Hyrcania by his tempest torn

I had lost them, one by one, and given the last
for thee.

Pain had a joy, for suffering could but wring

Love from my soul, to gild the murky air

Of our first rude retreat ; while I, fond thing !

Still thought thee true and smiled upon despair.

O ! had thy plighted pact of faith been kept,

Still unaccomplish'd were the curse of sin ;

Mid all the woes thy ruin'd followers wept,

Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been.

But when, to make me thy first minister

Came the proposal ; when the purpose burst

Forth from thy heart's black den disclosed and bare,

Then first I felt alone, and knew myself accurs'd.

Though the first seraph form'd, how could I tell

The ways of guile ! What marvel I believed,

When cold ambition mimic'd love so well,

That half the sons of heaven looked on deceived ?

Ambition thine ; to me the Eternal gave

So much of love his kind design was cross'd :

Held to thy heart I thought thee good as brave,

Nor realized my guilt till all was lost.

Now, writhing at my utmost need, how vain

Are ZOPHIEL's tears and prayers ! Alas ! hea-
ven-born,

Of all heaven's virtues, doth not one remain ?

Pity me once, and let me now begone !"

"Go !" said the cold detainer, with a smile

That heighten'd cruelty : "yet know, from me,

Thy foolish hopes but lure thee on awhile

To wake thy sense to keener misery."

"O ! skill'd to torment ! spare me ! spare me now !"

Chill'd by a dread foreboding, ZOPHIEL said :

"But little time doth waning night allow."

Heknelt ; he wept ; calm grew the winds ; he fled.

The clouds disperse ; his heavenly voice he sent

In whispers through the caves ; PHRAEBION there,

In covert loathed, to that low music lent

His soft, quick ear, and sprang to join his phere.

Soon through the desert, on their airy way,

Mantled in dewy mists the spirits press'd ;

And reached fair Media ere the twilight gray

Recall'd the rose's lover to his nest.

But on the Tigris' winding banks, though night
Still lingers round, two early mortals greet
The first faint gleam with prayer; and bathed and
dight

As travellers came forth. The morn rose sweet.
And rushing by them as the spirits past,
In tinted vapours while the pale star sets;
The younger asked, "Whence are these odours cast,
The breeze has waked from beds of violets!"

—♦—
SONG.*

DAY, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are nought to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

—♦—
THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

O, moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!†
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night,
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O, moon of flowers! O, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were past those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

* From "Zophiel."

† The savages of the northern part of America sometimes count by moons. May is called by them the moon of flowers, and October the moon of falling leaves.

MORNING.

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!—
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms to catch
The rays that glance about his silken hair;
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match
Thy face, when turn'd away from bower and
palace fair.

Sweet to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit;
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee:
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius warms;
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
The pleased bard pours forth another song,
And finds in thee, like love, a theme forever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth,
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths
fair,

The bright-hair'd youths and maidens of the north
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.

'T is there thou bidst a deeper ardour glow,
And higher, purer reveries complete;
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
Some wretch, impassion'd, from sweet morning's
breath,

Turns his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him
death.

—♦—
MARRIAGE.

THE bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most com-
plete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede, [fate,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant
and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest
draught.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

[Born, 1795.]

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, the most prolific and fanciful of our poets, was born in Berlin, Connecticut, on the fifteenth of September, 1795. His father, an intelligent physician, superintended his early education, and saw in his correct taste, and manly character, and the remarkable facility with which he acquired knowledge, the promise of a brilliant life. He died in 1807, and the young student was intrusted to other guardians; but his mental culture was carefully attended to, and he entered Yale College in 1811, far advanced in classical and general learning.

In his early devotion to study originated the love of seclusion which forms one of the distinguishing features in his character. From his youth he has been more fond of his own fancies than of society, and has therefore enjoyed few of the opportunities of observation which are found by mingling with the world. To his early habits of day-dreaming he has himself alluded in a poem on the Pleasures of Childhood:—

“Along the stream,
That flowed in summer's mildness o'er its bed
Of rounded pebbles, with its scanty waves
Encircling many an islet, and its banks
In bays and havens scooping, I would stray,
And, dreaming, rear an empire on its shores.
There cities rose, and palaces and towers
Caught the first light of morning; there the fleet
Lent all its snowy canvass to the wind,
And bore, with awful front, against the foe;
There armies marshall'd their array, and join'd
In mimic slaughter: there the conquer'd fled—
I follow'd their retreat, until, secure,
They found a refuge in their country's walls;
The triumphs of the conqueror were mine,—
The bounds of empire widen'd, and the wealth
Torn from the helpless hands of humbled foes;
There many a childish hour was spent; the world,
That mov'd and fretted round me, had no power
To draw me from my musings, but the dream
Enthrall'd me till it seem'd reality;
And, when I woke, I wonder'd that a brook
Was babbling by, and a few rods of soil,
Cover'd with scanty herbs, the arena where
Cities and empires, fleets and armies rose.”

He began to write at a very early age; but I believe he published very little before he went to reside at New Haven, when he became a frequent contributor to the periodicals. He devoted his leisure hours, for several weeks before he was graduated, to the composition of “Zamor,” a tragedy, which was performed by the students at the annual commencement in the summer of 1815, and afterward printed. I have not read this, but a competent critic speaks of it as a poor imitation of Doctor YOUNG's “Revenge,” and far below any of our author's other productions. The first volume of his poems was published at New Haven, in 1820; and in the following year, at Charleston, where he had gone on account of his health, which had been

impaired by too constant study, appeared the first number of “Clio.” On his return to Connecticut he published the second number of “Clio,” and his longest work, “Prometheus,” a poem of more than three thousand lines, in the stanza of SPENSER. An edition of his select writings was published, in a large octavo volume, in New York, in 1823, and soon after reprinted in London. He had now reached the highest point in his reputation as a poet.

After passing the customary period in preparatory study, PERCIVAL received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in 1823; but his devotion to literature and the sciences prevented his engaging in the practice of his profession. In 1824, he was appointed a professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point. Ill health compelled him to relinquish this office, and he removed to Boston, where he was for a considerable time connected with the army, as a surgeon. In this period he contributed several poems to the United States Literary Gazette, a magazine published at Cambridge, in which appeared some of the earliest effusions of BRYANT, LONGFELLOW and DAWES.

In 1825, he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, and in 1827, the third number of “Clio” was published in New York. The Greek revolution was still in progress, and the poet shared in the general enthusiasm which pervaded this country in behalf of the oppressed descendants of the fathers of civilization. Several of the poems embraced in that collection are appeals to the Christian nations to give to the Greeks their ancient liberty.

There are in America few more learned men than PERCIVAL. He is familiar with the natural sciences, and the literature of Greece, Rome, and the oriental nations, and writes with fluency in all the modern languages of Europe.

Since the publication of his last volume of poetry, he has furnished valuable aid to the well-known philologist, Doctor WEBSTER, in the preparation of his American Dictionary of the English Language; translated MALTE-BRUN's Geography, and some other works; and edited several important publications for the booksellers. He has also been a frequent writer for the magazines. His latest productions are the beautiful Classic Melodies, in the Token for the present year. He resides at New Haven, and his attention is almost exclusively devoted to scientific pursuits.*

He has all the natural qualities of a great poet, but he lacks the artistic skill, or declines the labour, without which few authors gain immortality. He has a brilliant imagination, remarkable

* He was recently appointed by the Governor of Connecticut to make a geological survey of that state.

command of language, and an exhaustless fountain of ideas. He writes with a facility but rarely equalled, and when his thoughts are once committed to the page, he shrinks from the labour of revising, correcting, and condensing. He remarks in one of his prefaces, that his verse is "very far from bearing the marks of the file and the burinisher," and that he likes to see "poetry in the full ebullition of feeling and fancy, foaming up with the spirit of life, and glowing with the rainbows of a glad inspiration." If by this he means that a poet should reject the slow and laborious process by which a polished excellence is attained, he errs. Nothing truly great was ever accomplished without long and patient toil.

He possesses in an eminent degree the creative faculty, and his genius is versatile. He has been

an admirer and a student of nature, and he describes the visible world, in its minutest details, with feeling and accuracy. The moral tendency of his writings is generally correct; but in one or two poems there is a strain of misanthropy, and in some of his earliest ones there were intimations of skepticism.—His later works are free from such blemish, and I believe he no longer entertains the doubts he once cherished in regard to religion.

PERCIVAL has few associates. He lives apart from society, among his books, or in the fields. One who has been admitted to his friendship remarks, that with the simplicity he unites the purity of childhood. He resides at New Haven, and is still as diligent a student as when he was an under-graduate in the college of that beautiful city.

LIBERTY TO ATHENS.

THE flag of Freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in Virtue's cause,
MINERVA's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cower'd beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee;
They hail the dawn of Freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And Glory there her pinion bends,
And Beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp array'd;
A light that points their tyrant's graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where Wisdom held her pure abode:

The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaimed the true but unknown God;
Where Justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury toll'd:

The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones that seem'd the words of Heaven,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driven:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye, that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of science reign'd:

The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvass live,
Where music roll'd her flood along,
And all the charms that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all who would not kiss her rod:

On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chain'd city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
HARMODIUS bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And Freedom is their only lord.

THE SUN.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy
throne,

Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone:
Ere the first-waken'd airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still
hath flown

Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and
bright.

We call thee Lord of Day, and thou dost give
To earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine, viewless mould which lurks in
dust,

To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamp'd the seal of God, who gathers there
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
In his own center'd powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven; we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star,—
For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole
One of the sparks of night, that fire the air,
And, as around thy centre planets roll,
So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,
One of the countless multitude, who burn,
As lamps, around the one Eternity,
In whose contending forces systems turn
Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies:
Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

And thou, too, hast thy world, and unto thee
We are as nothing; thou goest forth alone,
And movest through the wide, aerial sea,
Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne
From a new victory, where he late had shown
Wider his power to nations; so thy light
Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had
grown
With each revolving day, or thou, at night,
Had lit again thy fires, and thus renew'd thy might.

Age o'er thee has no power: thou bring'st the same
Light to renew the morning, as when first,
If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,
On the dark face of earth in glory burst,
And warm'd the seas, and in their bosom nursed
The earliest things of life, the worm and shell;
Till, through the sinking ocean, mountains
pierced,
And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,
Rear'd, like a magic fane, above the watery swell.

And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds:
Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends
An energy to nature; all that feeds
On the rich mould, and then, in bearing, bends
Its fruits again to earth, wherein it blends
The last and first of life; of all who bear
Their forms in motion, where the spirit tends,
Instinctive, in their common good to share,
Which lies in things that breathe, or late were
living there.

They live in thee: without thee, all were dead
And dark; no beam had lighted on the waste,
But one eternal night around had spread
Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defaced
This Eden, which thy fairy hand hath graced
With such uncounted beauty; all that blows
In the fresh air of spring, and, growing, braced
Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows
In the full-temper'd beam, that gladdens as it goes.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car is
borne;
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are
shorn

Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
And, in their maddening rush, the crested moun-
tains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladden'd hearts an overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the urn
Of their chill'd frames, and then they proudly
spurn

All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When, on a dewy morn, thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the
fair.

The vales are thine; and when the touch of spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore,—
The vales are thine; and when they wake from
night,

The dews that bend the grass-tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward, and adore.

The hills are thine: they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,
That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters: so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every gloss'd bough
plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
 Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
 Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,
 Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks there;
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,
 Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,
 Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
 Are pencil'd by thee; when thou bendest low,
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
 Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
 Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain
 Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow
 Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
 All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train:

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
 Where the spent storm is hasting on its march,
 And there the glories of thy light combine,
 And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
 Striding the earth and air; man looks, and tells
 How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,
 And how the heavenly messenger impels
 Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether
 swims.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway
 His waves to thy dominion, and they go
 Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their
 way,

Rising and falling in eternal flow;
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow;
 They take them wings, and spring aloft in air,
 And change to clouds, and then, dissolving,
 throw

Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
 The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they
 bear.

I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,
 Widest of waters; I have seen thee lie
 Calm, as an infant pillow'd in its rest
 On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,
 Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye,
 Till a new heaven was arch'd and glass'd below;
 And then the clouds, that, gay in sunset, fly,
 Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,
 As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path,
 When the night-tempest met thee: thou didst
 dash

Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath,
 Threatening the angry sky; thy waves did lash
 The labouring vessel, and with deadening crash
 Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides;
 Onward thy billows came, to meet and clash
 In a wild warfare, till the lifted sides
 Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-
 cloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
 When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,

That rolls, in glittering green, around the isles,
 Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell;
 O! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
 I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail
 Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
 Over the curling billow, and the gale
 Comes off the spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine: of old thou wert the power
 Who gave the poet life; and I in thee
 Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour
 When thou art sinking in the silent sea;
 Or when I climb the height, and wander free
 In thy meridian glory, for the air
 Sparkles and burns in thy intensity,
 I feel thy light within me, and I share
 In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
 That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
 Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair is fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays;
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through
 The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
 And there are tones that sweetly speak
 Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
 And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,
 When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
 Its silent steps through a flowery path,
 And all the endearments that pleasure hath
 Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
 When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
 In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
 The maiden may trip in the dance along,
 And think of the passing moment, that lies,
 Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
 And yield to the present, that charms around
 With all that is lovely in sight and sound;
 Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
 With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
 And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
 And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
 With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
 For short is the stay of grief in her breast:

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—Virg.

In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose:
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow:
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,—
But the hectic spot that flushes there
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory, met
To honour the sun at his golden set;
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long-imprinted kiss;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes;
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires,
With a woman's love, and a saint's desires,
And her last, fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world, and a brighter day.

TO THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.
Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.
Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior pray'd.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watch'd alone,
And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

THE world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
Forever charming, and forever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean, resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skillful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and hears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingle with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movements of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existence, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to afflict us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still: the glaring eye
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,
The hand firm clench'd and quivering, and the
foot

Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.
So the poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,
And revels in the ecstasies of soul,
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,
The beings of its own creation, fair
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,
When earth was peopled, in its solitudes,
With nymph and naiad—mighty, as the gods,
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,
The image of a beauty, so divine,
So masculine, so artless, that we seem
To share in his intensity of joy,
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of Nature, blown
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,
In deeds of energy, the rage within.
Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities; in the child,
Than in the maturer bosoms. Art may prune
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts
To soft refinement, and amenity;
But all its energy has vanish'd, all
Its maddening, and commanding spirit gone,
And all its tender touches, and its tones
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid
Among the measured notes, that move as dead
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth
On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms;
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring
Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with
showers,

Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O! how I gazed upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,
That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning, and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That roll'd in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,
The warning of its coming, and the spind,
That usher'd in its elemental war.
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long, hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
 Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure
 As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
 Fresh from the hand that wrought her; where the eye
 Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
 To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
 That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
 White as the snow of Zemla, or the foam
 That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round,
 In easy undulations, with a belt
 Woven of bright APOLLO's golden hair.
 Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
 Mantled in ebon darkness, strew'd with stars
 Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell
 The higher, as I gazed upon it, till,
 Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height
 Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
 In glory's effulgence, and a wave,
 Intensely bright, roll'd, like a fountain, forth
 Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd
 Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
 Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,
 In overflowing richness, from the breast
 Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
 And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
 No utterance to the ineffable within.
 Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still
 The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
 And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
 Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue
 Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored
 With all the patriarchs of British song
 Hallow'd and render'd glorious, cannot tell
 Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

CLOUDS.

YE Clouds, who are the ornament of heaven;
 Who give to it its gayest shadowings,
 And its most awful glories; ye who roll
 In the dark tempest, or at dewy evening
 Hang low in tenderest beauty; ye who, ever
 Changing your Protean aspects, now are gather'd,
 Like fleecy piles, when the mid-sun is brightest,
 Even in the height of heaven, and there repose,
 Solemnly calm, without a visible motion,
 Hour after hour, looking upon the earth
 With a serenest smile:—or ye who rather
 Heap'd in those sulphury masses, heavily
 Jutting above their bases, like the smoke
 Pour'd from a furnace or a roused volcano,
 Stand on the dun horizon, threatening
 Lightning and storm—who, lifted from the hills,
 March onward to the zenith, ever darkening,
 And heaving into more gigantic towers
 And mountainous piles of blackness—who then roar
 With the collected winds within your womb,
 Or the far utter'd thunders—who ascend
 Swifter and swifter, till wide overhead
 Your vanguards curl and toss upon the tempest
 Like the stirr'd ocean on a reef of rocks
 Just topping o'er its waves, while deep below
 The pregnant mass of vapour and of flame

Rolls with an awful pomp, and grimly lowers,
 Seeming to the struck eye of fear the ear
 Of an offended spirit, whose swart features
 Glare through the sooty darkness—fired with ven-
 geance,

And ready with uplifted hand to smite
 And scourge a guilty nation; ye who lie,
 After the storm is over, far away,
 Crowning the dripping forests with the arch
 Of beauty, such as lives alone in heaven,
 Bright daughter of the sun, bending around
 From mountain unto mountain, like the wreath
 Of victory, or like a banner telling
 Of joy and gladness; ye who round the moon
 Assemble when she sits in the mid-sky
 In perfect brightness, and encircle her
 With a fair wreath of all aerial dyes:
 Ye who, thus hovering round her, shine like moun-
 tains

Whose tops are never darken'd, but remain,
 Centuries and countless ages, rear'd for temples
 Of purity and light; or ye who crowd
 To hail the new-born day, and hang for him,
 Above his ocean-couch, a canopy
 Of all inimitable hues and colours,
 Such as are only pencil'd by the hands
 Of the unseen ministers of earth and air,
 Seen only in the tinting of the clouds,
 And the soft shadowing of plumes and flowers;
 Or ye who, following in his funeral train,
 Light up your torches at his sepulchre,
 And open on us through the clefted hills
 Far glances into glittering worlds beyond
 The twilight of the grave, where all is light,
 Golden and glorious light, too full and high
 For mortal eye to gaze on, stretching out
 Brighter and ever brighter, till it spread,
 Like one wide, radiant ocean, without bounds,
 One infinite sea of glory:—Thus, ye clouds,
 And in innumerable other shapes
 Of greatness or of beauty, ye attend us,
 To give to the wide arch above us, life
 And all its changes. Thus it is to us
 A volume full of wisdom, but without ye
 One awful uniformity had ever
 With too severe a majesty oppress'd us.

MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

A NIGHT had pass'd away among the hills,
 And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
 Show'd in the east. The bright and dewy star,
 Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
 Look'd through the cool air, like a blessed thing
 In a far purer world. Below there lay,
 Wrapp'd round a woody mountain tranquilly,
 A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light,
 That now came up from out the unseen depth
 Of the full fount of day, and they were laced
 With colours ever brightening. I had waked
 From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
 And now in the fresh forest air I stood
 Nerved to another day of wandering.

Before me rose a pinnacle of rock,
 Lifted above the wood that hemm'd it in,
 And now already glowing. There the beams
 Came from the far horizon, and they wrapp'd it
 In light and glory. Round its vapoury cone
 A crown of far-diverging rays shot out,
 And gave to it the semblance of an altar
 Lit for the worship of the undying flame,
 That center'd in the circle of the sun,
 Now coming from the ocean's fathomless caves,
 Anon would stand in solitary pomp
 Above the loftiest peaks, and cover them
 With splendour as a garment. Thitherward
 I bent my eager steps; and through the grove,
 Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung
 With a rich harvest of unnumber'd gems,
 Waiting a clearer dawn to catch the hues
 Shed from the starry fringes of its veil
 On cloud, and mist, and dew, and backward thrown
 In infinite reflections, on I went,
 Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging,
 I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited
 Silent the full appearing of the sun.

Below there lay a far-extended sea,
 Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it,
 And toss'd it round the high-ascending rocks,
 And swept it through the half-hidden forest tops,
 Till, like an ocean waking into storm,
 It heaved and welter'd. Gloriously the light
 Crested its billows, and those craggy islands
 Shone on it like to palaces of spar
 Built on a sea of pearl. Far overhead,
 Thy sky, without a vapour or a stain,
 Intensely blue, even deepen'd into purple,
 When nearer the horizon it received
 A tincture from the mist that there dissolved
 Into the viewless air,—the sky bent round,
 The awful dome of a most mighty temple,
 Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
 Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence—
 I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts
 Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me,
 Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,
 So bright, so glorious! Such a majesty
 In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints
 In yonder waste of waves,—so like the ocean
 With its unnumber'd islands there encircled
 By foaming surges, that the mounting eagle,
 Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds
 To bathe in purest sunbeams, seem'd an ospray
 Hovering above his prey, and yon tall pines,
 Their tops half-mantled in a snowy veil,
 A frigate with full canvass, bearing on
 To conquest and to glory. But even these
 Had round them something of the lofty air
 In which they moved; not like to things of earth,
 But heighen'd, and made glorious, as became
 Such pomp and splendour.

Who can tell the brightness,
 That every moment caught a newer glow,
 That circle, with its centre like the heart
 Of elemental fire, and spreading out
 In floods of liquid gold on the blue sky
 And on the ophaline waves, crown'd with a rainbow
 Bright as the arch that bent above the throne

Seen in a vision by the holy man
 In Patmos! who can tell how it ascended,
 And flow'd more widely o'er that lifted ocean,
 Till instantly the unobstructed sun
 Roll'd up his sphere of fire, floating away—
 Away in a pure ether, far from earth,
 And all its clouds,—and pouring forth unbounded
 His arrowy brightness! From that burning centre
 At once there ran along the level line
 Of that imagined sea, a stream of gold—
 Liquid and flowing gold, that seem'd to tremble
 Even with a furnace heat, on to the point
 Whereon I stood. At once that sea of vapour
 Parted away, and melting into air,
 Rose round me, and I stood involved in light,
 As if a flame had kindled up, and wrapp'd me
 In its innocuous blaze. Away it roll'd,
 Wave after wave. They climb'd the highest rocks,
 Pour'd over them in surges, and then rush'd
 Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent
 Dash'd instant to the plain. It seem'd a moment,
 And they were gone, as if the touch of fire
 At once dissolved them. Then I found myself
 Midway in air; ridge after ridge below,
 Descended with their opulence of woods
 Even to the dim-seen level, where a lake
 Flash'd in the sun, and from it wound a line,
 Now silvery bright, even to the farthest verge
 Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks
 Was round me—but below how beautiful,
 How rich the plain! a wilderness of groves
 And ripening harvests; while the sky of June—
 The soft, blue sky of June, and the cool air,
 That makes it then a luxury to live,
 Only to breathe it, and the busy echo
 Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks,
 Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart,
 That where I stood seem'd heaven.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go
 down,
 But yet he comes not.—Once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
 O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
 I had a husband once, who loved me—now
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
 As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
 But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
 When I could hang forever on his eye,
 And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
 I loved him then—he loved me too.—My heart
 Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
 And though he often sting me with a dart,

Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness,—and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been!

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

DECLINE OF THE IMAGINATION.

WHY have ye linger'd on your way so long,
Bright visions, who were wont to hear my call,
And with the harmony of dance and song
Keep round my dreaming couch a festival?
Where are ye gone, with all your eyes of light,
And where the flowery voice I loved to hear,
When, through the silent watches of the night,
Ye whisper'd like an angel in my ear?
O! fly not with the rapid wing of time,
But with your ancient votary kindly stay;
And while the loftier dreams, that rose sublime
In years of higher hope, have flown away:
O! with the colours of a softer clime,
Give your last touches to the dying day.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

HE sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.
And yet, not all forgotten, sleeps he there;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air.
Seem'd living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.
He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye
And the press'd lip, a darken'd glory plays;
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.
He will not sleep forever, but will rise
Fresh to more daring labours; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gather'd slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From his half-open'd eye, in fuller beams,
His waken'd spirit streams.
Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone;
The deadly charm departed; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famish'd eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.
He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take—
They, who, with feebleness, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay!
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.
The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rust
Dimly a while, but cannot wholly die;
And, when it awakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

GENIUS WAKING.

SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee—
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee—
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell, recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
O, could glory so appeal thee,
With his burning beams!
Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear,
Like the herald, wing'd with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,

Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillar'd props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O, what rare and heavenly brightness
Flow'd around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern's glooms!
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping
But the tempest's gush.
Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were rearing
Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things?
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings?
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a heaven like this!

But thou slumberest; faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing;
Like a dove in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion?
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side;
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady—
Wide his burning eye—
Now his open wings are ready,
And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretch'd for flight—
Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright!
Onward—onward over mountains,
Through the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee—
Thou hast reach'd thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not rest thee
Of the glory given.

With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

NEW ENGLAND.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here; our unchain'd feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd;
But souls like these, such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemm'd the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd:
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are bless'd.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home;—and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
 The winds, that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serener hours,—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves;
 And from its darkening shadow floats
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
 The tresses of the woods
 With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
 And the full-brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 O! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over,
 And the shepherd's tinkling bell
 Faintly from its winter cover
 Rings a low farewell :—
 Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
 Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver,
 O'er the dark and lazy river,
 In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
 Reddening in the rising sun;
 Now the flowers around the fountains
 Perish one by one :—
 Not a spire of grass is growing,
 But the leaves that late were glowing,
 Now its blighted green are strowing
 With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
 Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
 Not as when in winter pealing,
 Such a din is made,
 That the sound of cataracts falling
 Gave no echo so appalling,
 As its hoarse and heavy brawling
 In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
 Round the clifted rock's bare height—
 All the bordering mountains covering
 With a dim, uncertain light :—
 Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
 Wide its heavy burden sailing,
 Deepens as the day is failing,
 Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
 Through the still and hazy air,
 Like a sheeted spectre gliding
 In a torch's glare :—
 Few the hours, her light is given—
 Mingling clouds of tempest driven
 O'er the mourning face of heaven,
 All is blackness there.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
 Like a dream that dies away;
 Down to ocean gliding ever,
 Keep thy calm unruffled way:
 Time with such a silent motion,
 Floats along, on wings of air,
 To eternity's dark ocean,
 Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
 Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
 Shapes of light are wafted hither—
 Then, like visions hurry by:
 Quick as clouds at evening driven
 O'er the many-colour'd west,
 Years are bearing us to heaven,
 Home of happiness and rest.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

O! it is great for our country to die, where ranks
are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits
us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light
never ending—

Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never
away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die—how softly
reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of
his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him
with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he
triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who
for country hath perish'd:

HEAVEN awaits him in heaven, welcomes him
there with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is
cherish'd;

Gods love the young, who ascend pure from
the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the bless'd, over the blue,
rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted
forever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise,
valiant, and free.

O! then, how great for our country to die, in the
front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout
in our ear:

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our
memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased
the sweet music to hear.

EXTRACT FROM PROMETHEUS.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames
are frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil

Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way

To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll;
The temple of the Power whom all obey,

That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel

The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal

The wounds which it has suffer'd; folly claim'd
Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed

Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed

Elijah, when the chariot, rushing by,
Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
Helpless and oarless, when the light has fled,

The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead

Cold night of mortal darkness; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,

And, kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind,
his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep,
And sink in seeming death a while, yet, then,

The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light, again;

We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,

Ere we forever leave the haunts of men;
Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,

Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey
take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings

The hoary wretch, who, on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,

In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,

Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame;
How wild the fury of his soul careers!

His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his

frame.

HOME.

My place is in the quiet vale,

The chosen haunt of simple thought;

I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,

I better love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,

To wander by my native brook;

I ask, in life's unruffled flow,

No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,

Where the clear water murmurs by;

And if I wish a while to roam,

I have an ocean in the sky.

Fancy can charm and feeling bless

With sweeter hours than fashion knows;

There is no calmer quietness

Than home around the bosom throws.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[Born, 1795.]

THE author of "Fanny," "Burns," "Marco Bozzaris," etc., was born at Guilford in Connecticut, in August, 1795. In his eighteenth year he removed to the city of New York, where he has since resided. It is said that he evinced a taste for poetry, and wrote verses, at a very early period; but the oldest of his effusions that I have seen are those under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co.," published in the New York Evening Post, in 1819. In the production of these pleasant satires* he was associated with Doctor DRAKE, the author of the "Culprit Fay," a man of brilliant wit and delicate fancy, with whom he was long intimate. DRAKE died in 1820, and his friend soon after wrote for the New York Review, then edited by BRYANT, the lines to his memory, beginning—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Near the close of the year 1819, HALLECK published "Fanny," his longest poem, which has since passed through numerous editions, though its authorship has never been publicly avowed. It is a humorous satire, containing from twelve to fifteen hundred lines, and was written and printed in three weeks from its commencement.

In 1827 he published a small volume, containing "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," and a few other pieces, which had previously appeared in various miscellanies; and in 1836, an edition of all his serious poems then written, including "Burns," "Red Jacket," "The Field of the Grounded Arms," and those before alluded to. The last and most complete collection of his works appeared early in the present year.

Mr. HALLECK is the only one of our poets who possesses a decided local popularity. With the subjects of "Fanny," the "Croakers," and some of his other pieces, every person in New York is in some degree acquainted, and his name is cherished in that city with fondness and enthusiasm. His humorous poems are marked with an uncommon ease of versification, a natural, unstudied flow of language, and a careless playfulness and felicity of jest. "Sometimes," remarks Mr. BRYANT, "in the midst of a strain of harmonious diction, and soft and tender imagery, he surprises by an irresistible stroke of ridicule, as if he took pleasure in showing the reader that the poetical vision he had raised was but a cheat. Sometimes,

with that aerial facility which is his peculiar endowment, he accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine, that did not the subject compel the reader to receive it as irony, he would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry—so beautiful, that he is tempted to regret that he is not in earnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic colouring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times, he produces the effect of wit by dexterous allusion to contemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations of the main subject, with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of nature with the awkwardness of art. He venerates the past and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter. His poetry, whether serious or sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully-balanced versification, that uniform succession of iambics, closing the scene with the couplet, which some writers practise, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper attention to variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

HALLECK's serious poems are as admirable as his satirical. There are few finer martial lyrics than "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns" and "Red Jacket" are distinguished for manly vigour of thought and language; and several of his shorter pieces have rarely been excelled in melodiousness of versification or quiet beauty of imagery.

HALLECK has generally been engaged in commercial pursuits. He was once in "the cotton trade, and sugar line;" but I believe he has for several years been the principal superintendent of the affairs of the great capitalist, Mr. ASTOR. He is a bachelor, and is as popular among his friends for his social qualities, as he is with the world as a poet.

* The curiosity of the town was greatly excited to know by whom these pieces had been written, and they were ascribed, at different times, to various literary gentlemen, while the real authors proved, for a long while, entirely unsuspected.—WILLIAM LEGGOTT.—*The Critic*.

BURNS.

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYR-
SHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks,
Thou mindst me of that autumn noon,
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou
Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And wither'd my life's leaf, like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway!

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His, who an humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of BURNS—a name
That calls, when brimm'd her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath:
A straw-thatch'd roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted BURNS from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than BURNS are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

- And BURNS—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his Gon.

Though care, and pain, and want, and wo,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallow'd home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest-land;

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of ROBERT BURNS?

RED JACKET,

A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind,
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the senate hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought.

And faithful to the act of Congress, quoted
As law-authority—it pass'd nem. con.—
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
The most enlighten'd people ever known.

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh;
And that, from Orleans to the bay of Fundy,
There's not a bailliff nor an epitaph.

And, furthermore, in fifty years or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora,
Gazing as I, upon thy portrait now,
In all its medall'd, fringed, and beaded glory,
Its eyes' dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow, half-martial and half-diplomatic,
Its eye, upsoaring, like an eagle's wings;
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,
O'utrive Europe—even in our kings;

For thou wert monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest-tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely. Though no poet's magic
Could make RED JACKET grace an English
Unless he had a genius for the tragic, [rhyme,
And introduced it in a pantomime;

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,
As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
As Cœur de Lion's, of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would
frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And GEORGE the FOURTH wore, in the dance at
Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,
As RON ROR's tartans for the highland heather,
Or forest-green for England's ROBIN HOOD.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perish'd, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,
The godlike power, the art NAPOLEON,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded
With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.

Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinch'd fingers in a captive's hair!

That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the upas-tree;
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat o' mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee?

And underneath that face like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
Remember'd and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

CONNECTICUT.

And still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquer'd wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabin'd slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold
and free,

And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they
Nor even then, unless in their own way. [pray,

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracie," where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws, denominated blue;
(If red, they might to DRACO's code belong;)

A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They how to, but may turn him out next year:
They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things; and should PAK appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show [know.
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—We

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and
peddling;

Or, wandering through the southern countries,
teaching

The A B C from WEBSTER's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favourable eyes
As GABRIEL on the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is
placed;

And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who sway'd senates with a statesman's soul,
And look'd on armies with a leader's eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll
Whose leaves contain their country's history.

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er BOCCACCIO's tales
Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing
Of life's best angel, health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow—and, in the autumn time,
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that
shrouds

Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove;
The mother, smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshipp'd while we breathe or
move,

Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour,
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake; you'll find
them there.

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He awoke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her firstborn's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

[Born, 1796. Died, 1828.]

DURING the present century many persons in this country, whose early productions gave promise of brilliant achievements in maturity, have died young. It has been said that the history of American genius might be written in a series of obituaries of youthful authors. Were DRAKE, SANDS, GRIFFIN, ROCKWELL, WILCOX, PINKNEY, CLARKE, the DAVIDSONS, and BRAINARD now alive, there would be no scarcity of American writers, nor would any of them have passed the ordinary meridian of existence. What they have left us must be regarded as the first-fruits of minds whose full powers were to the last undeveloped, and which were never tasked to their full capacity.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD was a son of the Honourable J. G. BRAINARD, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. He was born at New London, in that State, on the twenty-first day of October, 1796. After finishing his preparatory studies, which were pursued under the direction of an elder brother, he entered Yale College, in 1811, being then in the fifteenth year of his age. At this immature period, before the mind is fully awake to the nature and importance of moral and intellectual discipline, severe application to study is unusual. BRAINARD's books were neglected for communion with his own thoughts and "thick-coming fancies," or for the society of his fellows. His college career was marked by nothing peculiar: he was distinguished for the fine powers he evinced whenever he chose to exert them, for the uniform modesty of his deportment, the kindness which characterized his intercourse with those about him, and a remarkable degree of sensitiveness, which caused him to shrink from every harsh collision, and to court retirement. On leaving college, in 1815, he commenced the study of law, in his native place, and on his admission to the bar, he removed to the city of Middletown, intending to practise there his profession. His success was less than he anticipated; perhaps because of his too great modesty—an unfortunate quality in lawyers—or, it may be, in consequence of his indolence and convivial propensities. One of his biographers remarks that his friends were always welcome, save when they came as clients.

Wearied with the vexations and dry formalities of his profession, he relinquished it in the winter of 1822, to undertake the editorship of the Connecticut Mirror, a weekly political and literary gazette, published in Hartford. But here he found as little to please him as in the business he had deserted. He was too indolent to prepare every week articles of a serious, argumentative character, and gave in their place, graceful or humorous paragraphs, and the occasional pieces of verse on which rests his reputation as a poet. These, at the time, were republished in many periodicals,

and much praised. In the departments of poetry and criticism, the Mirror acquired a high reputation; but in others, while under his direction, it hardly rose to mediocrity.*

His first volume of poetry,† containing his contributions to the Mirror, and some other pieces, was published early in 1825. It was favourably received by the public, and its success induced his friends to urge him to undertake the composition of a larger and more important work than he had yet attempted. His constitutional lassitude and aversion to high and continued effort deterred him from beginning the task, until 1827, when his health began to wane, and it was no longer in his power. He then relinquished the editorship of the Mirror, and sought for restoring quiet, and the gentle ministrations of affection, the home of his childhood. His illness soon assumed the character of consumption, and he saw that he had but a brief time to live. A few weeks were passed on the eastern shore of Long Island, in the hope of deriving benefit from a change of air; but nothing could arrest the progress of the fatal malady; and he returned to New London, to prepare for the

* The editor of the last edition of his works, of which I have received a copy since the above was written, and while this volume is passing through the press, speaks as follows of his editorial career:—"We are assured by competent testimony, that laboured and able political articles were withheld from publication, owing to causes over which he had little control. It is not, perhaps, necessary to detail the facts, but they certainly go far to exculpate him from the charge of levity, or weakness, in conducting the editorial department of his paper. Prudential considerations were suffered to have away, at the expense of his reputation for political tact and foresight. The only substitutes for the articles referred to, were such brief and tame pieces as he could prepare, after the best and almost only hours for composition had passed by. This circumstance, together with the consciousness that the paper was ill sustained in respect to its patronage, was sufficiently discouraging to a person whose sensibilities were as acute as those of BRAINARD. It accounts, also, for the frequent turns of mental depression which marked his latter years,—heightened, indeed, by that frequent and mortifying concomitant of genius,—slender pecuniary means."

† The volume was introduced by the following characteristic address to the reader:—"The author of the following pieces has been induced to publish them in a book, from considerations which cannot be interesting to the public. Many of these little poems have been printed in the *Connecticut Mirror*; and others are just fit to keep them company. No apologies are made, and no criticisms deprecated. The commonplace story of the importunities of friends, though it had its share in the publication, is not insisted upon; but the vanity of the author, if others choose to call it such, is a natural motive, and the hope of 'making a little something by it,' is an honest acknowledgment, if it is a poor excuse." The motto of the title-page was as quaint:—

"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said 'Not so;'
Some said 'It might do good;' others said, 'No.'"

Bunyan's Apology.

spiritual life upon which he was about to enter. He had always regarded with reverence the Christian character and profession, and he was now united to the visible church,* and received the holiest of the sacraments. He lingered until the twenty-sixth of September, 1828, when he passed peacefully to the rest of those who "know that their Redeemer lives."

The pathway of BRAINARD was aside from the walks of ambition, and the haunts of worldliness. He lived within himself, holding communion with his own thoughts, and suffering from deep and lasting melancholy. Like WILCOX, it is said, he had met with one of those disappointments in early life, which so frequently impress the soul with sadness; and though there was sometimes gayety in his manner and conversation, it was generally assumed, to conceal painful musings or to beguile sorrow.

His person was small, and well formed; his countenance mild, and indicative of the kindness and gentleness of his nature; and in his eyes there was a look of dreamy listlessness and tenderness. He was fond of society, and his pleasing

conversation and amiable character won for him many ardent friends. He was peculiarly sensitive; and MR. WHITTIER,* in a sketch of his life, remarks that in his gayest moments a coldly-spoken word, or casual inattention, would check at once the free flow of his thoughts, cause the jest to die on his lips, and "the melancholy which had been lifted from his heart, to fall again with increased heaviness."

BRAINARD lacked the mental discipline and strong self-command which alone confer true power. He never could have produced a great work. His poems were nearly all written during the six years in which he edited the *Mirror*, and they bear marks of haste and carelessness, though some of them are very beautiful. He failed only in his humorous pieces; in all the rest his language is appropriate and pure, his diction free and harmonious, and his sentiments natural and sincere. His serious poems are characterized by deep feeling and delicate fancy; and if we had no records of his history, they would show us that he was a man of great gentleness, simplicity, and purity.

JERUSALEM.†

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves—
GODFREY'S and BALDWIN'S‡—Salem's Christian kings;
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,—

* On this occasion, says the Reverend Mr. M'EWEN, as he was too feeble to go to the church and remain through the customary services, he arrived at and entered the sanctuary when these were nearly or quite through. Every one present (literally, almost) knew him,—the occasion of his coming was understood,—and when he appeared, pale, feeble, emaciated, and trembling in consequence of his extreme debility, the sensation it produced was at once apparent throughout the whole assembly. There seemed to be an instinctive homage paid to the grace of God in him; or, perhaps, the fact shows how readily a refined Christian community sympathizes with genius and virtue destined to an early tomb.

† The following intelligence from Constantinople was of the eleventh October, 1824: "A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom."

‡ GODFREY and BALDWIN were the first Christian kings at Jerusalem. The Empress HELENA, mother of CONSTANTINE the Great, built the church of the sepulchre on Mount Calvary. The walls are of stone and the roof of cedar. The four lamps which lit it, are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of pilgrims who resort to it. The mosque was originally a Jewish temple. The Emperor JULIAN undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem at a very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Saviour, as it was understood by the Jews; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Bethesda and Gihon—the tomb of the Virgin MARY, and of King JEHOSEPHAT—the pillar of ABRAHAM—the tomb of ZACHARIAH—and the *campo santo*, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of JUDAS'S treason, are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

While through the panell'd roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,
And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnish'd with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice call'd Mussulmans to prayer.
There were the splendours of Judea's thrones—
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear—

All but the truth, the holy truth, was there:—
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd?
And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess?
Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless,
Is over all; and in whatever dress
His suppliants crowd around him, He can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,
Owning Him very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,
Proud JULIAN; when (against the prophecy
Of Him who lived, and died, and rose again,
"That one stone on another should not lie")
Thou wouldst rebuild that Jewish masonry
To mock the eternal Word.—The earth below
Gush'd out in fire; and from the brazen sky,

* JOHN G. WHITTIER was one of BRAINARD'S intimate friends, and, soon after his death, he wrote an interesting account of his life, which was prefixed to an edition of his poems, printed in 1832.

And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,
As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and wall
Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank,
And in the muddled stream the fragments fall,

While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank
In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!

Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and
thank,

Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell moved from beneath, and thine own
heaven did lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces—proud Herod's towers—

Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?
Thy pool, Bethesda, was it fill'd with showers?

Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?

Tomb of thee, MARY—Virgin—did it shake?
Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood!

Where were the shuddering Calvary might
Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood, [make?
To wash away the spot where once a God had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre

Of all profane and of all holy things—

Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentle yet concur
To make thee what thou art! thy history brings
Thoughts mix'd of joy and wo. The whole
earth rings

With the sad truth which He has prophesied,

Who would have shelter'd with his holy wings
Thee and thy children. You his power defied:

You scourged him while he lived, and mock'd him
as he died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky, [made—

That caught the first light which its Maker
It led the hymn of other orbs on high;—

'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall
fade.

Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!

For it has kept its watch on Palestine!

Look to its holy light, nor be dismay'd,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crush'd and ruin'd all—which men have
call'd divine.

ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave

The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore:—
The promontories love thee—and for this

Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

Stern, at thy source, thy northern guardians
Rode rulers of the solitary land, [stand,
Wild dwellers by thy cold, sequester'd springs,
Of earth the feathers and of air the wings;

Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form—
Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.

—'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
And trains them in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by the quiet brink;—
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strew'd the
ground,

The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle-ball; [choose,
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would
Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose;
Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.

—No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
No more their forms thy moon-lit banks shall press,
No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink
when, late,

The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
An avalanche of acres at a slide.

Nor dost thou say, when winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the
heath—

One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—

Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.

—Yet as the unarm'd swallow skims his way,

And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines,
At mid-day, higher than thy mountain pines;
Where the white school-house with its daily drill
Of sunburn'd children, smiles upon the hill;
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Deck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity—
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit, honour, and gives labour health;
Where GOLDSMITH's self might send his exiled band
To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What Art can execute, or Taste devise,
Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes—

As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
Here cities rise, and sea-wash'd commerce hails
Thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails,
From tropic isles, or from the torrid main—
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane—
Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play,
By each cold, northern bank and frozen bay.
Here, safe return'd from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,
—That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,
More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
To make the curious "tarrying" stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side;
Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years.
Cracking his shag-barks, as the aged crone
—Mixing the true and doubtful into one—
Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
How drums, and flags, and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,
And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,
When to the Old French War her husband went.
How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
The golden spoils of far-famed ROBERT KIDD;
And then the chubby grandchild wants to know
About the ghosts and witches long ago,
That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—
The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then
The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
Of elders in thy puritanic school. [dream,

When the fresh morning wakes him from his
And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies;
Voices as gentle as an echo'd call,
And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall
That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
Leaping in sportive innocence away:—
And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
As wild-brier, budding in an April day!
—How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their sinless purposes and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
Their sisters tell them to defend the right;
How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
The earth their coffin and the turf their pall;
How did the aged pastor light his eye,
When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
To pledge life, name, fame, all—for liberty.
—Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
Still in the grave the body of that sage

Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal
Made patriots act and listening statesmen feel—
Brought thy green mountains down upon their foes,
And thy white summits melted of their snows,
While every vale to which his voice could come,
Rang with the life and echoed to the drum.

Bold river! better suited are thy waves
To nurse the laurels clustering round thy graves,
Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou hadst a poet once,—and he could tell,
Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell;
Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
But we shall hear his classic lays no more!
He loved thee, but he took his aged way,
By Erie's shore, and PERRY's glorious day,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarl'd charter-oak put forth a bough,
Whose leaves shall grace thy TRUMBULL's ho-
nour'd brow.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WOODWARD, AT EDINBURGH.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."

ANOTHER! 'tis a sad word to the heart,
That one by one has lost its hold on life,
From all it loved or valued, forced to part
In detail. Feeling dies not by the knife
That cuts at once and kills—its tortured strife
Is with distill'd affliction, drop by drop
Oozing its bitterness. Our world is rife
With grief and sorrow! all that we would prop,
Or would be propp'd with, falls—when shall the
ruin stop?

The sea has one,* and Palestine has one,
And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid
Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone,
And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid—
And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid,
Turn to some other monument—nor know
Whose grave she passes, or whose name she read:
Whose loved and honour'd relies lie below;
Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal wo.

There is a world of bliss hereafter—else
Why are the bad above, the good beneath
The green grass of the grave! The mower fells
Flowers and briars alike. But man shall breathe
(When he his desolating blade shall sheathe
And rest him from his work) in a pure sky,
Above the smoke of burning worlds;—and Death
On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie,
When time, with all his years and centuries has
pass'd by.

* Professor FISHER, lost in the "Albion," and Rev. LEVI
PARSONS, missionary to Palestine, who died at Alexandria.

ON A LATE LOSS.*

"He shall not float upon his watery bier
Unwept."

THE breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm;
The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
And they have wreck'd thee!—But there is a shore
Where storms are hush'd—where tempests
never rage;
Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margin shall be trod—
Thy home is heaven, and thy friend is God.

SONNET TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

"Hugest that swims the ocean stream."

WELTER upon the waters, mighty one—
And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine;
Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,
And toss the billow from thy flashing fin;
Heave thy deep breathings to the ocean's din,
And bound upon its ridges in thy pride:
Or dive down to its lowest depths, and in
The caverns where its unknown monsters hide,
Measure thy length beneath the gulf-stream's tide—
Or rest thee on that navel of the sea
Where, floating on the Maelstrom, abide
The krakens sheltering under Norway's lee;
But go not to Nahant, lest men should swear
You are a great deal bigger than you are.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

"Labitur et labetur."

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

* Professor FISHER, lost in the Albion, off the coast of Kinsale, Ireland.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains!—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Who shall weep when the righteous die?
Who shall mourn when the good depart?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss to heart?

He has gone into peace—he has laid him down,
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day;
And he shall wake on that holy morn,
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

But ye who worship in sin and shame
Your idol gods, whate'er they be:
Who scoff, in your pride, at your Maker's name,
By the pebbly stream and the shady tree,—

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams,
Bow down in their worship, and loudly pray;
Trust in your strength, and believe in your dreams,
But the wind shall carry them all away.

There's one who drank at a purer fountain,
One who was wash'd in a purer flood:
He shall inherit a holier mountain,
He shall worship a holier God.

But the sinner shall utterly fail and die,
Whelm'd in the waves of a troubled sea;
And God, from his throne of light on high,
Shall say, there is no peace for thee.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was bless'd,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look, which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have pass'd;
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak:
His heart was dead, for it did not break:
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom,—
Dim is such glare: but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep:
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid;
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow, to the end:

Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home;
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM."

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

THY cruise is over now,
Thou art anchor'd by the shore,
And never more shalt thou
Hear the storm around thee roar;
Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.
Now around thee sports the whale,
And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
And the night-winds wake their wail,
As they pass.

The sea-grass round thy bier
Shall bend beneath the tide,
Nor tell the breakers near
Where thy manly limbs abide;
But the granite rock thy tombstone shall be.
Though the edges of thy grave
Are the combings of the wave—
Yet unheeded they shall rave
Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands, and the lands,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is dismay'd,
And the just man is afraid,
Then heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there saddening in the autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colours hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now:
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store:
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright, blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"

STANZAS.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
 And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;
 The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
 The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
 Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
 Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
 And autumn, with her yellow hours,
 On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
 That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
 A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
 There perch'd, and raised her song for me.
 The winter comes, and where is she?
 Away—where summer wings will rove,
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
 The northern breeze that rustles by
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
 No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain top, with sleety hair,
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone,—
 See—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

THE STORM OF WAR.

O! ONCE was felt the storm of war!
 It had an earthquake's roar;
 It flash'd upon the mountain height,
 And smoked along the shore.
 It thunder'd in a dreaming ear,
 And up the farmer sprang;
 It mutter'd in a bold, true heart,
 And a warrior's harness rang.

It rumbled by a widow's door,—
 All but her hope did fail;
 It trembled through a leafy grove,
 And a maiden's cheek was pale.
 It steps upon the sleeping sea,
 And waves around it howl;
 It strides from top to foaming top,
 Out-frowning ocean's scowl.

And yonder sail'd the merchant ship,
 There was peace upon her deck;
 Her friendly flag from the mast was torn,
 And the waters whelm'd the wreck.
 But the same blast that bore her down
 Fill'd a gallant daring sail,
 That loved the might of the blackening storm,
 And laugh'd in the roaring gale.

The stream, that was a torrent once,
 Is rippled to a brook,
 The sword is broken, and the spear
 Is but a pruning-hook.
 The mother chides her truant boy,
 And keeps him well from harm;
 While in the grove the happy maid
 Hangs on her lover's arm.

Another breeze is on the sea,
 Another wave is there,
 And floats abroad triumphantly
 A banner bright and fair.
 And peaceful hands, and happy hearts,
 And gallant spirits keep
 Each star that decks it pure and bright,
 Above the rolling deep.

THE GUERRILLA.

THOUGH friends are false, and leaders fail,
 And rulers quake with fear;
 Though tamed the shepherd in the vale,
 Though slain the mountaineer;
 Though Spanish beauty fill their arms,
 And Spanish gold their purse—
 Sterner than wealth's or war's alarms
 Is the wild Guerilla's curse.

No trumpets range us to the fight:
 No signal sound of drum
 Tells to the foe, that, in their might,
 The hostile squadrons come.
 No sunbeam glitters on our spears,
 No warlike tramp of steeds
 Gives warning—for the first that hears
 Shall be the first that bleeds.

The night-breeze calls us from our bed,
 At dew-fall forms the line,
 And darkness gives the signal dread
 That makes our ranks combine:
 Or should some straggling moonbeam lie
 On copse or lurking hedge,
 'T would flash but from a Spaniard's eye,
 Or from a dagger's edge.

'T is clear in the sweet vale below,
 And misty on the hill;
 The skies shine mildly on the foe,
 But lour upon us still.
 This gathering storm shall quickly burst,
 And spread its terrors far,
 And at its front we'll be the first,
 And with it go to war.

O! the mountain peak shall safe remain—
 'T is the vale shall be despoil'd,
 And the tame hamlets of the plain
 With ruin shall run wild;
 But liberty shall breathe our air
 Upon the mountain head,
 And freedom's breezes wander here,
 Here all their fragrance shed.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
 On the deep is the mariner's death,
 Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
 Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
 'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair,
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
 Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
 Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
 Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas?
 'T is the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
 And her who has clung to his neck?
 Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
 With its shadow, the foundering wreck?
 'T is the sea-bird, &c.

My eye in the light of the billow,
 My wing on the wake of the wave,
 I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
 The shroud of the fair and the brave.
 I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
 When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
 My eye, when the bark is benighted,
 Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
 I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 Lone looker on despair;
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
 The only witness there.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I PRAY thee, by thy mother's face,
 And by her look, and by her eye,
 By every decent matron grace
 That hover'd round the resting-place
 Where thy young head did lie;
 And by the voice that soothed thine ear,
 The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear,
 That match'd thy changeable mood;
 By every prayer thy mother taught,
 By every blessing that she sought,
 I pray thee to be good.

Is not the nestling, when it wakes,
 Its eye upon the wood around,
 And on its new-fledged pinions takes
 Its taste of leaves, and boughs, and brakes—
 Of motion, sight, and sound,—
 Is it not like the parent? Then
 Be like thy mother, child, and when
 Thy wing is bold and strong,—
 As pure and steady be thy light,
 As high and heavenly be thy flight,
 As holy be thy song.

SALMON RIVER.*

*Hic viridis tenera prætexit arundine ripas
 Mincius.—VIRGIL.*

'T is a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
 That, undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl
 Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
 Pursue their way
 By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
 By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has stood,
 Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
 By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
 Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
 Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
 With unscared look;
 There's much in its wild history, that teems
 With all that's superstitious—and that seems
 To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
 In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
 And blood has dropp'd there, like the drops of rain;
 The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—
 And many a quiver,
 Fill'd from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
 Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still,
 And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
 From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian magi made
 Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
 That shrouds sequester'd rock, or darkening glade,
 Or tangled dell.
 Here PHILIP came, and MIAHTONIMO,
 And ask'd about their fortunes long ago,
 As SAUL to Endor, that her witch might show
 Old SAMUEL.

And here the black fox roved, that howl'd and shook
 His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
 Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
 For earthly fox;
 Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
 And his soft peltry, stripp'd and dress'd, to wear,
 Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
 Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'T is hard to rhyme
 About a little and unnoticed stream,
 That few have heard of—but it is a theme
 I chance to love;
 And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
 And whistle to the note of many a deed
 Done on this river—which, if there be need,
 I'll try to prove.

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

[Born, 1796.]

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH is a native of Ridgefield, on the western border of Connecticut, and was born about the year 1796. His father was a respectable clergyman, distinguished for his simplicity of character, strong common sense, and eloquence. Our author was educated in the common schools of his native town, and soon after he was twenty-one years old, engaged in the business of publishing, in Hartford, where he resided for several years. In 1824, being in ill health, he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade of authorship. Since that time he has produced from twenty to thirty volumes, under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in this country and in England, and been translated into several foreign languages. Of some of these works more than fifty thousand copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr. GOODRICH commenced "The Token," an annuary, of which he was the editor for fourteen years. In this series

he published most of the poems of which he is known to be the author. They were all written while he was actively engaged in business. His " Fireside Education " was composed in sixty days, while he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and superintending his publishing establishment; and his numerous other prose works were produced with equal rapidity. In 1837 he published a volume entitled "The Outcast, and other Poems," most of the contents of which had previously been printed; and, in 1841, "Sketches from a Student's Window," a collection of poems and prose writings that had originally appeared in "The Token" and other periodicals.

Mr. GOODRICH has been a liberal patron of American authors and artists; and it is questionable whether any other person has done as much to improve the style of the book manufacture, or to promote the arts of engraving. It is believed that he has put in circulation more than two millions of volumes of his own productions; all of which inculcate pure morality, and cheerful views of life. His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse melodious; and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully.

BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

I.

I'LL tell you a fairy tale that's new—
How the merry elves o'er the ocean flew,
From the Emerald isle to this far-off shore,
As they were wont in the days of yore—
And play'd their pranks one moonlit night,
Where the zephyrs alone could see the sight.

II.

Ere the old world yet had found the new,
The fairies oft in their frolics flew,
To the fragrant isles of the Carribee—
Bright bosom-gems of a golden sea.
Too dark was the film of the Indian's eye,
These gossamer sprites to suspect or spy,—
So they danced mid the spicy groves unseen,
And gay were their gambolings, I ween;
For the fairies, like other discreet little elves,
Are freest and fondest when all by themselves.
No thought had they that in after time
The muse would echo their deeds in rhyme;
So, gayly doffing light stocking and shoe,
They tripp'd o'er the meadow all dappled in dew.
I could tell, if I would, some right merry tales
Of unslipper'd fairies that danced in the vales—

But the lovers of scandal I leave in the lurch—
And, besides, these elves don't belong to the church.
If they danced—be it known—'twas not in the
clime

Of your MATHERS and HOOKERS, where laughter
was crime;

Where sentinel virtue kept guard o'er the lip,
Though witchcraft stole into the heart by a slip!
O, no! 'twas the land of the fruit and the flower—
Where summer and spring both dwelt in one
bower—

Where one hung the citron, all ripe from the
bough,

And the other with blossoms encircled its brow,—
Where the mountains embosom'd rich tissues of
gold,

And the rivers o'er rubies and emeralds roll'd.
It was there, where the seasons came only to bless,
And the fashions of Eden still linger'd, in dress,
That these gay little fairies were wont, as I say,
To steal in their merriest gambols away.

But, dropping the curtain o'er frolic and fun,
Too good to be told, or too bad to be done,
I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,
Though I warn you he's given to fibbing—the
wretch!

But I learn by the legends of breezes and brooks,
'Tis as true as the fairy tales told in the books.

III.

One night when the moon shone fair on the main,
Choice spirits were gather'd 'twixt Derry and Spain,
And lightly embarking from Erin's bold cliffs,
They slid o'er the wave in their moonbeam skiffs.
A ray for a rudder—a thought for a sail,
Swift, swift was each bark as the wing of the gale.
Yet long were the tale, should I linger to say
How gambol and frolic enliven'd the way;
How they flirted with bubbles that danced on the
wave,

Or listen'd to mermaids that sang from the cave;
Or slid with the moonbeams down deep to the grove
Of coral, "where mullet and gold-fish rove:"
How there, in long vistas of silence and sleep,
They waltzed, as if mocking the death of the deep:
How oft, where the wreck lay scatter'd and torn,
They peep'd in the skull—now ghastly and lorn;
Or deep, mid wild rocks, quizzed the goggling shark,
And mouth'd at the sea-wolf—so solemn and
stark—

Each seeming to think that the earth and the sea
Were made but for fairies—for gambol and glee!
Enough, that at last they came to the isle,
Where moonlight and fragrance were rivals the
while.

Not yet had those vessels from Palos been here,
To turn the bright gem to the blood-mingled tear.
O, no! still blissful and peaceful the land,
And the merry elves flew from the sea to the strand.
Right happy and joyous seem'd now the bright crew;
As they tripp'd mid the orange groves flashing in
dew,

For they were to hold a revel that night,
A gay, fancy ball, and each to be dight
In the gem or the flower that fancy might choose
From mountain or vale, for its fragrance or hues.

IV.

Away sped the maskers like arrows of light,
To gather their gear for the revel bright.
To the dazzling peaks of far-off Peru,
In emulous speed some sportive flew—
And deep in the mine, or mid glaciers on high,
For ruby and sapphire searched heedful and sly.
For diamonds rare that gleam in the bed
Of Brazilian streams, some merrily sped,
While others for topaz and emerald stray,
Mid the cradle cliffs of the Paraguay.
As these are gathering the rarest of gems,
Others are plucking the rarest of stems.
They range wild dells where the zephyr alone
To the blushing blossoms before was known;
Through forests they fly, whose branches are hung
By creeping plants, with fair flowerets strung—
Where temples of nature with arches of bloom,
Are lit by the moonlight, and faint with perfume.
They stray where the mangrove and clematis twine,
Where azalia and laurel in rivalry shine;
Where, tall as the oak, the passion-tree glows,
And jasmine is blent with rhodora and rose.
O'er blooming savannas and meadows of light,
Mid regions of summer they sweep in their flight,
And gathering the fairest they speed to their bower,
Each one with his favourite brilliant or flower.

V.

The hour is come, and the fairies are seen
In their plunder array'd on the moonlit green.
The music is breathed—'tis a soft tone of pleasure,
And the light giddy throng whirl into the measure.
'T was a joyous dance, and the dresses were bright,
Such as never were known till that famous night;
For the gems and the flowers that shone in the scene,
O'ermatch'd the regalia of princess and queen.
No gaudy slave to a fair one's brow
Was the rose, or the ruby, or emerald now;
But lighted with souls by the playful elves,
The brilliants and blossoms seem'd dancing them-
selves.

VI.

Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell,
Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the belle;
But each were so happy, and all were so fair,
That night stole away and the dawn caught them
there!

Such a scampering never before was seen
As the fairies' flight on that island green.
They rush'd to the bay with twinkling feet,
But vain was their haste, for the moonlight fleet
Had pass'd with the dawn, and never again—
Were those fairies permitted to traverse the main,—
But mid the groves, when the sun was high,
The Indian marked with a worshipping eye
The humming-birds, all unknown before,
Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower,
And seeming as if earth's loveliest things,
The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings:—
And fancy hath whisper'd in numbers light,
That these are the fairies who danced that night,
And linger yet in the garb they wore,
Content in our clime, and more blest than before!

THE RIVER.

O, TELL me, pretty river!
Whence do thy waters flow?
And whither art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow?

"My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse, the April showers;
My cradle was a fountain,
O'ercurtain'd by wild flowers.

"One morn I ran away,
A madcap, hoyden rill—
And many a prank that day
I play'd adown the hill!

"And then, mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stoop'd, with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

"But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave—
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave!"

THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourish'd on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn,
That gilded one, did each adorn.
The breeze, that whisper'd light and brief
To bud or blossom, kiss'd the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions pass'd away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirl'd and eddied wearily,
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumber'd in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,
Bright as the birth-day of the flowers;
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As wither'd and as lost as they.
Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gayly greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That kindle to the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.
Another treads the paths of fame,
And barter's peace to win a name.
Another still tempts fortune's wave,
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.
The last grasps yet the brittle thread—
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,
And clutches at its power and pride,
Till suddenly the waters sever,
And, like the leaf, he sinks forever.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

"FATHER OF LAKES!" thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear, in sadness broods;

Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarl'd and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!
Roll on, thou element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man—
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves—
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves!

THE SPORTIVE SYLPHS.

THE sportive sylphs that course the air,
Unseen on wings that twilight weaves,
Around the opening rose repair,
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,
They catch the ruddy beams of day,
And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade,
Their blushing favourite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,
From floating clouds and falling showers;
They rob Aurora's locks of light
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose
Becomes a token fit to tell
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,
And naught but this reveal so well.

Then, take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherish'd near,
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

ISAAC CLASON.

[Born about 1796. Died, 1830.]

ISAAC CLASON wrote the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Cantos of *Don Juan*—a continuation of the poem of Lord BYRON—published in 1825. I have not been able to learn many particulars of his biography. He was born in the city of New York, where his father was a distinguished merchant, and graduated at Columbia College in 1813. He inherited a considerable fortune, but in the pursuit of pleasure he spent it all, and much besides, received from his relatives. He was in turn a gay *roué* in London and Paris, a writer for the public journals, an actor in the theatres, and a private

tutor. A mystery hangs over his closing years. It has been stated that he was found dead in an obscure lodging-house in London, under circumstances that led to a belief that he committed suicide, about the year 1830.

Besides his continuation of *Don Juan*, he wrote but little poetry. The two cantos which he left under that title, have much of the spirit and feeling, in thought and diction, which characterize the work of BYRON. He was a man of attractive manners and brilliant conversation. His fate is an unfavourable commentary on his character.

NAPOLEON.*

I love no land so well as that of France—

Land of NAPOLEON and CHARLEMAGNE,
Renown'd for valour, women, wit, and dance,
For racy Burgundy, and bright Champagne,
Whose only word in battle was, Advance;

While that grand genius, who seem'd born to reign,
Greater than AMMOX's son, who boasted birth
From heaven, and spurn'd all sons of earth;

Greater than he who wore his buskins high,
A VENUS arm'd, impress'd upon his seal;
Who smiled at poor CALPHURNIA's prophecy,
Nor fear'd the stroke he soon was doom'd to feel;
Who on the ides of March breath'd his last sigh,
As BRUTUS pluck'd away his "cursed steel,"
Exclaiming, as he expired, "Et tu, BRUTE,"
But BRUTUS thought he only did his duty;

Greater than he, who, at nine years of age,
On Carthage' altar swore eternal hate;
Who, with a rancour time could ne'er assuage,
With feelings no reverse could moderate,
With talents such as few would dare engage,
With hopes that no misfortune could abate,
Died like his rival, both with broken hearts,—
Such was their fate, and such was BONAPARTE'S.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE! thy name shall live
Till time's last echo shall have ceased to sound;
And if eternity's confines can give
To space reverberation, round and round
The spheres of heaven, the long, deep cry of "Vive
NAPOLEON!" in thunders shall rebound;
The lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high,
Monarch of earth, now meteor of the sky!

What though on St. Helena's rocky shore
Thy head be pillow'd, and thy form entomb'd,
Perhaps that son, the child thou didst adore,
Fired with a father's fame, may yet be doom'd

To crush the bigot BOURBON, and restore

Thy mouldering ashes ere they be consumed;
Perhaps may run the course thyself didst run,
And light the world, as comets light the sun.

'Tis better thou art gone: 'twere sad to see,
Beneath an "imbecile's impotent reign,"
Thine own unvanquish'd legions doom'd to be
Cursed instruments of vengeance on poor Spain,
That land, so glorious once in chivalry,
Now sunk in slavery and shame again;
To see the imperial guard, thy dauntless band,
Made tools for such a wretch as FERDINAND.

Farewell, NAPOLEON! thine hour is past;
No more earth trembles at thy dreaded name;
But France, unhappy France, shall long contrast
Thy deeds with those of worthless D'ANGELOUXE.
Ye gods! how long shall slavery's thralldom last!
Will France alone remain forever tame?
Say, will no WALLACE, will no WASHINGTON
Scourge from thy soil the infamous BOURBON!

Is Freedom dead? Is NERO's reign restored?
Frenchmen! remember Jena, Austerlitz:
The first, which made thy emperor the lord
Of Prussia, and which almost threw in fits
Great FREDERICK WILLIAM; he who, at the board,
Took all the Prussian uniform to bits;
FREDERICK, the king of regimental tailors,
As HUDSON LOWE, the very prince of jailors.

Farewell, NAPOLEON! couldst thou have died
The coward scorpion's death, afraid, ashamed
To meet adversity's advancing tide,
The weak had praised thee, but the wise had
blamed;

But no! though torn from country, child, and bride,
With spirit unsubdued, with soul untamed,
Great in misfortune, as in glory high,
Thou darest to live through life's worst agony.

Pity, for thee, shall weep her fountains dry,
Mercy, for thee, shall bankrupt all her store;
Valour shall pluck a garland from on high,
And Honour twine the wreath thy temples o'er;

* From the Seventeenth Canto of *Don Juan*.

Beauty shall beckon to thee from the sky,

And smiling seraphs open wide heaven's door;
Around thy head the brightest stars shall meet,
And rolling suns play sportive at thy feet.

Farewell, NAPOLEON! a long farewell,

A stranger's tongue, alas! must hymn thy worth;
No craven Gaul dares wake his harp to tell,
Or sound in song the spot that gave thee birth.
No more thy name, that, with its magic spell,
Aroused the slumbering nations of the earth,
Echoes around thy land; 't is past—at length
France sinks beneath the sway of CHARLES the Tenth.

JEALOUSY.

He who has seen the red-fork'd lightnings flash
From out some black and tempest-gather'd cloud,
And heard the thunder's simultaneous crash,
Bursting in peals, terrifically loud;
He who has mark'd the madden'd ocean dash
(Robed in its snow-white foam as in a shroud)
Its giant billows on the groaning shore,
While death seem'd echo'd in the deafening roar;

He who has seen the wild tornado sweep
(Its path destruction, and its progress death)
The silent bosom of the smiling deep
With the black besom of its boisterous breath,
Waking to strife the slumbering waves, that leap
In battling surges from their beds beneath,
Yawning and swelling from their liquid caves,
Like buried giants from their restless graves:—

He who has gazed on sights and scenes like these,
Hath look'd on nature in her maddest mood;
But nature's warfare passes by degrees,—
The thunder's voice is hush'd, however rude,
The dying winds unclasp the raging seas,
The scowling sky throws back her cloud-capt
hood,
The infant lightnings to their cradles creep,
And the gaunt earthquake rocks herself to sleep.

But there are storms, whose lightnings never glare,
Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll—
The storms of love, when madden'd to despair,
The furious tempests of the jealous soul.
That kamsin of the heart, which few can bear,
Which owns no limit, and which knows no goal,
Whose blast leaves joy a tomb, and hope a speck,
Reason a blank, and happiness a wreck.

EARLY LOVE.

THE fond caress of beauty, O, that glow!

The first warm glow that mantles round the heart
Of boyhood! when all 's new—the first dear vow
He ever breathed—the tear-drops that first start,
Pure from the unpractised eye—the overflow
Of waken'd passions, that but now impart
A hope, a wish, a feeling yet unfelt,
That mould to madness, or in mildness melt.

Ah! where's the youth whose stoic heart ne'er knew
The fires of joy, that burst through every vein,
That burn forever bright, forever new,
As passion rises o'er and o'er again?

That, like the phoenix, die but to renew—
Beat in the heart, and throb upon the brain—
Self-kindling, quenchless as the eternal flame
That sports in Etna's base. But I'm to blame

Ignobly thus to yield to raptures past;
To call my buried feelings from their shrouds,
O'er which the deep funereal pall was cast—
Like brightest skies entomb'd in darkest clouds;
No matter, these, the latest and the last
That rise, like spectres of the past, in crowds;
The ebullitions of a heart not lost,
But weary, wandering, worn, and tempest-toss'd.

'T is vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys
Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more;
Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys—
Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore—
Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys,
(Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar,
But proves the mimic mockery of the surge:)
They sink in sorrow's sea, and ne'er emerge.

ALL IS VANITY.

I've compass'd every pleasure,
Caught every joy before its *bead* could pass;
I've loved without restriction, without measure—
I've sipp'd enjoyment from each sparkling glass—
I've known what 'tis, too, to "repent at leisure"—
I've sat at meeting, and I've served at mass:—
And having roved through half the world's insanities,
Cry, with the Preacher—Vanity of vanities!

What constitutes man's chief enjoyment here?
What forms his greatest antidote to sorrow?
Is't wealth? Wealth can at last but gild his bier,
Or buy the pall that poverty must borrow.
Is't love? Alas, love's cradled in a tear;
It smiles to-day, and weeps again to-morrow;
Mere child of passion, that beguiles in youth,
And flies from age, as falsehood flies from truth.

Is't glory? Pause beneath St. Helen's willow,
Whose weeping branches wave above the spot;
Ask him, whose head now rests upon its pillow,
Its last, low pillow, there to rest, and rot.
Is't fame? Ask her, who floats upon the billow,
Untomb'd, uncoffin'd, and perchance forgot;
The lovely, lovesick Lesbian, frail as fair,
Victim of love, and emblem of despair.

Is't honour? Go, ask him whose ashes sleep
Within the crypt of Paul's stupendous dome,
Whose name once thunder'd victory o'er the deep,
Far as his country's navies proudly roam;
Above whose grave no patriot *Dame* shall weep,
No *Frank* deplore the hour he found a home—
A home, whence valour's voice from conquest's car
No more shall rouse the lord—of Trafalgar.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[Born about 1797.]

LYDIA HUNTLEY, now Mrs. SIGOURNEY, was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, about the year 1797. From early childhood she was remarkable for her love of knowledge, and the facility with which she acquired it. She could read with fluency when but three years old, and at eight she wrote verses which gave promise of the eminence she has since attained. Some of her early contributions to the public journals attracted the attention of Mr. DANIEL WADSWORTH, a wealthy and intelligent gentleman of Hartford, who induced her to collect and publish them in a volume, which appeared in 1815, under the modest title of "Moral Pieces, by LYDIA HUNTLEY." About the same period she commenced a select school for young women, which she conducted for several years with much ability.

In 1819 she was married to Mr. CHARLES SIGOURNEY, a leading merchant and banker, of Hartford. Their two children have been carefully educated by herself, and she has had the charge of a large household from the time of her marriage; but she has never for a single year omitted the literary pursuits to which she was so early devoted. Her visits to the tomb of the mother of Washington, to Niagara, and other places, have been fitly commemorated in her poems, while the splendid scenery and the history of New England have been celebrated in "Connecticut Forty Years Ago," a prose legend, and in stanzas inspired by the "Connecticut River," the "Charter Oak," and

many kindred themes. Probably her "Letters to Young Ladies" should be ranked first in usefulness and ability among her prose works, though several others, intended, like that, to improve the minds and the hearts of her sex, have been much read, and generally praised.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY has been a frequent contributor to the best periodicals of this country, and has occasionally written for the English annuaries. Six or seven volumes of her poetry have been published, of which the last appeared near the close of 1841. In the summer of 1840, she went to Europe, and remained there a year, visiting the principal cities of Great Britain and France, and Avon, Dryburgh Abbey, Grassmere, and Rydal Mount, and other Meccas of the literary pilgrim. While in London a collection of her writings was published in that city.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY has surpassed any of the poets of her sex in this country in the extent of her productions; and their religious and domestic character has made them popular with the large classes who regard more than artistic merit the spirit and tendency of what they read. Her subjects are varied, and her diction generally melodious and free; but her works are written too carelessly; they lack vigour and condensation; and possess but few of the elements of enduring verse. Very little poetry, save that of scholars, finished with extreme care and skill, belongs to the permanent literature of any language.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN axe rang sharply mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the sky had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil. "Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun!
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream." "Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

—"What, ho!—my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon-repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile. "See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"
—"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets." Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear!"

"T was even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights;
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Best thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."
"No—no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion." And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning roved
Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

NIAGARA.

Flow on, forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise. Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow—mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn! Even ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abash'd. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer—and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle-calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day.—The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find *ЖЕНОВАН*'s name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapour-wreath,

For they may sport unharm'd amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou comest
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing floweret, the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
Thy lengthen'd eve is full of fireside joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest-shouting. Man should rest
Thus from his fever'd passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the toss'd bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shatter'd cordage, and restore
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impair'd
By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save. The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their
sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
And, throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Asks of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire—and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken. Come thou to life's feast
With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
The minstrel teacher of thy well-tuned soul,
And when the last drop of its cup is drain'd—
Arising with a song of praise—go up
To the eternal banquet.

NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of NAPOLEON's sepulchre, *characterless, undescribed.*"

And who shall write thine epitaph! thou man
Of mystery and might. Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their father's broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenced brain? Shall countless
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame [ghosts
With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,
And with but that brief space for shrift of prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth! Thou, who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,
As chirp the weak-voiced nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries mid ocean's foam! Thou, who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the throned Alps—why dost thou sleep unmark'd,
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone? Bid the
throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
And breathed thy thunders on the battle-field,
Return, and rear thy monument. Those forms
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread,
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not thy clarion call. But should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
Piling their pillar'd dust as erst they gave
Their souls for thee, the wondering stars might deem
A second time the puny pride of man
Did creep by stealth upon its Babel stairs,
To dwell with them. But here unwept thou art,
Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,
With neither living man, nor spirit condemn'd,
To write thine epitaph. Invoke the climes,
Who served as playthings in thy desperate game
Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
Till meagre famine on their vitals prey'd,
To pay the reckoning. France! who gave so free
Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou, too, whose pride did deck dead CÆSAR's tomb,
And chant high requiem o'er the tyrant band
Who had their birth with thee, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence,
To grace his obsequies, at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd, and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath AGAG's table, *add the name of Rome.*
—Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument, to whom thou gavest
In anger, battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave *Austerlitz*, and fiercely turn away.

—As the rein'd war-horse snuffs the trumpet-blast,
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
And bid her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman. From the shades
Of letter'd ease, O, Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves.

—Hail, lotus crown'd! in thy green childhood fed
By stiff-neck'd PHARAOH, and the shepherd-kings,
Hast thou no tale of him who drench'd thy sands
At Jaffa and Aboukir! when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing Spirit? Glorious Isle!
Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean-like,
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.

—Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.

—But there was silence; for no sceptred hand
Received the challenge. From the misty deep
Rise, island-spirits! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,
And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb,
Come, twine some trait of household tenderness,
Some tender leaflet, nursed with Nature's tears
Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
His cradle, at Ajaccio, turn'd away,
And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave
Threw her slight annual with the haste of fear,
And rude Helena, sick at heart, and gray
'Neath the Pacific's smiling, bade the moon,
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonour'd tomb. Then Earth arose,
That blind, old empress, on her crumbling throne,
And to the echoed question "*Who shall write
Napoleon's epitaph?*" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd, "*None.*"

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.*

LONG hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemm'd,
And pearl'd with dew. She bade bright Summer
bring

Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoureth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—

* On laying the corner-stone of her monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
 Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
 Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
 Repressing vice and making folly grave.
 Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
 Life in inglorious sloth—to sport awhile
 Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
 Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
 Building no temple in her children's hearts,
 Save to the vanity and pride of life [clothed
 Which she had worshipp'd. For the might that
 The "Pater Patrie," for the glorious deeds
 That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
 For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
 Who, mid his elements of being, wrought,
 We know not—Heaven can tell. Rise, sculptured
 And show a race unborn who rest below, [pile!
 And say to mothers what a holy charge
 Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
 Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
 Warn them to wake at early dawn—and sow
 Good seed before the world hath sown her tares;
 Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
 May put the sickle in, and reap for God.
 And gather to his garner. Ye, who stand,
 With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
 Who nobly rear'd Virginia's godlike chief—
 Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
 Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
 What though no high ambition prompts to rear
 A second WASHINGTON; or leave your name
 Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
 Of deathless gratitude—yet may you raise
 A monument above the stars—a soul
 Led by your teachings and your prayers to God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NATURE doth mourn for thee. There is no need
 For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
 As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
 The little plant that never sang before,
 Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
 Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
 As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreath'd
 Round the gay turrets of a buried race,
 And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
 Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
 With their dim legends blend thy hallow'd name.
 Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
 Whate'er it touch'd most holy. The pure shell,
 Laying its pearly lip on ocean's floor,
 The cloister'd chambers, where the sea-gods sleep,
 And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
 Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.
 Hark! from the snow-breasted Himmaleh to where
 Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
 From the scathed pine tree, near the red man's hut,
 To where the everlasting banian builds
 Its vast columnar temple, comes a moan
 For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
 An altar, and each cottage-home, the haunt
 Of Poesy. Yea, thou didst find the link

That joins mute nature to ethereal mind,
 And make that link a melody. The couch
 Of thy last sleep, was in the native clime
 Of song and eloquence and ardent soul,
 Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle
 So loved of favouring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
 Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
 For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
 Did gird itself, until the life-stream oozed
 In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
 That angels poising on some silver cloud
 Might linger mid the errands of the skies,
 And listen, all unblamed. How tenderly
 Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest!
 And, like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
 Watch, lest some step disturb thee, striving still
 From other touch, thy sacred harp to guard.
 Waits she thy waking, as the mother waits
 For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen,
 And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
 We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
 For every mountain stream and shadowy dell
 Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
 The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
 The simple language of the freckled flower,
 And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
 And from thy living intercourse with man
 Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
 Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
 Thou hast but taken thy seat with that bless'd choir,
 Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
 From this sublunar terrace, and so long
 Interpreted. Therefore, we will not say
 Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
 Shall mix thee with its household charities,
 The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
 And woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
 In all the temples of her sanctity,
 And the young child shall take thee by the hand
 And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
 With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
 Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged mes-
 senger

On mercy's missions trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
 Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
 Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
 Uphears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
 And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
 Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
 Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
 O'er slippery steepes, or, trembling, treads the verge
 Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
 Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
 And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
 Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,

Blesses your pencil'd beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,
Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which, in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER
DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

DEAL gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where, careless 'neath a vernal sun,
She gayly caroll'd day by day:
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
Thy pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her: thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
She turns confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and sooth the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight survey'd—
Sir BERNARDINE DU BORN.
And he that haughty glance return'd
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleam'd through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
PLANTAGENET inquired.
Sir BERNARD turn'd him toward the king,
He blench'd not in his pride;
"My reason fail'd, my gracious liege,
The year Prince HENRY died."

Quick at that name a cloud of wo
Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow,
Touch'd was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherish'd by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport
Or youth's untam'd career;
With him the merry chase he sought
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This BERNARDINE DU BORN.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim.
And what his buried idol loved
Seem'd cleansed of guilt to him—
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF SIR
WALTER SCOTT.

Rest with the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Where sleep the peer and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Along the statued isle;
Where, stain'd with dust of buried years,
The rude sarcophagus appears
In mould imbedded deep;
And Scotia's skies of sparkling blue
Stream with the oriel windows through
Where ivied masses creep;
And, touch'd with symmetry sublime,
The moss-clad towers that mock at time
Their mouldering legends keep.

And yet, methinks, thou shouldst have chose
Thy latest couch at fair Melrose,
Whence burst thy first, most ardent song,
And swept with wildering force along
Where Tweed in silver flows.
There the young moonbeams, quivering faint
O'er mural tablet sculptured quaint,
Reveal a lordly race;
And knots of roses richly wrought,
And tracery light as poet's thought,
The cluster'd columns grace.

There good King DAVID's rugged mien
Fast by his faithful spouse is seen,
And 'neath the stony floor
Lie chiefs of DOUGLAS' haughty breast,
Contented now to take their rest,
And rule their kings no more.

It was a painful thing to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay,
The rose-trees climbing there so bold,
The ripening fruits in rind of gold,
And thou, their lord, away.

I saw the lamp, with oil unspent,
O'er which thy thoughtful brow was bent,
When erst, with magic skill,
Unearthly beings heard thy call,
And flitting spectres throng'd the hall,
Obedient to thy will.

Yon fair domain was all thine own,
From stately roof to threshold stone,
Yet didst thou lavish pay
The coin that caused life's wheels to stop?
The heart's blood oozing drop by drop
Through the tired brain away?

I said the lamp unspent was there,
The books arranged in order fair;
But none of all thy kindred race
Found in those lordly halls a place:
Thine only son, in foreign lands,
Led boldly on his martial bands,
And stranger-lips, unmoved and cold,
The legends of thy mansion told;
They lauded glittering brand and spear,
And costly gifts of prince and peer,

And broad claymore, with silver dight,
And hunting-horn of border knight—
What were such gauds to me?
More dear had been one single word
From those whose veins thy blood had stirr'd
To Scotia's accents free.

Yet one there was, in humble cell,
A poor retainer, lone and old,
Who of thy youth remember'd well,
And many a treasured story told;
And pride, upon her wrinkled face,
Blent strangely with the trickling tear,
As Memory, from its choicest place,
Brought forth, in deep recorded trace,
Thy boyhood's gambols dear;
Or pointed out, with wither'd hand,
Where erst thy garden-seat did stand,
When thou, return'd from travel vain,
Wrapp'd in thy plaid, and pale with pain,
Didst gaze with vacant eye,
For stern disease had drank the fount
Of mental vision dry.

Ah! what avails, with giant power,
To wrest the trophies of an hour;
One moment write, with sparkling eye,
Our name on castled turrets high,
And yield the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

And now, farewell, whose hand did sweep
Away the damps of ages deep,
And fire with proud baronial strain
The harp of chivalry again,
And make its wild, forgotten thrill
To modern ears delightful still.

Thou, who didst make, from shore to shore,
Bleak Caledonia's mountains hoar,
Her blue lakes bosom'd in their shade,
Her sheepfolds scatter'd o'er the glade,
Her rills, with music, leaping down,
The perfume of her heather brown,
Familiar as their native glen
To differing tribes of distant men,
Patriot and bard! old Scotia's care
Shall keep thine image fresh and fair,
Embalming to remotest time
The SHAKESPEARE of her tuneful clime.

A BUTTERFLY AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on an infant's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
Where she of the bright and the sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low.

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph
sings—
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?

INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

A voice upon the prairies,
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low;
It is a mother's wailing:
Hath earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark'd the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan,
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol
She watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some savage death had made,
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress;
And dove-like were the tones that breathed
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain,
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplored her pain;
None, save that widow'd mother,
Who now, by her open tomb,
Is writhing, like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
That bed beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain?
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial rite survey'd;
There's many a king whose funeral
A black-robed realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree!
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee:
But there's many a one funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourn,
As here they mourn for thee.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

"Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."—2 Sam. xix. 37.

SON of JESSE!—let me go,
Why should princely honours stay me!—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;—
Where my parent's ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the prophets and the law,
And to my infant heart appear'd
Majestic as a God:—
O! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
JEHOVAH!—Lord of hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost-like death;
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still the sweet tone lingereth there.
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind hath laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherish'd deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir:
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gaz'd, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

How slow yon lonely vessel ploughs the main !
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom ; then, from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lash'd, or reels
Half-wreck'd through gulfs profound. Moons wax
and wane,
But still that patient traveller treads the deep.
—I see an ice-bound coast toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turn'd her keel to stone,
And seal'd his victory on her slippery shrouds.
—They land ! they land ! not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword, and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies. Forth they come
From their long prison, hardy forms that brave
The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
Maidens of fearless heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps
To this drear desert ? Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the guide who call'd him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands. But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail. They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last, frail link,
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is sever'd ? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
With keen regrets ; what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones ! Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck. Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms ? No ! they turn
Back to their dreary, famish'd huts, and pray !
Pray, and the ills that haunt this transient life
Faded into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,

A loftiness, to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay
On duty's sacred altar, the warm blood
Of slain affections, should they rise between
The soul and God. O ye, who proudly boast,
In your free veins, the blood of sires like these,
Look to their lineaments. Dread lest ye lose
Their likeness in your sons. Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth-rock, and where they knelt
Kneel, and renew the vow they breathed to God.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of
our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are in-
delibly stamped by names of their giving ?"

Ye say they all have pass'd away,
That noble race and brave ;
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave ;
That, mid the forests where they roam'd,
Their rings no hunter's shout ;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn's gale ;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

[Born, 1799.]

THE Right Reverend GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D., LL. D., was born in Trenton, New Jersey, 1799. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, when nineteen years old, and immediately after commenced the study of theology. He was ordained deacon by Bishop HOBART, in 1821, and priest by the same prelate in 1823. He officiated in Trinity Church, New York, three years, and, in 1824, was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, Connecticut. He resigned that office in 1828, and soon after was elected rector of Trinity Church, in Boston. He was conse-

crated Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey, on the thirty-first of October, 1832. The church has few more active, efficient, or popular prelates.

Bishop DOANE's "Songs by the Way," a collection of poems, chiefly devotional, were published in 1824, and appear to have been mostly produced during his college-life. He has since, from time to time, written poetry for festival-days and other occasions; but he has published no second volume. His contributions to the religious literature of the country are more numerous and valuable.

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

THE DEVICE—Two hearts united.
THE MOTTO—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine."

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well-requited love;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,
He won his "fair and blooming bride."

How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
How, then, the white-robed maiden train
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
And how, before the holy man,
They stood, in all their youthful pride,
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
Which bind the husband to his bride:

All this it tells; the plighted troth—
The gift of every earthly thing—
The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
For this I like that ancient ring.
I like its old and quaint device;
"Two blended hearts"—though time may wear
them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, mid life's bleak weather,
Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on—
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too:
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"
Thine, and thine only, and forever;
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,
Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love the token:
What varied feelings round it cling!—
For these I like that ancient ring.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

"RACHEL weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

HEARD ye, from Rama's ruin'd walls,
That voice of bitter weeping!—
Is it the moan of fetter'd slave,
His watch of sorrow keeping?
Heard ye, from Rama's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation!—
Is it the wail of ISRAEL's sons,
For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no—a sorer ill than chains
That bitter wail is waking,

And deeper we than Salem's fall
That tortured heart is breaking:
'Tis RACHEL, of her sons bereft,
Who lifts that voice of weeping;
And childless are the eyes that here
Their watch of grief are keeping.

O! who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,
As o'er her infant's little grave
Her wasted form is bending;
From many an eye that weeps to-day
Delight may beam to-morrow;
But she—her precious babe is not!
And what remains but sorrow!

Bereaved one! I may not chide
Thy tears and bitter sobbing—
Weep on! 'twill cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing:
But be not thine such grief as theirs
To whom no hope is given—
Snatch'd from the world, its sins and snares,
Thy infant rests in heaven.

THAT SILENT MOON.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering now through cloudless sky,
O! who shall tell what varied scenes
Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,
Since first, to light this wayward earth,
She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth!

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry
Profaned her pure and holy light:
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that virgin queen!

But dear to her, in summer eve,
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
And start the tear for those we love,
Who watch with us at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes—
The happy eves of days gone by;
Again to bring, mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep:
O! softly beams her gentle eye
On those who mourn, and those who die!

But, beam on whomsoever she will,
And fall where'er her splendours may,
There's pureness in her chasteen'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray:
What power is hers to soothe the heart—
What power, the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day:—
But, O! be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon!

THERMOPYLÆ.

'Twas an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold three hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood;
When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They call'd on every sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves!

And, O! that oath was nobly kept:
From morn to setting sun
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valour had begun;
Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain-cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valour's, Glory's grave.

O, yes, that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn;
And firmly was the fight maintain'd,
And amply was the triumph gain'd;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee:
They fell—TO DIE IS TO BE FREE.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

"And MOSES cried unto the LORD, and the LORD showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

By Marah's stream of bitterness
When MOSES stood and cried,
JENOVIA heard his fervent prayer,
And instant help supplied:
The prophet sought the precious tree
With prompt, obedient feet;
'Twas cast into the fount, and made
The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds
Its influence malign,
Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer
And prompt obedience, thine:
'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordain'd
Thy faith in God to prove.
And prayer and resignation shall
Its bitterness remove.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

WHAT is that, Mother?—The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?—The dove, my son!—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return:

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?—The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother?—The swan, my love!—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

A CHERUB.

"Dear Sir, I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is."—
JEREMY TAYLOR to EVELYN, 1656.

BEAUTIFUL thing, with thine eye of light,
And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
Of Him who dwelleth in light alone—
Art thou hastening now, on that golden wing,
With the burning seraph choir to sing?
Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
Our darkling path to cheer and bless?

Beautiful thing! thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from the world above,
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies;
Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile,
With that infant look and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy,
With the look and the voice of our darling boy—
Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts
He had twined about with his infant arts,
To dwell, from sin and sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star:
There he rejoiceth in light, while we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease;
Wiping the tears which unbidden start
From that bitter fount in the broken heart,
Cheering us still on our lonely way,
Lest our spirits should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, risen with CHRIST, we come to be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life,
As full of peace and purity,
As free from care and strife;
No ripple on its tranquil breast
That dies not with the day,
No pebble in its darkest depths,
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirror'd image lies;
So be thy spirit ever pure,
To God and virtue given,
And thought, and word, and action bear
The imagery of heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth,—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth;
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing!

Pour not thou the bitter tear;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth;
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But, as one who alway hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in JESUS dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

They who die in CHRIST are bless'd,—
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving!
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth;
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through CHRIST, the crown secureth!

W. B. O. PEABODY.

[Born, 1799.]

THE REVEREND WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1799. He was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1816. In 1820, he was established as a minister

in the village of Springfield, Massachusetts, and has resided there since that time, discharging his professional duties, and occasionally writing for the North American Review and other periodicals.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !

The dark, green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thundering bands ;
Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !

The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.

For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

TO WILLIAM.

WRITTEN BY A BEREAVED FATHER.

It seems but yesterday, my love,
Thy little heart beat high ;
And I had almost scorn'd the voice
That told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound,
With spirits wild and free ;
And infant grace and beauty gave
Their glorious charm to thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw
Thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird
That cleaves the morning sky ;
And often, as the playful breeze
Waved back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek display'd the red rose-tint
That health had painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtfulness,
I could not but rejoice
To hear, upon the morning wind,
The music of thy voice,—
Now, echoing in the rapturous laugh,
Now sad, almost to tears,
'T was like the sounds I used to hear,
In old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee,
My little, lovely boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss,
Which time would fain destroy.

I listen'd, as the mariner
Suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes
From off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—
Alas! how could it be,
That death would not forbear to lay
His icy hand on thee;
Nor spare thee yet a little while,
In childhood's opening bloom,
While many a sad and weary soul
Was longing for the tomb!

Was mine a happiness too pure
For erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy
My paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was,
It sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse,
The sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was bless'd;
But, ere the day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful form
In drooping illness bent,
And shudder'd as I cast a look
Upon thy fainting head;
The mournful cloud was gathering there,
And life was almost fled.

Days pass'd; and soon the seal of death
Made known that hope was vain;
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp
Would never burn again;
The cheek was pale; the snowy lips
Were gently thrown apart;
And life, in every passing breath,
Seem'd gushing from the heart.

I knew those marble lips to mine
Should never more be press'd,
And floods of feeling, undefined,
Roll'd wildly o'er my breast;
Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms
Seem'd moving in the gloom,
As if death's dark array were come,
To bear thee to the tomb.

And when I could not keep the tear
From gathering in my eye,
Thy little hand press'd gently mine,
In token of reply;
To ask one more exchange of love,
Thy look was upward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss
Thy happy spirit pass'd.

I never trusted to have lived
To bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony,
It ought not so to be;
I hoped that thou within the grave
My weary head shouldst lay,
And live, beloved, when I was gone,
For many a happy day.

With trembling hand, I vainly tried
Thy dying eyes to close;
And almost envied, in that hour,
Thy calm and deep repose;
For I was left in loneliness,
With pain and grief oppress'd,
And thou wast with the sainted,
Where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now;
But let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well,
Is earlier bless'd than mine;
My faith may darken as it will,
I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life
Can never reach thee more.

MONADNOCK.

UPON the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat;
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sullen reverence round his feet;
I saw their dark and crowded bands
In thunder on his breast descending;
But there once more redeem'd he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the morning sun
Burn'd like a bale-fire on the height;
I've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light.
I've seen him at the midnight hour,
When all the world were calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have pass'd by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He rears, in melancholy glory.

The proudest works of human hands
Live but an age before they fall;
While that severe and hoary tower
Outlasts the mightiest of them all.
And man himself, more frail, by far,
Than even the works his hand is raising,
Sinks downward, like the falling star
That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart,
Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
Its hopes and memories, must depart
To sleep with unremember'd years.
But still that ancient rampart stands
Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him;
And time withdraws his powerless hands,
While ages melt away before him.

So should it be—for no heart beats
 Within his cold and silent breast;
 To him no gentle voice repeats
 The soothing words that make us blest.
 And more than this—his deep repose
 Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow;
 He hath no weary eyes to close,
 No cause to hope or fear to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way;
 Perchance, in some succeeding years,
 The eyes that know no cloud to-day,
 May gaze upon thee dim with tears.
 Then may thy calm, unaltering form
 Inspire in me the firm endeavour—
 Like thee, to meet each lowering storm,
 Till life and sorrow end forever.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

'T is the high festival of night!
 The earth is radiant with delight;
 And, fast as weary day retires,
 The heaven unfolds its secret fires,
 Bright, as when first the firmament
 Around the new-made world was bent,
 And infant seraphs pierced the blue,
 Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow
 On many an icy plain below;
 And where the streams, with tinkling clash,
 Against their frozen barriers dash,
 Like fairy lances fleetly cast,
 The glittering ripples hurry past;
 And floating sparkles glance afar,
 Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly still
 The snowy moonlight wraps the hill,
 And many an aged pine receives
 The steady brightness on its leaves,
 Contrasting with those giant forms,
 Which, ruffled by the winter storms,
 With naked branches, broad and high,
 Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head
 A white and glistening robe is spread,
 As if a melted silver tide
 Were gushing down its lofty side;
 The clear, cold lustre of the moon
 Is purer than the burning noon;
 And day hath never known the charm
 That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler, on his silken bed,
 May talk of nature, cold and dead;
 But we will gaze upon this scene,
 Where some transcendent power hath been,
 And made these streams of beauty flow
 In gladness on the world below,
 Till nature breathes from every part
 The rapture of her mighty heart.

DEATH.

LIFT high the curtain's drooping fold.
 And let the evening sunlight in;
 I would not that my heart grew cold
 Before its better years begin.
 'T is well; at such an early hour,
 So calm and pure, a sinking ray
 Should shine into the heart, with power
 To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright, young thoughts of early days
 Shall gather in my memory now,
 And not the later cares, whose trace
 Is stamp'd so deeply on my brow.
 What though those days return no more!
 The sweet remembrance is not vain,
 For Heaven is waiting to restore
 The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand
 In hollow sadness near my bed,
 But let me rest upon the hand,
 And let me hear that gentle tread
 Of her, whose kindness long ago,
 And still, unworn away by years,
 Has made my weary eyelids flow
 With grateful and admiring tears.

I go, but let no plaintive tone
 The moment's grief of friendship tell;
 And let no proud and graven stone
 Say where the weary slumbers well.
 A few short hours, and then for heaven!
 Let sorrow all its tears dismiss;
 For who would mourn the warning given
 Which calls us from a world like this?

AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
 It melts in deepening gloom;
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low; the withering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 'T is like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 'T is like the memory left behind
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
 The yellow star appears;
 So faith springs in the heart of those
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glory shall restore;
 And eyelids that are seal'd in death
 Shall wake, to close no more.

ROBERT C. SANDS.

[Born, 1798. Died, 1832.]

THE history of American literature, for the period which has already passed, will contain the names of few men of greater genius, or more general learning, than ROBERT C. SANDS. His life has been written so well by his intimate friend, GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL.D., that I shall attempt only to present an abstract of the narrative of that accomplished scholar and critic.

SANDS was born in the city of New York, (where his father, who had been distinguished for his patriotism during the revolutionary struggle, was an eminent merchant,) on the eleventh of May, 1799. At a very early age he was remarkable for great quickness of apprehension, and facility of acquiring knowledge. When seven years old, he began to study the Latin language, and at thirteen he was admitted to the sophomore class of Columbia College. He had already, under Mr. FINDLAY, of Newark, and the Reverend Mr. WHELFLEY, of New York, made great progress in classical knowledge; and while in the college, which had long been distinguished for sound and accurate instruction in the dead languages, he excelled all his classmates in ancient learning, and was equally successful in the mathematics and other branches of study. In his second collegiate year, in conjunction with his friend EASTBURN, and some other students, he established a periodical entitled "The Moralist," and afterward another, called "Academic Recreations," of both of which he wrote the principal contents. He was graduated in 1815, and soon after became a student in the law-office of DAVID B. OGDEN, one of the most distinguished advocates of the time. He pursued his legal studies with great ardour; his course of reading was very extensive; and he became not only familiar with the more practical part of professional knowledge, but acquired a relish for the abstruse doctrines and subtle reasonings of the ancient common law.

Still he found time for the study of the classics; and, in company with two or three friends, read several of the most difficult of the Greek authors, exactly and critically. His love of composition continued to grow upon him. He wrote on all subjects, and for all purposes; and, in addition to essays and verses, on topics of his own choice, volunteered to write orations for the commencement displays of young graduates, verses for young lovers, and even sermons for young divines. Several of the latter, written in an animated style, were much admired, when delivered in the pulpit with good emphasis and discretion, to congregations who little suspected to whom they were indebted for their edification. One of them, at least, has been printed under the name of the clergyman by whom it was delivered. In 1817 he published a

poem, which he had begun and in great part written four years before. It was called "The Bridal of Vaumond," and was a metrical romance, founded on the same legend of the transformation of a decrepit and miserable wretch into a youthful hero, by compact with the infernal powers, which forms the groundwork of BYRON'S "Deformed Transformed."

It was during the period of these studies, that he and three of his friends, of as many different professions, formed an association, of a somewhat remarkable character, under the name of the Literary Confederacy. The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavour, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. This compact was most faithfully kept to the time of SANDS'S death, though the primary objects of it were gradually given up, as other duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first year of its existence, the confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical gazettes, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays, under the title of the "Amphibologist," and a second under that of the "Neologist," which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated and republished in the newspapers of the day. SANDS wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse.

His friend EASTBURN had now removed to Bristol, Rhode Island, where, after studying divinity for some time under the direction of Bishop GRISWOLD, he took orders, and soon after settled in Virginia. A regular correspondence was kept up between the friends; and the letters that have been preserved are filled with the evidence of their literary industry. EASTBURN had undertaken a new metrical version of the Psalms, which the pressure of his clerical duties and his untimely death prevented him from ever completing. SANDS was led by curiosity, as well as by his intimacy with EASTBURN, to acquire some knowledge of the Hebrew. It was not very profound, but it enabled him to try his skill at the same translation; and he from time to time sent his friend a Psalm paraphrased in verse.

But amid their severer studies and their literary amusements, they were engaged in a bolder poetical enterprise. This was a romantic poem, founded on the history of PHILIP, the celebrated sachem

of the Pequods, and leader of the great Indian wars against the New-England colonists in 1665 and 1676. It was planned by EASTBURN, during his residence in the vicinity of Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, the ancient capital of the Pequot race, where the scene is laid. In the year following, when he visited New York, the plan of the story was drawn up in conjunction with his friend. "We had then," said SANDS, "read nothing on the subject; and our plot was formed from a hasty glance into a few pages of HUBBARD'S Narrative. After EASTBURN'S return to Bristol, the poem was written, according to the parts severally assigned, and transmitted, reciprocally, in the course of correspondence. It was commenced in November, 1817, and finished before the summer of 1818, except the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto, which were added after Mr. EASTBURN left Bristol. As the fable was defective, from our ignorance of the subject, the execution was also, from the same cause, and the hasty mode of composition, in every respect imperfect. Mr. EASTBURN was then preparing to take orders; and his studies, with that view, engrossed his attention. He was ordained in October, 1818. Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the first two cantos of this poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work when he returned to New York, in July, 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, intending to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource to recruit his exhausted constitution." He died on the fourth day of his passage, on the second of December, 1819. The work, thus left imperfect, was revised, arranged, and completed, with many additions, by SANDS. It was introduced by a poem, in which the surviving poet mourned, in noble and touching strains, the accomplished friend of his youth.

The work was published under the title of "Yamoyden," at New York, in 1820. It unquestionably shows some marks of the youth of its authors, besides other imperfections arising from the mode of its composition, which could not fail to prove a serious impediment to a clear connection of the plot, and a vivid and congruous conception of all the characters. Yet it has high merit in various ways. Its descriptions of natural scenery are alike accurate and beautiful. Its style is flexible, flowing, and poetical. It is rich throughout with historical and antiquarian knowledge of Indian history and tradition; and every thing in the customs, manners, superstitions, and story of the aborigines of New England, that could be applied to poetical purposes, is used with skill, judgment, and taste.

In 1820, SANDS was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the city of New York. He entered upon his professional career with high

hopes and an ardent love of the learning of the law. His first attempt as an advocate was, however, unsuccessful, and he was disheartened by the result. Though he continued the business of an attorney, he made no second attempt of consequence before a jury, and after a few years he gradually withdrew himself from the profession. During this period he persevered in his law reading, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with the Latin poets, and the "grave, lofty tragedians" of Greece; acquiring an intimacy such as professors might have envied, with the ancient languages and learning. He had early learned French, and was familiar with its copious and elegant literature; but he never much admired it, and in his multifarious literary conversation and authorship, rarely quoted or alluded to a French author, except for facts. He now acquired the Italian, and read carefully and with great admiration all its great writers, from DANTE to ALFIERI. His versions and imitations of *POLITIAN*, *MONTI*, and *METASTASIO*, attest how fully he entered into their spirit. Some time after he acquired the Spanish language very critically, and, after studying its more celebrated writers, read very largely all the Spanish historians and documents he could find touching American history. In order to complete his acquaintance with the cognate modern languages of Latin origin, he some years later acquired the Portuguese, and read such of its authors as he could procure.

In 1822 and 1823 he wrote many articles for "The Literary Review," a monthly periodical then published in New York, which received great increase of reputation from his contributions. In the winter of 1823-4, he and some friends published seven numbers of a sort of mock-magazine, entitled "The St. Tammany Magazine." Here he gave the reins to his most extravagant and happiest humour, indulging in parody, burlesque, and grotesque satire, thrown off in the gayest mood, and with the greatest rapidity, but as good-natured as satire and parody could well be. In May, 1824, "The Atlantic Magazine" was established in New York, and placed under his charge. At the end of six months he gave up this work; but when it changed its name, and in part its character, and became the New York Review, he was reengaged as an editor, and assisted in conducting it until 1827. During this same period he assisted in preparing and publishing a digest of equity cases, and also in editing some other legal compilations, enriching them with notes of the American decisions. These publications were, it is true, not of a high class of legal authorship; but they show professional reading and knowledge, as well as the ready versatility of his mind. He had now become an author by profession, and looked to his pen for support, as heretofore for fame or for amusement. When, therefore, an offer of a liberal salary was made him as an assistant editor of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," a long-established and well-known daily evening paper, he accepted it, and continued his connection with that journal until his death.

His daily task of political or literary discussion was far from giving him sufficient literary employment. His mind overflowed in all directions into other journals, even some of different political opinions from those which he supported. He had a propensity for innocent and playful literary mischief. It was his sport to excite public curiosity by giving extracts, highly spiced with fashionable allusions and satire, "*from the forthcoming novel*," which novel, in truth, was, and is yet to be written; or else to entice some unhappy wight into a literary or historical newspaper discussion, then to combat him anonymously, or, under the mask of a brother editor, to overwhelm him with history, facts, quotations, and authorities, all, if necessary, manufactured for the occasion; in short, like SHAKESPEARE'S "merry wanderer of the night," to lead his unsuspecting victim around "through bog, through bush, through brier." One instance of this sportive propensity occurred in relation to a controversy about the material of the Grecian crown of victory, which arose during the excitement in favour of Grecian liberty some years ago. Several ingenious young men, fresh from their college studies, had exhausted all the learning they could procure on this grave question, either from their own acquaintance with antiquity, or at second hand from the writers upon Grecian antiquities, LEMPRIERE, POTTER, BARTHELEMI, or the more erudite *Paschalis de Corona*; till SANDS grew tired of seeing so much scholarship wasted, and ended the controversy by an essay filled with excellent learning, chiefly fabricated by himself for the occasion, and resting mainly on a passage of PAUSANIAS, quoted in the original Greek, for which it is in vain to look in any edition of that author, ancient or modern. He had also other and graver employments. In 1823, some enterprising printers proposed to supply South America with Spanish books suited to that market, and printed in New York. Among the works selected for this purpose were the original letters of CORTES, the conqueror of Mexico. No good life of CORTES then existing in the English or Spanish language, SANDS was employed by the publishers to prepare one, which was to be translated into Spanish, and prefixed to the edition. He was fortunately relieved from any difficulty arising from the want of materials, by finding in the library of the New York Historical Society a choice collection of original Spanish authorities, which afforded him all that he desired. His manuscript was translated into Spanish, and prefixed to the letters of the Conquistador, of which a large edition was printed, while the original remained in manuscript until SANDS'S writings were collected, after his death, by Mr. VERPLANCK. Thus his work had the singular fortune of being read throughout Spanish America, in another language, while it was totally unknown in its own country and native tongue. Soon after completing this piece of literary labour, he became accidentally engaged in another undertaking which afforded him much amusement and gratification. The fashion of decorated literary annuals, which the English and French had bor-

rowed some years before from the literary almanacs, so long the favourites of Germany, had reached the United States, and the booksellers in the principal cities were ambitiously vying with each other in the "Souvenirs," "Tokens," and other annual volumes. Mr. BLISS, a bookseller of New York, desirous to try his fortune in the same way, pressed Mr. SANDS to undertake the editorship of a work of this sort. This he at first declined; but it happened that, in conversation with his two friends, Mr. VERPLANCK and Mr. BRYANT, a regret was expressed that the old fashion of Queen ANNE'S time, of publishing volumes of miscellanies by two or three authors together, had gone out of date. They had the advantage, it was said, over our ordinary magazines, of being more select and distinctive in the characters and subjects, and yet did not impose upon the authors the toil or responsibility of a regular and separate work. In this way POPE and SWIFT had published their minor pieces, as had other writers of that day, of no small merit and fame. One of the party proposed to publish a little volume of their own miscellanies, in humble imitation of the English wits of the last century. It occurred to SANDS to combine this idea with the form and decorations of the annual. The materials of a volume were hastily prepared, amid other occupations of the several authors, without any view to profit, and more for amusement than reputation; the kindness of several artists, with whom SANDS was in habits of intimacy, furnished some respectable embellishments; and thus a miscellany which, with the exception of two short poetical contributions, was wholly written by Mr. SANDS and his two friends above named, was published with the title of "The Talisman," and under the name and character of an imaginary author, FRANCIS HERBERT, Esq. It was favourably received, and, on the solicitation of the publisher, a second volume was as hastily prepared in the following year, by the same persons. Of this publication about one-fourth was entirely from SANDS'S pen, and about as much more was his joint work with one or another of his friends. This, as the reader must have remarked, was a favourite mode of authorship with him. He composed with ease and rapidity, and, delighting in the work of composition, it gave him additional pleasure to make it a social enjoyment. He had this peculiarity, that the presence of others, in which most authors find a restraint upon the free course of their thoughts and fancies, was to him a source of inspiration and excitement. This was peculiarly visible in gay or humorous writing. In social compositions of this nature, his talent for ludicrous description and character and incident rioted and revelled, so that it generally became more the business of his coadjutor to chasten and sober his thick-coming fancies, than to furnish any thing like an equal contingent of thought or invention. For the purpose of such joint-stock authorship it is necessary that one of the associates should possess SANDS'S unhesitating and rapid fluency of written style, and his singular power of seizing the ideas and

images of his friends, and assimilating them perfectly to his own.

His "Dream of PAPANTZIN,"* a poem, one of the fruits of his researches into Mexican history,

* PAPANTZIN, a Mexican princess, sister of MOTEUCZOMA, and widow of the governor of Tlatelolco, died, as was supposed, in the palace of the latter, in 1509. Her funeral rites were celebrated with the usual pomp; her brother and all the nobility attending. She was buried in a cave, or subterranean grotto, in the gardens of the same palace, near a reservoir in which she usually bathed. The entrance of the cave was closed with a stone of no great size. On the day after the funeral, a little girl, five or six years old, who lived in the palace, was going from her mother's house to the residence of the princess's major-domo, in a farther part of the garden; and passing by, she heard the princess calling to her *cocoton*, a phrase used to call and coax children, &c. &c. The princess sent the little girl to call her mother, and much alarm was of course excited. At length the King of Tezcuco was notified of her resurrection; and, on his representation, MOTEUCZOMA himself, full of terror, visited her with his chief nobility. He asked her if she was his sister. 'I am,' said she, 'the same whom you buried yesterday. I am alive, and desire to tell you what I have seen, as it imports to know it.' Then the kings sat down, and the others remained standing, marvelling at what they heard.

"Then the princess, resuming her discourse, said:—'After my life, or, if that is possible, after sense and the power of motion departed, incontinent I found myself in a vast plain, to which there was no bound in any direction. In the midst I discerned a road, which divided into various paths, and on one side was a great river, whose waters made a frightful rushing noise. Being minded to leap into it to cross to the opposite side, a fair youth stood before my eyes, of noble presence, clad in long robes, white as snow, and resplendent as the sun. He had two wings of beautiful plumage, and bore this sign on his forehead, (so saying, the princess made with her fingers the sign of the cross); and taking me by the hand, said, 'Stay, it is not yet time to pass this river. God loves thee, although thou dost not know it.' Thence he led me along the shores of the river, where I saw many skulls and human bones, and heard such doleful groans, that they moved me to compassion. Then, turning my eyes to the river, I saw in it divers great barks, and in them many men, different from those of these regions in dress and complexion. They were white and bearded, having standards in their hands, and helmets on their heads. Then the young man said to me, 'God wills that you should live, that you may bear testimony of the revolutions which are to occur in these countries. The clamours thou hast heard on these banks are those of the souls of thine ancestors, which are and ever will be tormented in punishment of their sins. The men whom thou seest passing in the barks, are those who with arms will make themselves masters of this country; and with them will come also an annunciation of the true God, Creator of heaven and earth. When the war is finished, and the ablution promulgated which washes away sin, thou shalt be first to receive it, and guide by thine example all the inhabitants of this land.' Thus having said, the young man disappeared; and I found myself restored to life—rose from the place on which I lay—lifted the stone from the sepulchre, and issued forth from the garden, where the servants found me.'

"MOTECUZOMA went to his house of mourning, full of heavy thoughts, saying nothing to his sister, (whom he would never see again,) nor to the King of Tezcuco, nor to his courtiers, who tried to persuade him that it was a feverish fantasy of the princess. She lived many years afterward, and in 1524 was baptized."

This incident, says CLAYTON, was universally known, and made a great noise at the time. It is described in several Mexican pictures, and affidavits of its truth were sent to the court of Spain.—*The Talisman*.

is remarkable for the religious solemnity of the thoughts, the magnificence of the imagery, and the flow of the versification. It was first published in "*The Talisman*," for the year 1829.

His next literary employment was the publication of a new "*Life of PAUL JONES*," from original letters and printed and manuscript materials furnished him by a niece of the commodore. He at first meditated an entirely original work, as attractive and discursive as he could make it; but various circumstances limited him in great part to compilation and correction of the materials furnished him, or, as he termed it in one of his letters, in his accustomed quaintness of phrase, "upsetting some English duodecimos, together with all the manuscripts, into an American octavo, without worrying his brains much about the matter." This biography was printed in 1831, in a closely-printed octavo, and is doubtless the best and most authentic narrative of the life of this gallant, chivalrous, and erratic father of the American navy.

In the close of the year 1832, a work, entitled "*Tales of the Glauber Spa*," was published in New York. This was a series of original tales by different authors—BRANT, PAULINO, LEGGETT, and Miss SENGWICK. To this collection SANDS contributed the introduction, which is tinged with his peculiar humour, and two of the tales, both of which are written in his happiest vein.

The last finished composition of SANDS was a little poem entitled "*The Dead of 1832*," which appeared anonymously in "*The Commercial Advertiser*," about a week before his own death. He was destined to join those whom he mourned within the few remaining days of the same year. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN had then just established "*The Knickerbocker Magazine*," and SANDS, on the seventeenth of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, sat down to finish an article on "*Esquimaux Literature*," which he had engaged to furnish for that periodical. After writing with a pencil the following line, suggested, probably, by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

"O, think not my spirit among you abides,"

he was suddenly struck with the disease which removed his own spirit from its material dwelling. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencil-marks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber, and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. He shortly after relapsed into a lethargy, from which he never awoke, and in less than four hours from the attack, expired without a struggle. He died in his thirty-fourth year, when his talents, enriched by study and the experience of life, and invigorated by constant exercise, were fully matured for greater and bolder literary enterprise than any he had yet essayed. His death was deeply mourned by many friends, and most deeply by those who knew him best.

PROEM TO YAMOYDEN.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them, in a happier day:
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallow'd honours crave;
His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth, with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom, gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
Forever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear,
O'er battle fields, the epic thunders roll;
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing, stole;
There would we mark, uncurb'd by all control,
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight;
Or hold communion with the musing soul
Of sage or bard, who sought, mid pagan night,
In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turn'd, to that fair land, but late
Redeem'd from the strong spell that bound it fast,
Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sat
And kept the key, till three millenniums pass'd;
When, as creation's noblest work was last;
Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see
Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,
And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be
An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were
found,
Of that bless'd freedom, only dream'd before;—
Dark were the morning mists, that linger'd round
Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.
"Earth was their mother;"—or they knew no
more,
Or would not that their secret should be told;
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,
The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught
of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew
Their needful wants, and learn'd not how to hoard;
And him whom strength and wisdom crown'd
they knew,

But with no servile reverence, as their lord.
And on their mountain summits they adored
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,
And thence their incense and orisons pour'd
To his pervading presence, that abroad
They felt through all his works,—their Father,
King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,
Soft-falling showers, or hues of orient day,
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;
But when the tempest roar'd, with voices rude,
Or fierce red lightning fired the forest pine,
Or withering heats untimely scar'd the wood,
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;
These they besought to spare, those bless'd for aid
divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,
Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,
And as the fleet deer's, agile was their frame;
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;
These simple truths went down from sire to son,—
To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame
And craven warrior's infamy to shun,— [done.
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred

From forest shades they peer'd, with awful dread,
When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,
The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,
Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.
Few years have pass'd, and all their forests' pride
From shores and hills has vanish'd, with the race,
Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,
Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,
In each green thicket's depths, and lone, seques-
ter'd place.

And many a gloomy tale, tradition yet
Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymers meet,
To people scenes where still their names remain;
And so began our young, delighted strain,
That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave,
And bid their martial hosts arise again,
Where Narraganset's tides roll by their grave,
And Haup's romantic steeps are piled above the
wave.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die;
Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long,—
Though not to me the muse adverse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry,
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake, such idleness would deplore,
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But, no! the freshness of the past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He roved and gather'd chaplets wild with thee;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
Their white apparel and their streamers gay
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly
ray;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees;
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;

Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports: the gales benign
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbour sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

Muses of Helicon! melodious race
Of JOVE and golden-hair'd MNEMOSYNE;
Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace,
And drives each scowling form of grief away!
Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay
Once trod, and round the altar of great JOVE;
Whence, wrapt in silvery clouds, your nightly way
Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove,
That soothed the Thunderer's soul, and fill'd his
courts above.

Bright choir! with lips untempted, and with zone
Sparkling, and unapproach'd by touch profane;
Ye, to whose gladsome bosoms ne'er was known
The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain;
Rightly invoked,—if right the elected swain,
On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore,
Whose honour'd hand took not your gift in vain,
Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,—
Farewell! a long farewell! I worship you no more.

DREAM OF THE PRINCESS PAPANTZIN.

MEXITLIS' power was at its topmost pride;
The name was terrible from sea to sea;
From mountains, where the tameless Ottomite
Maintain'd his savage freedom, to the shores
Of wild Higuera. Through the nations pass'd,
As stalks the angel of the pestilence, [young,
The great king's messengers. They marked the
The brave and beautiful, and bore them on
For their foul sacrifices. Terror went
Before the tyrant's heralds. Grief and wrath
Remain'd behind their steps; but they were dumb.

He was as God. Yet in his capital
Sat MOTEUCZOMA, second of that name,
Trembling with fear of dangers long foretold
In ancient prophecies, and now announced
By signs in heaven and portents upon earth;
By the reluctant voices of pale priests;
By the grave looks of solemn counsellors;
But chief, by sickening heaviness of heart
That told of evil, dimly understood,
But evil which must come. With face obscured,
And robed in night, the giant phantom rose,
Of his great empire's ruin, and his own.
Happier, though guiltier, he, before whose glance
Of reckless triumph, moved the spectral hand
That traced the uncathly characters of fate.

'T was then, one eve, when o'er the imperial lake
And all its cities, glittering in their pomp,
The lord of glory threw his parting smiles,
In TLATELOLCO's palace, in his bower,
PAPANTZIN lay reclined; sister of him
At whose name monarchs trembled. Yielding there
To musings various, o'er her senses crept
Or sleep, or kindred death. It seem'd she stood
In an illimitable plain, that stretch'd

Its desert continuity around,
Upon the o'erwearied sight; in contrast strange
With that rich vale, where only she had dwelt,
Whose everlasting mountains, girdling it,
As in a chalice held a kingdom's wealth;
Their summits freezing, where the eagle tired,
But found no resting-place. PAPANTZIN look'd
On endless barrenness, and walk'd perplex'd
Through the dull haze, along the boundless heath,
Like some lone ghost in Mictlan's cheerless gloom
Debarred from light and glory. Wandering thus,
She came where a great sullen river pour'd
Its turbid waters with a rushing sound
Of painful moans; as if the inky waves
Were hastening still on their complaining course
To escape the horrid solitudes. Beyond
What seem'd a highway ran, with branching paths
Innumerable. This to gain, she sought to plunge
Straight in the troubled stream. For well she knew
To shun with agile limbs the current's force,
Nor fear'd the noise of waters. She had play'd
From infancy in her fair native lake,
Amid the gay plumed creatures floating round,
Wheeling or diving, with their changeful hues
As fearless and as innocent as they.

A vision stay'd her purpose. By her side
Stood a bright youth; and startling, as she gazed
On his effulgence, every sense was bound
In pleasing awe and in fond reverence.
For not TEZCATLIPOCA, as he shone
Upon her priest-led fancy, when from heaven
By filmy thread sustain'd he came to earth,
In his resplendent mail reflecting all
Its images, with dazzling portraiture,
Was, in his radiance and immortal youth,
A peer to this new god.—His stature was
Like that of men; but match'd with his, the port
Of kings all dreaded was the crouching mien
Of suppliants at their feet. Serene the light
That floated round him, as the lineaments
It cased with its mild glory. Gravely sweet
The impression of his features, which to scan
Their lofty loveliness forbade: His eyes
She felt, but saw not: only, on his brow—
From over which, encircled by what seem'd
A ring of liquid diamond, in pure light
Revolving ever, backward flow'd his locks
In buoyant, waving clusters—on his brow
She mark'd a cross described; and lowly bent,
She knew not wherefore, to the sacred sign.
From either shoulder mantled o'er his front
Wings dropping feathery silver; and his robe,
Snow-white, in the still air was motionless,
As that of chisell'd god, or the pale shroud
Of some fear-conjured ghost. Her hand he took
And led her passive o'er the naked banks
Of that black stream, still murmuring angrily.
But, as he spoke, she heard its moans no more;
His voice seem'd sweeter than the hymnings raised
By brave and gentle souls in Paradise,
To celebrate the outgoing of the sun,
On his majestic progress over heaven. [yet
"Stay, princess," thus he spoke, "thou mayst not
O'erpass these waters. Though thou know'st it not,
Nor him, God loves thee." So he led her on,

Unfainting, amid hideous sights and sounds :
 For now, o'er scatter'd skulls and grisly bones
 They walk'd ; while underneath, before, behind,
 Rise dolorous wails and groans protracted long,
 Sobs of deep anguish, screams of agony,
 And melancholy sighs, and the fierce yell
 Of hopeless and intolerable pain.

Shuddering, as, in the gloomy whirlwind's pause,
 Through the malign, distemper'd atmosphere,
 The second circle's purple blackness, pass'd
 The pitying Florentine, who saw the shades
 Of poor FRANCESCA and her paramour,—
 The princess o'er the ghastly relics stepp'd,
 Listening the frightful clamour ; till a gleam,
 Whose sickly and phosphoric lustre seem'd
 Kindled from these decaying bones, lit up
 The sable river. Then a pageant came
 Over its obscure tides, of stately barks,
 Gigantic, with their prows of quaint device,
 Tall masts, and ghostly canvass, huge and high,
 Hung in the unnatural light and lifeless air.
 Grim, bearded men, with stern and angry looks,
 Strange robes, and uncouth armour, stood behind
 Their galleries and bulwarks. One ship bore
 A broad sheet-pendant, where, inwrought with gold,
 She mark'd the symbol that adorned the brow
 Of her mysterious guide. Down the dark stream
 Swept on the spectral fleet, in the false light
 Flickering and fading. Louder then uprose
 The roar of voices from the accursed strand,
 Until in tones, solemn and sweet, again
 Her angel-leader spoke. "Princess, God wills
 That thou shouldst live, to testify on earth
 What changes are to come : and in the world
 Where change comes never, live, when earth and all
 Its changes shall have pass'd like earth away.
 The cries that pierced thy soul and chill'd thy veins
 Are those of thy tormented ancestors.
 Nor shall their torment cease ; for God is just.
 Foredoom'd,—since first from Aztlan led to rove,
 Following, in quest of change, their kindred tribes—
 Where'er they rested, with foul sacrifice
 They stain'd the shuddering earth. Their monu-
 By blood cemented, after ages pass'd, [ments,
 With idle wonder of fantastic guess
 The traveller shall behold. For, broken, then,
 Like their own ugly idols, buried, burn'd,
 Their fragments spurn'd for every servile use,
 Trampled and scatter'd to the reckless winds,
 The records of their origin shall be.
 Still in their cruelty and untamed pride,
 They lived and died condemn'd ; whether they
 Outcasts, upon a soil that was not theirs, [dwelt
 All sterile as it was, and won by stealth
 Food from the slimy margin of the lake,
 And digg'd the earth for roots and unclean worms ;
 Or served in bondage to another race,
 Who loved them not. Driven forth, they wander'd
 In miserable want, until they came [then
 Where from the thriftless rock the nopal grew,
 On which the hungry eagle perch'd and scream'd,
 And founded Tenochtitlan ; rearing first,
 With impious care, a cabin for their god
 HUITZILOPOCHTLI, and with murderous rites
 Devoting to his guardianship themselves

And all their issue. Quick the nopal climb'd,
 Its harsh and bristly growth towering o'er all
 The vale of Anahuac. Far for his prey,
 And farther still the ravenous eagle flew ;
 And still with dripping beak, but thirst unslaked,
 With savage cries wheel'd home. Nine kings have
 reign'd,

Their records blotted and besmear'd with blood
 So thick that none may read them. Down the stairs
 And o'er the courts and winding corridors
 Of their abominable piles, uprear'd
 In the face of heaven, and naked to the sun,
 More blood has flow'd than would have fill'd the lakes
 O'er which, enthroned midst carnage, they have sat,
 Heaping their treasures for the stranger's spoil.
 Prodigious cruelty and waste of life,
 Unnatural riot and blaspheming pride,—
 All that God hates,—and all that tumbles down
 Great kingdoms and luxurious commonwealths,
 After long centuries waxing all corrupt,—
 In their brief annals aggregated, forced,
 And monstrous, are compress'd. And now the cup
 Of wrath is full ; and now the hour has come.
 Nor yet unwarn'd shall judgment overtake
 The tribes of Aztlan, and in chief their lords,
 MEXITLIS' blind adorers. As to one
 Who feels his inward malady remain,
 Howe'er health's seeming mocks his destiny,
 In gay or serious mood the thought of death
 Still comes obtrusive ; so old prophecy,
 From age to age preserved, has told thy race
 How strangers, from beyond the rising sun,
 Should come with thunder arm'd, to overturn
 Their idols, to possess their lands, and hold
 Them and their children in long servitude.

"Thou shalt bear record that the hour is nigh.
 The white and bearded men whose grim array
 Swept o'er thy sight, are those who are to come,
 And with strong arms, and wisdom stronger far,
 Strange beasts, obedient to their masters' touch,
 And engines hurling death, with Fate to aid,
 Shall wrest the sceptre from the Azteques' line,
 And lay their temples flat. Horrible war,
 Rapine, and murder, and destruction wild
 Shall hurry like the whirlwind o'er the land.
 Yet with the avengers come the word of peace ;
 With the destroyers comes the bread of life ;
 And, as the wind-god, in thine idle creed,
 Opens a passage with his boisterous breath
 Through which the genial waters over earth
 Shed their reviving showers ; so, when the storm
 Of war has pass'd, rich dews of heavenly grace
 Shall fall on flinty hearts. And thou, the flower,—
 Which, when huge cedars and most ancient pines,
 Coeval with the mountains, are upturn,
 The hurricane shall leave unharm'd,—thou, then,
 Shalt be the first to lift thy drooping head
 Renew'd, and cleansed from every former stain.

"The fables of thy people teach, that when
 The deluge drown'd mankind, and one sole pair
 In fragile bark preserved, escaped and climb'd
 The steeps of Colhuacan, daughters and sons
 Were born to them, who knew not how to frame
 Their simplest thoughts in speech ; till from the
 A dove pour'd forth, in regulated sounds, [grove

Each varied form of language. Then they spake,
Though neither by another understood.
But thou shalt then hear of that holiest Dove,
Which is the Spirit of the eternal Gon.
When all was void and dark, he moved above
Infinity; and from beneath his wings
Earth and the waters and the islands rose;
The air was quicken'd, and the world had life.
Then all the lamps of heaven began to shine,
And man was made to gaze upon their fires.

"Among thy fathers' visionary tales,
Thou'st heard, how once near ancient Tula dwelt
A woman, holy and devout, who kept
The temple pure, and to its platform saw
A globe of emerald plumes descend from heaven.
Placing it in her bosom to adorn
Her idol's sanctuary, (so the tale
Runs,) she conceived, and bore MEXITLI. He,
When other children had assail'd her life,
Sprang into being, all equip'd for war;
His green plumes dancing in their circlet bright,
Like sheaf of sun-lit spray cresting the bed
Of angry torrents. Round, as Tonatiuh
Flames in mid-heaven, his golden buckler shone;
Like nimble lightning flash'd his dreadful lance;
And unrelenting vengeance in his eyes
Blazed with its swarthy lustre. He, they tell,
Led on their ancestors; and him the god
Of wrath and terror, with the quivering hearts
And mangled limbs of myriads, and the stench
Of blood-wash'd shrines and altars they appease.
But then shall be reveal'd to thee the name
And vision of a virgin undefiled,
Embal'm'd in holy beauty, in whose eyes,
Downcast and chaste, such sacred influence lived,
That none might gaze in their pure spheres and feel
One earth-born longing. Over her the Dove
Hung, and the Almighty power came down. She
In lowliness, and as a helpless babe, [bore
Heir to man's sorrows and calamities,
His great Deliverer, Conqueror of Death;
And thou shalt learn, how when in years he grew
Perfect, and fairer than the sons of men,
And in that purifying rite partook
Which thou shalt share, as from his sacred locks
The glittering waters dropp'd, high over head
The azure vault was open'd, and that Dove
Swiftly, serenely floating downwards, stretch'd
His silvery pinions o'er the anointed Loon,
Sprinkling celestial dews. And thou shalt hear
How, when the sacrifice for man had gone
In glory home, as his chief messengers
Were met in council, on a mighty wind
The Dove was borne among them; on each brow
A forked tongue of fire unquenchable lit;
And, as the lambent points shot up and waved,
Strange speech came to them; thence to every land,
In every tongue, they, with untiring steps,
Bore the glad tidings of a world redeem'd."

Much more, which now it suits not to rehearse,
The princess heard. The historic prophet told
Past, present, future,—things that since have been,
And things that are to come. And, as he ceased,
O'er the black river, and the desert plain,
As o'er the close of counterfeited scenes,

Shown by the buskin'd muse, a veil came down,
Impervious; and his figure faded swift
In the dense gloom. But then, in starlike light,
That awful symbol which adorn'd his brow
In size dilating show'd: and up, still up,
In its clear splendour still the same, though still
Lessening, it mounted; and PAPANTZIN woke.

She woke in darkness and in solitude.
Slow pass'd her lethargy away, and long
To her half-dreaming eye that brilliant sign
Distinct appear'd. Then damp and close she felt
The air around, and knew the poignant smell
Of spicy herbs collected and confined.
As those awakening from a troubled trance
Are wont, she would have learn'd by touch if yet
The spirit to the body was allied.
Strange hindrances prevented. O'er her face
A mask thick-plated lay: and round her swathed
Was many a costly and encumbering robe,
Such as she wore on some high festival,
O'erspread with precious gems, rayless and cold,
That now press'd hard and sharp against her touch.
The cumbrous collar round her slender neck,
Of gold, thick studded with each valued stone
Earth and the sea-depths yield for human pride—
The bracelets and the many twisted rings
That girt her taper limbs, coil upon coil—
What were they in this dungeon's solitude?
The plummy coronal that would have sprung
Light from her fillet in the purer air,
Waving in mockery of the rainbow tints,
Now drooping low, and steep'd in clogging dews,
Oppressive hung. Groping in dubious search,
She found the household goods, the spindle, broom,
GIGALLY quaintly sculptured, and the jar
That held the useless beverage for the dead.
By these, and by the jewel to her lip
Attach'd, the emerald symbol of the soul,
In its green life immortal, soon she knew
Her dwelling was a sepulchre. She loosed
The mask, and from her feathery bier uprose,
Casting away the robe, which like long alb
Wrapp'd her; and with it many an aloe leaf,
Inscribed with Azteck characters and signs,
To guide the spirit where the serpent hiss'd,
Hills tower'd, and deserts spread, and keen winds
blew,

And many a "Flower of Death;" though their
frail leaves
Were yet unwith'er'd. For the living warmth
Which in her dwelt, their freshness had preserved;
Else, if corruption had begun its work,
The emblems of quick change would have survived
Her beauty's semblance. What is beauty worth,
If the cropp'd flower retains its tender bloom
When foul decay has stolen the latest lines
Of loveliness in death! Yet even now
PAPANTZIN knew that her exuberant locks—
Which, unconfined, had round her flow'd to earth,
Like a stream rushing down some rocky steep,
Threading ten thousand channels—had been shorn
Of half their waving length,—and liked it not.

But through a crevice soon she mark'd a gleam
Of rays uncertain; and, with staggering steps,
But strong in reckless dreaminess, while still

Presided o'er the chaos of her thoughts
The revelation that upon her soul
Dwelt with its power, she gain'd the cavern's throat,
And push'd the quarried stone aside, and stood
In the free air, and in her own domain.

But now, obscurely o'er her vision swam
The beautiful landscape, with its thousand tints
And changeful views; long alleys of bright trees
Bending beneath their fruits; espaliers gay
With tropic flowers and shrubs that fill'd the breeze
With odorous incense, basins vast, where birds
With shining plumage sported, smooth canals
Leading the glassy wave, or towering grove
Of forest veterans. On a rising bank,
Her seat accustom'd, near a well hewn out
From ancient rocks, into which waters gush'd
From living springs, where she was wont to bathe,
She threw herself to muse. Dim on her sight
The imperial city and its causeways rose,
With the broad lake and all its floating isles
And glancing shallows, and the gilded pomp
Of princely barges, canopied with plumes
Spread fanlike, or with tufted pageantry
Waving magnificent. Unmark'd around
The frequent huitzilin, with murmuring hum
Of ever-restless wing, and shrill, sweet note,
Shot twinkling, with the ruby star that glow'd
Over his tiny bosom, and all hues
That loveliest seem in heaven, with ceaseless change,
Flashing from his fine films. And all in vain
Untiring, from the rustling branches near,
Pour'd the centzontli all his hundred strains
Of imitative melody. Not now
She heeded them. Yet pleasant was the shade
Of palms and cedars; and through twining boughs
And fluttering leaves, the subtle god of air,
The serpent arm'd with plumes, most welcome crept,
And fann'd her cheek with kindest ministry.

A dull and dismal sound came booming on;
A solemn, wild, and melancholy noise,
Shaking the tranquil air; and afterward
A clash and jangling, barbarously prolonged,
Torturing the unwilling ear, rang dissonant.
Again the unnatural thunder roll'd along,
Again the crash and clamour follow'd it.
Shuddering she heard, who knew that every peal
From the dread gong announced a victim's heart
Torn from his breast, and each triumphant clang,
A mangled corse, down the great temple's stairs
Hurl'd headlong; and she knew, as lately taught,
How vengeance was ordain'd for cruelty;
How pride would end; and uncouth soldiers tread
Through bloody furrows o'er her pleasant groves
And gardens; and would make themselves a road
Over the dead, choking the silver lake,
And cast the batter'd idols down the steps
That climb'd their execrable towers, and raze
Sheer from the ground AHUITZOL's mighty pile.

There had been wail for her in Mexico,
And with due rites and royal obsequies,
Not without blood at devilish altars shed,
She had been number'd with her ancestry.
Here when beheld, revisiting the light,
Great marvel rose, and greater terror grew,
Until the kings came trembling, to receive

The foreshown tidings. To his house of wo
Silent and mournful, MOTECUCZOMA went.

Few years had pass'd, when by the rabble hands
Of his own subjects, in ignoble bonds
He fell; and on a hasty gibbet rear'd
By the road-side, with scorn and obloquy.
The brave and gracious GUATEMOTZIN hung;
While to Honduras, thirsting for revenge,
And gloomier after all his victories,
Stern CORTES stalked. Such was the will of Gon.
And then, with holier rites and sacred pomp,
Again committed to the peaceful grave,
PAPANTZIN slept in consecrated earth.

MONODY ON SAMUEL PATCH.*

By water shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKESPEARE.

TOLL for SAM PATCH! SAM PATCH, who jumps
no more,

This or the world to come. SAM PATCH is dead!
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity, he would not tread.
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;
Nor with decorous wo, sedately stepp'd
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great, wholesale sob, his body drown'd and
kept.

Toll for SAM PATCH! he scorn'd the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And having heard POPE and LONGINUS say,
That some great men had risen to falls, he went
And jump'd, where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—
And graciously the liquid element
Uphore him, like some sea-god on its wave;
And all the people said that SAM was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,
Led SAM to dive into what BYRON calls
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He woo'd the bathos down great waterfalls;
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appals
Of travellers for pleasure, SAMUEL found
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls,
Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles; to the sound
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

SAM was a fool. But the large world of such
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.

* SAMUEL PATCH was a boatman on the Erie Canal, in New York. He made himself notorious by leaping from the masts of ships, from the Falls of Niagara, and from the Falls in the Genesee River, at Rochester. His last feat was in the summer of 1831, when, in the presence of many thousands, he jumped from above the highest rock over which the water falls in the Genesee, and was lost. He had become intoxicated, before going upon the scaffold, and lost his balance in descending. The above verses were written a few days after this event.

Alas for SAM! Had he aught preferred
The kindly element, to which he gave
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard
That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for
the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,
As many others in high places do;—
Whose fall is like SAM's last—for down and down,
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!
We heave the sigh to human frailty due—
And shall not SAM have his? The muse shall cease
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—

With demigods, who went to the Black Sea
For wool, (and, if the best accounts be straight,
Came back, in negro phraseology,
With the same wool each upon his pate,)
In which she chronicled the deathless fate
Of him who jump'd into the perilous ditch
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which
He made himself renown'd, and the contractors
rich—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
The chord whose music is undying, if
She do not strike it when SAM PATCH is drown'd.
LEANDER dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
The Lesbian SAPHO leap'd from in a miff,
To punish PHAON; ICARUS went dead,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And HELLE's case was all an accident,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?
Nor would I rank with SAM that man who went
Down into Ætna's womb—EMPEDOCLES,
I think he call'd himself. Themselves to please,
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
For glory in the abstract, SAM made his,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
That "some things may be done, as well as other
things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more
Who jump'd of old, by hazard or design,
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,
VULCAN, APOLLO, PHAETON—in fine,
All TROOKE'S Pantheon. Yet they grew divine
By their long tumblers; and if we can match
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine
One wreath? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"
And, for so little, jump'd so bravely as SAM PATCH?

To long conclusions many men have jump'd
In logic, and the safer course they took;
By any other, they would have been stump'd,
Unable to argue, or to quote a book, [brook;
And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot
They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;
But that was not the way SAM came to his conclusion.

He jump'd in person. Death or Victory.

Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"
Except his last; and then he did but die,
A blunder which the wisest men will make.
Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,
To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,
And down into the coil and water-quake
To leap, like MAIA's offspring, from the skies—
For this, all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,
Though still the rock primeval disappears,
And nations change their bounds—the theme of
wonder

Shall SAM go down the cataract of long years;
And if there be sublimity in tears,
Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
Lest by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,
That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin ALEXANDER,
Blubbing, because he had no job in hand,
Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
With SAM, whose grief we all can understand?
His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd
For exhibition; but his heart o'erswell'd
With its own agony, when he the grand
Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
And, measuring the cascade, found not his courage
quell'd.

His last great failure set the final seal
Unto the record Time shall never tear,
While bravery has its honour,—while men feel
The holy, natural sympathies which are
First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where
The tortured tides of Genessee descend,
He came—his only intimate a bear,—
(We know not that he had another friend,)
The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole
Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him:
With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,
He stood upon the salient current's brim;
His head was giddy, and his sight was dim;
And then he knew this leap would be his last,—
Saw air, and earth, and water wildly swim,
With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,
That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness
cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre
"I see before me the gladiator lie,"
And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there
The bow of grace, without one pitying eye—
He was a slave—a captive hired to die;—
SAM was born free as CÆSAR; and he might
The hopeless issue have refused to try;
No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,—
"Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless
night."

But, ere he leap'd, he begg'd of those who made
Money by his dread venture, that if he
Should perish, such collection should be paid
As might be pick'd up from the "company"

To his mother. This, his last request, shall be,—
Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should
An iris, glittering o'er his memory, [know—
When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
And, by the sea drunk up, forever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,
Why should the sternest moralist be severe?
Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts,
Such as in strictest evidence appear;
Else were the laurels of all ages sere.
Give to the brave, who have pass'd the final goal,—
The gates that ope not back,—the generous tear;
And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll, [roll.
In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment—

Therefore it is consider'd, that SAM PATCH*
Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
His name shall be a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough, which baking Time
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him; he dived for the sublime,
And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing,
Being a goose, wouldst fly,—dream not of such a
thing!

—•— EVENING.*

HAIL! sober evening! thee the harass'd brain
And aching heart with fond orisons greet;
The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet:
'Tis then the sage, from forth his lone retreat,
The rolling universe around espies;
'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
With lovely shapes, unken'd by grosser eyes,
And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west
Her argent cresset lights the star of love:—
The spiritual hour! when creatures bless'd
Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove;
While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
Round well-known couch, with noiseless tread
they rove,
In tones of heavenly music comfort breathe,
And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon
beneath.

Hour of devotion! like a distant sea,
The world's loud voices faintly murmuring die;
Responsive to the spherul harmony,
While grateful hymns are borne from earth on high.
O! who can gaze on yon unsullied sky,
And not grow purer from the heavenward view?
As those, the Virgin Mother's meek, full eye,
Who met, if uninspired lore be true,
Felt a new birth within, and sin no longer knew.

Let others hail the orisflame of morn,
O'er kindling hills unfurl'd with gorgeous dyes!
O, mild, blue Evening! still to thee I turn,
With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes;—

* From "Yamoyden."

Where wealth and power with glare and splendour rise,
Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn!
Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize;
The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons
learn!

—•— WEEHAWKEN.

Ever o'er our path is stealing fast;
Yon quivering splendours are the last
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er
The waves that kiss the opposing shore;
His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirror'd outline fades
Amid the fast-extending shades;
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide;
For the great stream a bulwark meet
That leaves its rock-encumber'd feet.

River and mountain! though to song
Not yet, perchance, your names belong;
Those who have loved your evening hues
Will ask not the recording muse
What antique tales she can relate,
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet, should the stranger ask, what lore
Of by-gone days, this winding shore,
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—
The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod;
Or peer'd, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing bark.
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,
Have lurk'd in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose,
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,
Alternate, through the changeful war,
And beacon-fires flash'd bright and far;
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favour'd son;—

Her son,—the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round yon capes the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flow'd the fair river, free and bright;
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,
Before him in their glory lay,—
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

THEY say that, afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage de-
press'd,

All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green Isle of
Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair
choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty there valour and strength are not
rovers,

And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of
Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O! who in this vain world of woe shall discover
The home undisturb'd, the green Isle of the Lover!

THE DEAD OF 1832.

O, TIME and Death! with certain pace,
Though still unequal, hurrying on,
O'erturning, in your awful race,
The cot, the palace, and the throne!

Not always in the storm of war,
Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
From the plague-smitten realms afar,
Beyond the old and solemn deeps:

In crowds the good and mighty go,
And to those vast, dim chambers hie:
Where, mingled with the high and low,
Dead CÆSARS and dead SHAKESPEARES lie!

Dread ministers of God! sometimes
Ye smite at once to do his will,
In all earth's ocean-sever'd climes,
Those—whose renown ye cannot kill!

When all the brightest stars that burn
At once are banish'd from their spheres,
Men sadly ask, when shall return
Such lustre to the coming years!

For where is he*—who lived so long—
Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
And show'd his fate in powerful song,
Whose soul for learning's sake was lost!

Where he—who backward to the birth
Of Time itself, adventurous trod,
And in the mingled mass of earth
Found out the handiwork of God!†

Where he—who in the mortal head,‡
Ordain'd to gaze on heaven, could trace
The soul's vast features, that shall tread
The stars, when earth is nothingness!

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,§
Till round the world its echoes roll,
And swept, with all a prophet's fire,
The diapason of the soul!

Where he—who read the mystic lore||
Buried where buried PHAROHS sleep;
And dared presumptuous to explore
Secrets four thousand years could keep!

Where he—who, with a poet's eye¶
Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
And made even sordid Poverty
Classic, when in his numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage so hale and staid,**
The "greatest good" who sought to find;
Who in his garden mused, and made
All forms of rule for all mankind!

And thou—whom millions far removed††
Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,
Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,
Near where thy WESLEY's coffin lies.

He, too—the heir of glory—where‡‡
Hath great NAPOLEON's scion fled?
Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he,§§
Last of the brave who perill'd all
To make an infant empire free,
Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,
For human rights who thought and did:
We rear to them no temples proud,
Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,
The mind, their monument sublime—
Young in eternal fame they are—
Such are your triumphs, Death and Time.

* Goethe and his Faust.

† Spurzheim.

|| Champollion.

** Jeremy Bentham.

†† The Duke of Reichstadt.

‡ Cuvier.

§ Scott.

¶ Crabbe.

‡‡ Adam Clarke.

§§ Charles Carroll.

PARTING.

SAY, when afar from mine thy home shall be,
Still will thy soul unchanging turn to me!
When other scenes in beauty round thee lie,
Will these be present to thy mental eye!
Thy form, thy mind, when others fondly praise,
Wilt thou forget thy poet's humbler lays?
Ah me! what is there, in earth's various range,
That time and absence may not sadly change!
And can the heart, that still demands new ties,
New thoughts, for all its thousand sympathies—
The waxen heart, where every seal may set,
In turn, its stamp—remain unalter'd yet,
While nature changes with each fleeting day,
And seasons dance their varying course away?
Ah! shouldst thou swerve from truth, all else must
part,

That yet can feed with life this wither'd heart!
Whate'er its doubts, its hopes, its fears may be,
'T were, even in madness, faithful still to thee;
And shouldst thou snap that silver chord in twain,
The golden bowl no other links sustain;
Crush'd in the dust, its fragments then must sink,
And the cold earth its latest life-drops drink.
Blame not, if oft, in melancholy mood,
This theme, too far, sick fancy hath pursued;
And if the soul, which high with hope should beat,
Turns to the gloomy grave's unblest retreat.

Majestic nature! since thy course began,
Thy features wear no sympathy for man;
The sun smiles loveliest on our darkest hours;
O'er the cold grave fresh spring the sweetest flowers,
And man himself, in selfish sorrows bound,
Heeds not the melancholy ruin round.
The crowd's vain roar still fills the passing breeze
That bends above the tomb the cypress-trees.
One only heart, still true in joy or woe,
Is all the kindest fates can e'er bestow.
If frowning Heaven that heart refuse to give,
O, who would ask the ungracious boon—to live?
Then better 'twere, if longer doom'd to prove
The listless load of life, unblest with love,
To seek midst ocean's waste some island fair,—
And dwell, the anchorite of nature, there;—
Some lonely isle, upon whose rocky shore
No sound, save curlew's scream, or billow's roar,
Hath echoed ever; in whose central woods,
With the quick spirit of its solitudes,
In converse deep, strange sympathies untried,
The soul might find, which this vain world denied.

But I will trust that heart, where truth alone,
In loveliest guise, sits radiant on her throne;
And thus believing, fear not all the power
Of absence drear, or time's most tedious hour.
If e'er I sigh to win the wreaths of fame,
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name,
'Tis but thy loved, approving smile to meet,
And lay the budding laurels at thy feet.
If e'er for worldly wealth I heave a sigh,
And glittering visions float on fancy's eye,
'Tis but with rosy wreaths thy path to spread,
And place the diadem on beauty's head.
Queen of my thoughts, each subject to thy sway,
Thy ruling presence lives but to obey;

And shouldst thou e'er their bless'd allegiance slight,
The mind must wander, lost in endless night.

Farewell! forget me not, when others gaze
Enamour'd on thee, with the looks of praise;
When weary leagues before my view are cast,
And each dull hour seems heavier than the last,
Forget me not. May joy thy steps attend,
And mayst thou find in every form a friend;
With care unsullied be thy every thought;
And in thy dreams of home, forget me not!

CONCLUSION TO YAMOYDEN.

SAD was the theme, which yet to try we chose,
In pleasant moments of communion sweet;
When least we thought of earth's unvarnish'd
woes,

And least we dream'd, in fancy's fond deceit,
That either the cold grasp of death should meet,
Till after many years, in ripe old age;
Three little summers flew on pinions fleet,
And thou art living but in memory's page,
And earth seems all to me a worthless pilgrimage.

Sad was our theme; but well the wise man sung,
"Better than festal halls, the house of woe;"
'Tis good to stand destruction's spoils among,
And muse on that sad bourne to which we go.
The heart grows better when tears freely flow;
And, in the many-colour'd dream of earth,
One stolen hour, wherein ourselves we know,
Our weakness and our vanity,—is worth
Years of unmeaning smiles, and lewd, obstreperous mirth.

'Tis good to muse on nations pass'd away,
Forever, from the land we call our own;
Nations, as proud and mighty in their day,
Who deem'd that everlasting was their throne.
An age went by, and they no more were known!
Sublimar sadness will the mind control,
Listening time's deep and melancholy moan;
And meaner griefs will less disturb the soul;
And human pride falls low, at human grandeur's
goal.

PHILIP! farewell! thee King, in idle jest,
Thy persecutors named; and if indeed,
The jewell'd diadem thy front had press'd,
It had become *thee* better, than the breed
Of palaces, to sceptres that succeed,
To be of courtier or of priest the tool,
Satiating dull sense, or count the frequent bead,
Or pamper gormand hunger; thou wouldst rule
Better than the worn rake, the glutton, or the fool!

I would not wrong thy warrior shade, could I
Aught in my verse or make or mar thy fame;
As the light carol of a bird flown by [name:
Will pass the youthful strain that breathed thy
But in that land whence thy destroyers came,
A sacred bard thy champion shall be found;
He of the laureate wreath for thee shall claim
The hero's honours, to earth's farthest bound,
Where Albion's tongue is heard, or Albion's songs
resound.

NORA'S SONG.*

SLEEP, child of my love! be thy slumber as light
As the red bird's that nestles secure on the spray;
Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
As the dew-drops that sparkle around with the ray!

O soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast;
In the wild wood, sleep cradles in roses thy head;
But her who protects thee, a wanderer unblest'd,
He forsakes, or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.

I fear for thy father! why stays he so long
On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,

And the sailor oft linger'd to hearken her song,
So sad o'er the wave, e'er she harden'd to stone.

He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
Where the foe in the moonbeams his path may desery;

The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
And lost in the wave be thy father's death-cry!

The Power that is round us,—whose presence is near,

In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul,
Protect that frail bark in its lonely career,

And shield *thee*, when roughly life's billows
shall roll.

WOMAN.*

WOMAN! bless'd partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnish'd yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl!

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O, who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,
The death-encircled pillow of distress,
The lonely moments of secluded wo,
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand and fearless friendship bless!

* From "Yamoyden."

Thee youthful fancy loves in aid to call;
Thence first invoked the sacred sisters were;
The form that holds the enthusiast's heart in thrall,
He, mid his bright creation, paints most fair;
True,—in this earthly wilderness of care,—
As hunters path the wilds and forests through;
And firm,—all fragile as thou art,—to bear
Life's dangerous billows,—as the light canoe,
That shoots, with all its freight, the impetuous
rapid's flow.

Thee, Indians tell, the first of men to win,
Clomb long the vaulted heaven's unmeasured
height:

And well their uncouth fable speaks therein
The worth even savage souls can never slight.
Tired with the chase, the hunter greets at night
Thy welcome smile, the balm of every wo;
Thy patient toil makes all his labours light;
And from his grave when friends and kindred go,
Thou weeping comest, the sweet sagamité to strow!

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT to all the world! there's none,
Beneath the "over-going" sun,
To whom I feel or hate or spite,
And so to all a fair good-night.

Would I could say good-night to pain,
Good-night to conscience and her train,
To cheerless poverty, and shame
That I am yet unknown to fame!

• Would I could say good-night to dreams
That haunt me with delusive gleams,
That through the sable future's veil
Like meteors glimmer, but to fail.

Would I could say a long good-night
To halting between wrong and right,
And, like a giant with new force,
Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,
And when few years have come and gone,
The past will be to me as naught,
Whether remember'd or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend
O'er my last couch shall tearful bend;
And, though no day for me was bright,
Shall bid me then a long good-night.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

[Born, 1799. Died, 1841.]

GRENVILLE MELLEN was the third son of the late Chief Justice PRENTISS MELLEN, LL. D., of Maine, and was born in the town of Biddeford, in that state, on the nineteenth day of June, 1799. He was educated at Harvard College, and after leaving that seminary became a law-student in the office of his father, who had before that time removed to Portland. Soon after being admitted to the bar, he was married, and commenced the practice of his profession at North Yarmouth, a pleasant village near his native town. Within three years—in October, 1828—his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, and his only child followed her to the grave in the succeeding spring. From this time his character was changed. He had before been an ambitious and a happy man. The remainder of his life was clouded with melancholy.

I believe Mr. MELLEN did not become known as a writer until he was about twenty-five years old. He was then one of the contributors to the Cambridge "United States Literary Gazette." In the early part of 1827, he published a satire entitled "Our Chronicle of Twenty-six," and two years afterward, "Glad Tales and Sad Tales," a collection of prose sketches, which had previously been printed in the periodicals. "The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems," appeared in 1834. The principal poem in this volume is founded on the history of Saint Alban, the first Christian martyr in England. It is in the measure of the "Faery Queene," and has some creditable passages; but, as a whole, it hardly rises above mediocrity. In the "Buried Valley" he describes the remarkable avalanche near the Notch in the White Mountains, by which the Willey family were destroyed, many years ago. In a poem entitled "The Rest of Empires," in the same collection, he laments the custom of the elder bards to immortalize the deeds of conquerors alone, and contrasts their prostitution of the influence of poetry with the nobler uses to which it is applied in later days, in the following lines, which are characteristic of his best manner:—

"We have been taught, in oracles of old,
Of the enskied divinity of song;
That Poetry and Music, hand in hand,
Came in the light of inspiration forth,
And claim'd alliance with the rolling heavens.
And were those peerless bards, whose strains have come
In an undying echo to the world,
Whose numbers floated round the Grecian isles,
And made melodious all the hills of Rome,—
Were they inspired?—Alas, for Poetry!
That her great ministers, in early time,
Sung for the brave alone—and bade the soul
Battle for heaven in the ranks of war!
It was the treason of the godlike art
That pointed glory to the sword and spear,
And left the heart to moulder in its mail!

It was the menial service of the bard—
It was the basest bondage of his powers,
In later times to consecrate a feast,
And sing of gallantry in hall and bower,
To courtly knights and ladies.

"But other times have strung new lyres again,
And other music greets us. Poetry
Comes robed in smiles, and, in low breathing sounds,
Takes counsel, like a friend, in our still hours,
And points us to the stars—the waneless stars—
That whisper an hereafter to our souls.
It breathes upon our spirits a rich balm,
And, with its tender tones and melody,
Draws mercy from the warrior—and proclaims
A morn of bright and universal love
To those who journey with us through the vale;
It points to moral greatness—deeds of mind,
And the high struggles, worthy of a man.
Have we no minstrels in our echoing halls,
No wild CADWALLON, with his wilder strain,
Pouring his war-songs upon helmeted ears?
We have sounds stealing from the far retreats
Of the bright company of gifted men,
Who pour their mellow music round our age,
And point us to our duties and our hearts;
The poet's constellation beams around—
A pensive COWPER lives in all his lines,
And MILTON hymns us on to hope and heaven!"

After spending five or six years in Boston, Mr. MELLEN removed to New York, where he resided nearly all the remainder of his life. He wrote much for the literary magazines, and edited several works for his friend, Mr. COLMAN, the publisher. In 1839, he established a *Monthly Miscellany*, but it was abandoned after the publication of a few numbers. His health had been declining for several years; his disease finally assumed the form of consumption, and he made a voyage to Cuba, in the summer of 1840, in the hope that he would derive advantage from a change of climate, and the sea air. He was disappointed; and learning of the death of his father, in the following spring, he returned to New York, where he died, on the fifth of September, 1841.

Mr. MELLEN was a gentle-hearted, amiable man, social in his feelings, and patient and resigned in the long period of physical suffering which preceded his death. As a poet, he enjoyed a higher reputation in his lifetime than his works will preserve. They are without vigour of thought or language, and are often dreamy, mystic, and unintelligible. In his writings there is no evidence of creative genius; no original, clear, and manly thought; no spirited and natural descriptions of life or nature; no humour, no pathos, no passion; nothing that appeals to the common sympathies of mankind. The little poem entitled "The Bugle," although "it whispers whence it stole its spoils," is probably superior to any thing else he wrote. It is free from the affectations and unmeaning epithets which distinguish nearly all his works.

ENGLISH SCENERY.

THE woods and vales of England!—is there not
A magic and a marvel in their names?
Is there not music in the memory
Of their old glory?—is there not a sound,
As of some watchword, that recalls at night
All that gave light and wonder to the day?
In these soft words, that breathe of loveliness,
And summon to the spirit scenes that rose
Rich on its raptur'd vision, as the eye
Hung like a tranced thing above the page
That genius had made golden with its glow—
The page of noble story—Of high towers,
And castled halls, envista'd like the line
Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries
Had led before their hearths in dim array—
Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy tree,
That rock'd with banner'd foliage to the storm
Above the walls it shadow'd, and whose leaves,
Rustling in gather'd music to the winds,
Seem'd voiced as with the sound of many seas!

The woods and vales of England! O, the founts,
The living founts of memory! how they break
And gush upon my stirr'd heart as I gaze!
I hear the shout of reapers, the far low
Of herds upon the banks, the distant bark
Of the tired dog, stretch'd at some cottage door,
The echo of the axe, mid forest swung,
And the loud laugh, drowning the faint halloo.

Land of our fathers! though 'tis ours to roam
A land upon whose bosom thou mightst lie,
Like infant on its mother's—though 'tis ours
To gaze upon a nobler heritage
Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy sons,—
Though ours to linger upon fount and sky,
Wilderness, and peopled with great spirits, who
Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,—
Yet, as our father-land, O, who shall tell
The lone, mysterious energy which calls
Upon our sinking spirits to walk forth
Amid thy wood and mount, where every hill
Is eloquent with beauty, and the tale
And song of centuries, the cloudless years
When fairies walk'd thy valleys, and the turf
Rung to their tiny footsteps, and quick flowers
Sprang with the lifting grass on which they trod—
When all the landscape murmur'd to its rills,
And joy with hope slept in its leafy bowers!

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

• MOUNT of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there!
Thine is the rock of other regions, where
The world of life, which blooms so far below,
Sweeps a wide waste: no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow
Beneath the far-off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne;

When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!
Far down the deep ravine the whirlwinds come,
And how the forests as they sweep along;
While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
The storms come forth, and, hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks the revelry prolong!

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quench'd in silence all the tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep which bears the hero's name:
The stars look down upon them; and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave
Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave,
The richest, purest tear that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds! when winter round thee
The hoary mantle of the dying year, [throws
Sublime amid thy canopy of snows,
Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!
'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear,
Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue;
When, lo! in soften'd grandeur, far, yet clear,
Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,
To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded
view!

THE BUGLE.

O! WILD, enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swell to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born—

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamour, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar!

Go, go—no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PASS NEAR ME IN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

SAIL on, thou lone, imperial bird,
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
How is thy distant coming heard,
As the night's breezes round thee ring!
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
In his extremest glory. How!
Is thy unequal'd daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
To find some secret, meaner home,
Less stormy and unsafe than thine?
Else why thy dusky pinions bend
So closely to this shadowy world,
And round thy searching glances send,
As wishing thy broad pens were furl'd?

Yet lonely is thy shatter'd nest,
Thy eyry desolate, though high;
And lonely thou, alike at rest,
Or soaring in the upper sky.
The golden light that bathes thy plumes
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the north's ice-mountains bright.

So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the high and proud to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth:
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That bore, unveil'd, fame's noontide sun;
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left, his triumphs done.

So, round the residence of power,
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds, dark as bathe the eagle's pines.
But, O, the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves!
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

THE TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

ITALIA's vales and fountains,
Though beautiful ye be,
I love my soaring mountains
And forests more than ye;
And though a dreamy greatness rise
From out your cloudy years,
Like hills on distant stormy skies,
Seem dim through Nature's tears,
Still, tell me not of years of old,
Of ancient heart and clime;
Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallow'd time!

The jewell'd crown and sceptre
Of Greece have pass'd away;
And none, of all who wept her,
Could bid her splendour stay.
The world has shaken with the tread
Of iron-sandal'd crime—
And, lo! o'ershadowing all the dead,
The conqueror stalks sublime!
Then ask I not for crown and plume
To nod above my land;
The victor's footsteps point to doom,
Graves open round his hand!

Rome! with thy pillar'd palaces,
And sculptured heroes all,
Snatch'd, in their warm, triumphal days,
To Art's high festival;
Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,
Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones,—
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty—yet so cold!
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles—works of wonder!
In thy victorious days,
Whose lips did seem to sunder
Before the astonish'd gaze;
When statue glared on statue there,
The living on the dead,—
And men as silent pilgrims were
Before some sainted head!
O, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego
That beams when other lights have set,
And Art herself lies low!

O, ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier mean of memory
To snatch us from the dust.
And ours a sterner art than this,
Shall fix our image here,—
The spirit's mould of loveliness—
A nobler BELVIDERE!

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old,—
A fairer heritage be ours,
A sacrifice less cold!
Give honour to the great and good,
And wreath the living brow,
Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute now!

So, when the good and great go down,
Their statues shall arise,
To crowd those temples of our own,
Our fadeless memories!
And when the sculptured marble falls,
And Art goes in to die,
Our forms shall live in holier halls,
The Pantheon of the sky!

GEORGE HILL.

[Born, 1800.]

GEORGE HILL is known to the public, only through his writings. From native diffidence, or some eccentricity of character, he appears to have shunned all contact with society. He was once married; "but how his marriage was brought about," writes one of his friends to me, "is an unravelled mystery; for he never spoke to a dozen ladies in his life."

He is a native of Guilford, on Long Island Sound, near New Haven. He was admitted to Yale College in his fifteenth year, and, when he graduated, took the Berkleian prize, as the best classic. He was subsequently attached to the navy, as Professor of Mathematics; and visited in this capacity the Mediterranean, its storied islands, and classic shores. After his return, he was appointed librarian to the State Department, at Washington:

a situation which he at length resigned on account of ill health, and was appointed Consul of the United States for the south-western portion of Asia Minor. The climate disagreeing with him, he returned to Washington; and is now attached again to one of the bureaus in the Department of State.

The style of his poetry is severe, and sometimes so elliptical as to embarrass his meaning; this is especially true of his more elaborate production, "The Ruins of Athens," written in the Spenserian stanza. He is most successful in his lyrics, where he has more freedom, without a loss of energy. His "Titania," a dramatic piece, is perhaps the most original of his productions. It is wild and fanciful, and graced with images of much beauty and freshness.

FROM "THE RUINS OF ATHENS."

THE daylight fades o'er old Cyllene's hill,
And broad and dun the mountain shadows fall;
The stars are up and sparkling, as if still
Smiling upon their altars; but the tall,
Dark cypress, gently, as a mourner, bends—
Wet with the drops of evening as with tears—
Alike o'er shrine and worshipper, and blends,
All dim and lonely, with the wrecks of years,
As of a world gone by no coming morning cheers.

There sits the queen of temples—gray and lone.
She, like the last of an imperial line,
Has seen her sister structures, one by one,
To Time their gods and worshippers resign;
And the stars twinkle through the weeds that twine
Their roofless capitals; and, through the night,
Heard the hoarse drum and the exploding mine,
The clash of arms and hymns of uncouth rite,
From their dismantled shrines the guardian powers
affright.

Go! thou from whose forsaken heart are left
The ties of home; and, where a dwelling-place
Not Jove himself the elements have left,
The grass-grown, undefined arena paces! [hear
Look on its rent, though tower-like shafts, and
The loud winds thunder in their aged face;
Then slowly turn thine eye, where moulders near
A CÆSAR's arch, and the blue depth of space
Vaults like a sepulchre the wrecks of a past race.

Is it not better with the Eremite,
Where the weeds rustle o'er his airy cave,
Perch'd on their summit, through the long, still
night
To sit and watch their shadows slowly wave—

While oft some fragment, sapp'd by dull decay,
In thunder breaks the silence, and the fowl
Of Ruin hoots—and turn in scorn away
Of all man builds, time levels, and the cowl
Awards her moping sage in common with the owl!

Or, where the palm, at twilight's holy hour,
By THETIS' fane her lonely vigil keeps:
Gone are her sisters of the leaf and flower,
With them the living crop earth sows and reaps,
But these revive not: the weed with them sleeps,
But clothes herself in beauty from their clay,
And leaves them to their slumber; o'er them
weeps

Vainly the Spring her quickening dews away,
And Love as vainly mourns, and mourns, alas!
for aye.

Or, more remote, on Nature's haunts intrude,
Where, since creation, she has slept on flowers,
Wet with the noonday forest-dew, and woo'd
By untamed choristers in unpruned bowers:
By pathless thicket, rock that time-worn towers
O'er dells untrodden by the hunter, piled
Ere by its shadow measured were the hours
To human eye, the rampart of the wild,
Whose banner is the cloud, by carnage undefiled.

The weary spirit that forsaken plods
The world's wide wilderness, a home may find
Here, mid the dwellings of long-banish'd gods,
And thoughts they bring, the mourners of the
mind;

The spectres that no spell has power to bind,
The loved, but lost, whose soul's life is in ours,
As incense in sepulchral urns, enshrined,
The sense of blighted or of wasted powers,
The hopes whose promised fruits have perish'd
with their flowers.

There is a small, low cape—there, where the moon
Breaks o'er the shatter'd and now shapeless stone;
The waters, as a rude but fitting boon,
Weeds and small shells have, like a garland,
thrown

Upon it, and the wind's and wave's low moan,
And sighing grass, and cricket's plaint, are heard
To steal upon the stillness, like a tone
Remember'd. Here, by human foot unstirr'd,
Its seed the thistle sheds, and builds the ocean-bird.

Lurks the foul toad, the lizard basks secure
Within the sepulchre of him whose name
Had scatter'd navies like the whirlwind. Sure,
If aught ambition's fiery wing may tame,
'Tis here; the web the spider weaves where Fame
Planted her prond but sunken shaft, should be
To it a fetter, still it springs the same,
Glory's fool-worshipper! here bend thy knee!
The tomb thine altar-stone, thine idol Mockery:

A small, gray elf, all sprinkled o'er with dust
Of crumbling catacomb, and mouldering shred
Of banner and embroider'd pall, and rust
Of arms, time-worn monuments, that shed
A canker'd gleam on dim escutcheons, where
The groping antiquary pores to spy—
A what? a name—perchance ne'er graven there;
At whom the urchin, with his mimic eye,
Sits peering through a skull, and laughs continually.

THE MOUNTAIN-GIRL.

THE clouds, that upward curling from
Nevada's summit fly,
Melt into air: gone are the showers,
And, deck'd, as 'twere with bridal flowers,
Earth seems to wed the sky.

All hearts are by the spirit that
Breathes in the sunshine stirr'd;
And there's a girl that, up and down,
A merry vagrant, through the town,
Goes singing like a bird.

A thing all lightness, life, and glee;
One of the shapes we seem
To meet in visions of the night;
And, should they greet our waking sight,
Imagine that we dream.

With glossy ringlet, brow that is
As falling snow-flake white,
Half-hidden by its jetty braid,
And eye like dewdrop in the shade,
At once both dark and bright;

And cheek whereon the sunny clime
Its brown tint gently throws,
Gently, as it reluctant were
To leave its print on thing so fair—
A shadow on a rose.

She stops, looks up—what does she see?
A flower of crimson dye,
Whose vase, the work of Moorish hands,
A lady sprinkles, as it stands
Upon a balcony:

High, leaning from a window forth,
From curtains that half-shroud
Her maiden form with tress of gold,
And brow that mocks their snow-white fold,
Like *DIAN* from a cloud.

Nor flower, nor lady fair she sees—
That mountain-girl—but dumb
And motionless she stands, with eye
That seems communing with the sky:
Her visions are of home.

That flower to her is as a tone
Of some forgotten song,
One of a slumbering thousand, struck
From an old harp-string; but, once woke,
It brings the rest along.

She sees beside the mountain-brook,
Beneath the old cork tree
And toppling crag, a vine-thatch'd shed,
Perch'd, like the eagle, high o'erhead,
The home of liberty;

The rivulet, the olive shade,
The grassy plot, the flock;
Nor does her simple thought forget,
Haply, the little violet,
That springs beneath the rock.

Sister and mate, they may not from
Her dreaming eye depart;
And one, the source of gentler fears,
More dear than all, for whom she wears
The token at her heart.

And hence her eye is dim, her cheek
Has lost its livelier glow;
Her song has ceased, and motionless
She stands, an image of distress:—
Strange, what a flower can do!

THE MIGHT OF GREECE.*

THE might of Greece! whose story has gone forth,
Like the eternal echo of a lyre
Struck by an angel, to the bounds of earth,
A marvel and a melody; a fire
Unquench'd, unquenchable. Castalia's choir
Mourn o'er their altars worshipless or gone;
But the free mountain-air they did respire
Has borne their music onward, with a tone
Shaking earth's tyrant race through every distant
zone!

A never-dying music, borne along [fraught
The stream of years, that else were mute, and
—A boundless echo, thunder peal'd in song—
With the unconquerable might of thought:
The Titan that shall rive the fetters wrought
By the world's god, Opinion, and set free
The powers of mind, giants from darkness brought;
The trophies of whose triumph-march shall be
Thrones, dungeons swept away, as rampires by the
sea.

* From "The Ruins of Athens."

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak :
 He has stood for a thousand years,
 Has stood and frown'd
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers ;
 As round their king they stand, so now,
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
 The tall trees round him stand, array'd
 In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
 Through sun and shower,
 And dared the winds to battle ;
 He has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
 From his own limbs shaken, rattle ;
 He has toss'd them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm had roused his might)
 Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

The autumn sun looks kindly down,
 But the frost is on the lea,
 And sprinkles the horn
 Of the owl at morn,
 As she hies to the old oak tree.
 Not a leaf is stirr'd ;
 Not a sound is heard
 But the thump of the thresher's flail,
 The low wind's sigh,
 Or the distant cry
 Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester he has whistling plunged
 With his axe, in the deep wood's gloom,
 That shrouds the hill,
 Where few and chill
 The sunbeams struggling come :
 His brawny arm he has bared, and laid
 His axe at the root of the tree,
 The gray old oak,
 And, with lusty stroke,
 He wields it merrily :—

With lusty stroke,—
 And the old gray oak,
 Through the folds of his gorgeous vest
 You may see him shake,
 And the night-owl break
 From her perch in his leafy crest.
 She will come but to find him gone from where
 He stood at the break of day ;
 Like a cloud that melts as it melts to air,
 He has pass'd, with a crash, away.

Though the spring in the bloom and the frost in gold
 No more his limbs attire,
 On the stormy wave
 He shall float, and brave
 The blast and the battle-fire !
 Shall spread his white wings to the wind,
 And thunder on the deep,
 As he thunder'd when
 His bough was green,
 On the high and stormy steep.

LIBERTY.

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
 Like to a silent subterranean fire ;
 Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd
 Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire.
 The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
 The keen and stirring air of Liberty.
 The struggling giant wakes, and feels he's free.
 By Delphi's fountain-cave, that ancient choir
 Resume their song ; the Greek astonish'd hears,
 And the old altar of his worship rears.
 Sound on, fair sisters ! sound your boldest lyre,—
 Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres.
 Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,
 The trembling mind, too long and patiently.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

WHAT things of thee may yield a semblance meet,
 And him, thy fairy portraiture ? a flower
 And bud, moon and attending star, a sweet
 Voice and its sweeter echo. Time has small power
 O'er features the mind moulds ; and such are thine,
 Imperishably lovely. Roses, where
 They once have bloom'd, a fragrance leave behind ;
 And harmony will linger on the wind ;
 And suns continue to light up the air,
 When set ; and music from the broken shrine
 Breathes, it is said, around whose altar-stone
 His flower the votary has ceased to twine :—
 Types of the beauty that, when youth is gone,
 Beams from the soul whose brightness mocks
 decline.

SPRING.

Now Heaven seems one bright, rejoicing eye,
 And Earth her sleeping vesture flings aside,
 And with a blush awakes as does a bride ;
 And Nature speaks, like thee, in melody.
 The forest, sunward, glistens, green and high ;
 The ground each moment, as some blossom
 springs,
 Puts forth, as does thy cheek, a lovelier dye,
 And each new morning some new songster brings.
 And, hark ! the brooks their rocky prisons break,
 And echo calls on echo to awake,
 Like nymph to nymph. The air is rife with wings,
 Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.
 Herb, bud, and bird return—but not to me
 With song or beauty, since they bring not thee.

NOBILITY.

Go, then, to heroes, sages if allied,
 Go ! trace the scroll, but not with eye of pride,
 Where Truth depicts their glories as they shone,
 And leaves a blank where should have been your
 own.

Mark the pure beam on yon dark wave impress'd ;
 So shines the star on that degenerate breast—
 Each twinkling orb, that burns with borrow'd fires,—
 So ye reflect the glory of your sires.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

[Born, 1801. Died, 1841.]

THE late JAMES GORDON BROOKS was born at Red Hook, near the city of New York, on the third day of September, 1801. His father was an officer in the revolutionary army, and, after the achievement of our independence, a member of the national House of Representatives. Our author was educated at Union College, in Schenectady, and was graduated in 1819. In the following year he commenced studying the law with Mr. Justice EMOTT, of Poughkeepsie; but, though he devoted six or seven years to the acquisition of legal knowledge, he never sought admission to the bar. In 1823, he removed to New York, where he was for several years an editor of the *Morning Courier*, one of the most able and influential journals in this country.

Mr. Brooks began to write for the press in 1817. Two years afterward he adopted the signature of "Florio," by which his contributions to the periodicals were from that time known. In 1828, he was married. His wife, under the signature of "Norna," had been for several years a

writer for the literary journals, and, in 1829, a collection of the poetry of both was published, entitled "*The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks.*" The poem which gave its title to the volume was by Mrs. Brooks. The longest of the pieces by her husband was one entitled "*Genius*," which he had delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, in 1827. He wrote but little poetry after the appearance of this work.

In 1830 or 1831, he removed to Winchester, in Virginia, where, for four or five years, he edited a political and literary gazette. He returned to the state of New York, in 1838, and established himself in Albany, where he remained until the 20th day of February, 1841, when he died.

The poems of Mr. Brooks are spirited and smoothly versified, but diffuse and carelessly written. He was imaginative, and composed with remarkable ease and rapidity; but was too indifferent in regard to his reputation ever to rewrite or revise his productions.

GREECE—1832.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurn'd
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valour burn'd,
And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land, where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sung—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flow'd along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls, the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beam'd on Marathon
Hath lost its splendour, ceased to play;

And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shatter'd—spear in rust—
Thy honour but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old
Dash'd down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?—
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where death hath hush'd them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim, sepulchral light,
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance,
Behold, thy banner waves afar;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief, of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might—in majesty reveal'd.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
 In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!
 His banner totters—see! it falls
 In ruin, Freedom's battle-shroud:
 Thy children have no soul to dare
 Such deeds as glorified their sires;
 Their valour's but a meteor's glare,
 Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where Genius made his reign,
 And rear'd his golden arch on high;
 Where Science raised her sacred fane,
 Its summits peering to the sky;
 Upon thy clime the midnight deep
 Of ignorance hath brooded long,
 And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
 The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
 Hath pass'd in giant fury by,
 To blast the beauty of thy form,
 And spread its pall upon the sky!
 Gone is thy glory's diadem,
 And freedom never more shall cease
 To pour her mournful requiem
 O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

TO THE DYING YEAR.

Thou desolate and dying year!
 Emblem of transitory man,
 Whose wearisome and wild career,
 Like thine, is bounded to a span;
 It seems but as a little day
 Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
 And Spring came forth in fair array,
 To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration! now how lone,
 How verdureless is nature's breast,
 Where ruin makes his empire known,
 In autumn's yellow vesture dress'd;
 The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
 Broke on the breath of early day,
 The summer flowers she loved to greet;
 The bird, the flowers, O! where are they?

Thou desolate and dying year!
 Yet lovely in thy lifelessness
 As beauty stretch'd upon the bier,
 In death's clay-cold and dark caress;
 There's loveliness in thy decay,
 Which breathes, which lingers on thee still,
 Like memory's mild and cheering ray
 Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet the radiance is not gone,
 Which shed a richness o'er the scene,
 Which smiled upon the golden dawn,
 When skies were brilliant and serene;
 O! still a melancholy smile
 Gleams upon Nature's aspect fair,
 To charm the eye a little while,
 Ere ruin spreads his mantle there!

Thou desolate and dying year!
 Since time entwined thy vernal wroath,
 How often love hath shed the tear,
 And knelt beside the bed of death;
 How many hearts, that lightly sprung
 When joy was blooming but to die,
 Their finest chords by death unstrung,
 Have yielded life's expiring sigh,

And, pillow'd low beneath the clay,
 Have ceased to melt, to breathe, to burn;
 The proud, the gentle, and the gay,
 Gather'd unto the mouldering urn;
 While freshly flow'd the frequent tear
 For love bereft, affection fled;
 For all that were our blessings here,
 The loved, the lost, the sainted dead!

Thou desolate and dying year!
 The musing spirit finds in thee
 Lessons, impressive and serene,
 Of deep and stern morality;
 Thou teachest how the germ of youth,
 Which blooms in being's dawning day,
 Planted by nature, rear'd by truth,
 Withers, like thee, in dark decay.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
 Of Heaven's benign and golden bow,
 Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
 And sheds a light on every wo;
 Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue
 A tone of melody is given,
 As if her magic voice were strung
 With the empyreal fire of heaven.

And love which never can expire,
 Whose origin is from on high,
 Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire,
 From the pure fountains of the sky;
 That ray which glows and brightens still,
 Unchanged, eternal and divine;
 Where seraphs own its holy thrill,
 And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year!
 Prophetic of our final fall;
 Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sear;
 Thy beauties shrouded in the pall;
 And all the garniture that shed
 A brilliancy upon thy prime,
 Hath like a morning vision fled
 Unto the expanded grave of time.

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight,
 How all life's phantoms fleet away;
 Thy smile of hope, and young delight,
 Fame's meteor-beam, and Fancy's ray:
 They fade; and on the heaving tide,
 Rolling its stormy waves afar,
 Are borne the wreck of human pride,
 The broken wreck of Fortune's war.

There, in disorder, dark and wild,
 Are seen the fabrics once so high;
 Which mortal vanity had piled
 As emblems of eternity!

And deem'd the stately piles, whose forms
Frown'd in their majesty sublime,
Would stand unshaken by the storms
That gather'd round the brow of Time.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine;
Like evening shadows disappear,
And leave the spirit to repine.
The stream of life, that used to pour
Its fresh and sparkling waters on,
While Fate stood watching on the shore,
And number'd all the moments gone—

Where hath the morning splendour flown,
Which danced upon the crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
When life was an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night
Which destiny hath overspread;
Enroll'd upon that trackless flight
Where the death-wing of time hath sped!

O! thus hath life its even-tide
Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
And thus, divested of its pride,
It withers like the yellow leaf:
O! such is life's autumnal bower,
When plunder'd of its summer bloom;
And such is life's autumnal hour,
Which heralds man unto the tomb!

TO THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Thou faded leaf! it seems to be
But as of yesterday,
When thou didst flourish on the tree
In all the pride of May:
Then t'was the merry hour of spring,
Of nature's fairest blossoming,
On field, on flower, and spray;
It promised fair; how changed the scene
To what is now, from what hath been!
So fares it with life's early spring;
Hope gilds each coming day.
And sweetly doth the syren sing
Her fond, delusive lay:
Then the young, fervent heart beats high,
While passion kindles in the eye,
With bright, unceasing play;
Fair are thy tints, thou genial hour,
Yet transient as the autumn flower.
Thou faded leaf! how like to thee
Is beauty in her morning pride,
When life is but a summer sea,
And hope illumines its placid tide:
Alas! for beauty's autumn hour,
Alas! for beauty's blighted flower,
When hope and bliss have died!
Her pallid brow, her cheek of grief,
Have thy sad hue, thou faded leaf!
Autumnal leaf! thus honour's plume,
And valour's laurel wreath must fade;
Must lose the freshness, and the bloom
On which the beam of glory play'd;

The banner waving o'er the crowd,
Far streaming like a silver cloud,
Must sink within the shade,
Where dark oblivion's waters flow
O'er human weal and human woe,

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern
And warning tone in thy decay;
Like thee must man to death return
With his frail tenement of clay:
Thy warning is of death and doom,
Of genius blighted in its bloom,
Of joy's beclouded ray;
Life, rapture, hope, ye are as brief
And fleeting as the autumn leaf!

THE LAST SONG.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Again its lonely numbers pour;
Then let the melancholy strain
Be hush'd in death for evermore.
For evermore, for evermore,
Creative fancy, be thou still;
And let oblivious Lethe pour
Upon my lyre its waters chill.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Then be its fitful chords unstrung,
Silent as is the grave's domain,
And mute as the death-moulder'd tongue;
Let not a thought of memory dwell
One moment on its former song;
Forgotten, too, be this farewell,
Which plays its pensive strings along!

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
The saddest and the latest lay;
Then break at once its strings in twain,
And they shall sound no more for aye:
And hang it on the cypress tree:
The hours of youth and song have pass'd,
Have gone, with all their witchery;
Lost lyre! these numbers are thy last.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But Sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run:
When Night is on her shadowy car,
Pale sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep;
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

Joy loves to cull the summer-flower,
And wreath it round his happy brow;
But when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossoms low;
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest,
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her wither'd breast.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

[Born, 1802.]

MR. GREENE was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on the tenth day of February, 1802. He was educated at Brown University, in that city, at which he was graduated in 1820. He was soon after admitted to the bar, and followed his profession until 1834, when he was elected to an office under the city government, in which he has since

remained. One of his earliest metrical compositions was the familiar piece entitled "Old Grimes," which was written in the year in which he entered the university.

His poems, except one delivered before a literary society, at Providence, were written for periodicals, and have never been published in a collected form.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay,
The stern, old Baron RUDIGER,
Whose fame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—
That I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,
When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armour there!"

A hundred hands were busy then,—
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud, old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mail'd retainers pour'd,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And throng'd around the board.
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Arm'd cap-a-pie, stern RUDIGER,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.
Draw forth each trusty sword,—
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all,—and shout for RUDIGER,
'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang'd to steel,
—And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:—
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone!

But I defy him:—let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing halfway up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old RUDIGER sat, dead.

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
 Another day begun;
 And there thy poised and gilded spear
 Is flashing in the sun,
 Upon that steep and lofty tower
 Where thou thy watch hast kept,
 A true and faithful sentinel,
 While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee, there has pour'd
 The summer's noon-day heat,
 And through the long, dark, starless night,
 The winter storms have beat;
 But yet thy duty has been done,
 By day and night the same,
 Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
 Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
 Along the distant heaven,
 But thou hast watch'd its onward course,
 And distant warning given;
 And when mid-summer's sultry beams
 Oppress all living things,
 Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
 With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
 Or twilight's quiet hour,
 The swallows, in their joyous glee,
 Come darting round thy tower,
 As if, with thee, to hail the sun
 And catch his earliest light,
 And offer ye the morn's salute,
 Or bid ye both,—good-night.

And when, around thee or above,
 No breath of air has stirr'd,
 Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
 Of each free, happy bird,
 Till, after twittering round thy head
 In many a mazy track,
 The whole delighted company
 Have settled on thy back.

Then, if, perchance, amidst thy mirth,
 A gentle breeze has sprung,
 And, prompt to mark its first approach,
 Thy eager form hath swung,
 I've thought I almost heard thee say,
 As far aloft they flew,—
 "Now all away!—here ends our play,
 For I have work to do!"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
 And call thee, in their pride,
 An emblem of their fickleness,
 Thou ever-faithful guide.
 Each weak, unstable human mind
 A "weathercock" they call;
 And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
 Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
 A by-word for their deeds:—
 They change their friends, their principles,
 Their fashions, and their creeds;
 Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
 Thus causelessly to range;
 But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
 Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
 The thoughtless oft condemn,
 Art touch'd by many airs from heaven
 Which never breathe on them,—
 And moved by many impulses
 Which they do never know,
 Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod
 The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
 Thou well hast kept thy trust,
 And now in glory o'er thy head
 The morning light has burst.
 And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
 When his dark hours have pass'd,
 Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
 To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,
 Still may I think of thee:
 And may the lesson thou dost teach
 Be never lost on me;—
 But still, in sunshine or in storm,
 Whatever task is mine,
 May I be faithful to *my* trust,
 As thou hast been to *thine*.

STANZAS.

O, THINK not that the bosom's light
 Must dimly shine, its fire be low,
 Because it doth not all invite
 To feel its warmth and share its glow.
 The altar's strong and steady blaze
 On all around may coldly shine,
 But only genial warmth conveys
 To those who gather near the shrine.
 Do the dull flint, the rigid steel,
 Which thou within thy hand mayst hold,
 Unto thy sight or touch reveal
 The hidden power which they enfold?
 But take those cold, unyielding things,
 And beat their edges till you tire,—
 And every atom forth that springs,
 Is a bright spark of living fire:
 Each particle, so dull and cold
 Until the blow that woke it came,
 Did still within it slumbering hold
 A power to wrap the world in flame.
 While thus, in things of sense alone,
 Such truths from sense lie still conceal'd,
 How can the living heart be known—
 Its secret, inmost depths reveal'd?

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

(Born, 1802. Died, 1840.)

THIS distinguished political and miscellaneous writer was born in the city of New York, in the summer of 1802, and was educated at the Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia. In 1822 he entered the navy of the United States as a midshipman; but in consequence of the arbitrary conduct of his commander, Captain JOHN ORDE CREIGHTON, he retired from the service in 1826, after which time he devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits. His first publication was entitled "Leisure Hours at Sea," and was composed of various short poems written while he was in the navy. In 1828 he established, in New York, "The Critic," a weekly literary gazette, which he conducted with much ability for seven or eight months, at the end of which time it was united with the "Mirror," to which he became a regular contributor. In "The Critic" and "The Mirror," he first published "The Rifle," "The Main Truck, or the Leap for Life," "White Hands, or Not Quite in Character," and other stories, afterward embraced in the volumes entitled "Tales by a Country Schoolmaster," and "Sketches of the Sea." These tales and sketches are probably the most spirited and ingenious productions of their kind ever written in this country.

In 1829 Mr. LEGGETT became associated with Mr. BRYANT, in the editorship of the "Evening Post," and on the departure of that gentleman for Europe, in 1834, the entire direction of that able journal was devolved to him. A severe illness, which commenced near the close of the succeeding year, induced him to relinquish his connexion with the "Post;" and on his recovery, in 1836, he commenced "The Plaindealer," a weekly periodical devoted to politics and literature, for which he obtained great reputation by his independent and fearless assertion of doctrines, and the vigorous eloquence and powerful reasoning by which he maintained them. It was discontinued, in consequence of the failure of his publisher, before the close of the year; and his health, after that period, prevented his connexion with any other journal. In 1828 he had been married to Miss ELMINA WARING, daughter of Mr. JONAS WARING, of New Rochelle; and to that pleasant village he now retired, with his family. He occasionally visited his friends in the city, and a large portion of the democratic party there proposed to nominate him for a seat in Congress; but as he had acted independently of a majority of the party in regard to certain important political questions, his formal nomination was prevented. In April, 1840, he was appointed by Mr. VAN BUREN, then President of the United States, a diplomatic agent* from our

government to the Republic of Guatemala. He was preparing to depart for that country, when he suddenly expired, on the twenty-ninth day of following month, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

A few months after his death, a collection of his political writings, in two large duodecimo volumes, was published, under the direction of his friend, Mr. THEODORE SEBOWICK. Besides the works already mentioned, he wrote much in various periodicals, and was one of the authors of "The Tales of Glauber Spa," published in 1832. In the maturity of his powers, his time and energies were devoted to political writing. His poems are the poorest of his productions, and were written while he was in the naval service, or during his editorship of "The Critic." In addition to his Melodies—which are generally ingenious and well versified—he wrote one or two prize addresses for the theatres, and some other pieces, which have considerable merit.

His death was deeply and generally deplored, especially by the members of the democratic party, who regarded him as one of the ablest champions of their principles. Mr. BRYANT, with whom he was for several years intimately associated, published in the "Democratic Review" the following tribute to his character:—

"The earth may ring from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name;
But he whose loss our hearts deplore
Has left behind him more than fame.

"For when the death-frost came to lie
Upon that warm and mighty heart,
And quench that bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

"The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the lucid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.

"His love of Truth, too warm—too strong
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
His hate of Tyranny and Wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still."

Mr. SEBOWICK, in the preface to his political writings, remarks that "every year was softening his prejudices, and calming his passions; enlarging his charities, and widening the bounds of his liberality. Had a more genial clime invigorated his constitution, and enabled him to return to his labours, a brilliant and honourable future might have been predicted of him. It is not the suggestion of a too fond affection, but the voice of a calm judgment, which declares that, whatever public career he had pursued, he must have raised to his memory an imperishable monument, and that as no name is now dearer to his friends, so few could have been more honourably associated with the history of his country, than that of WILLIAM LEGGETT."

* Soon after the death of Mr. LEGGETT, Mr. JOHN L. STEPHENS, whose "Travels in Central America" have been since published, was appointed his successor as diplomatic agent to that country.

A SACRED MELODY.

If yon bright stars which gem the night
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
 Where kindred spirits reunite,
 Whom death has torn asunder here;
 How sweet it were at once to die,
 And leave this blighted orb afar—
 Mixed soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

But, O! how dark, how drear, how lone
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
 If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We fail'd to find the loved of this!
 If there no more the ties should twine,
 Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
 Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
 More hateful, as they shine forever.

It cannot be! each hope and fear
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now!
 There is a voice which sorrow hears,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
 'Tis heaven that whispers, "Dry thy tears:
 The pure in heart shall meet again!"

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THE birds, when winter shades the sky,
 Fly o'er the seas away,
 Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
 And summer breezes play;

And thus the friends that flutter near
 While fortune's sun is warm,
 Are startled if a cloud appear,
 And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
 Each other warbler's past,
 The little snow-bird still remains,
 And chirrups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
 With fortune's sun depart,
 Still lingers with its cheerful song,
 And nestles on the heart.

SONG.

I TRUST the frown thy features wear
 Ere long into a smile will turn;
 I would not that a face so fair
 As thine, beloved, should look so stern.

The chain of ice that winter twines,
 Holds not for aye the sparkling rill,
 It melts away when summer shines,
 And leave the waters sparkling still.

Thus let thy cheek resume the smile
 That shed such sunny light before;
 And though I left thee for a while,
 I'll swear to leave thee, love, no more.

As he who, doomed o'er waves to roam,
 Or wander on a foreign strand,
 Will sigh when'er he thinks of home,
 And better love his native land;
 So I, though lured a time away,
 Like bees by varied sweets, to rove,
 Return, like bees, by close of day,
 And leave them all for thee, my love.

Then let thy cheek resume the smile
 That shed such sunny light before,
 And though I left thee for a while,
 I swear to leave thee, love, no more.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

THE youth whose bark is guided o'er
 A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
 With idle gaze delights to pore
 On imaged skies that glow beneath.
 But should a fleeting storm arise
 To shade a while the watery way,
 Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
 And speeds to reach some sheltering bay,

'Tis thus, down time's eventful tide,
 While prosperous breezes gently blow,
 In life's frail bark we gayly glide,
 Our hopes, our thoughts all fix'd below.
 But let one cloud the prospect dim,
 The wind its quiet stillness mar,
 At once we raise our prayer to Him
 Whose light is life's best guiding star.

TO ELMIRA.

WRITTEN WITH FRENCH CHALK* ON A PANE OF GLASS
 IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND.

ON this frail glass, to others' view,
 No written words appear;
 They see the prospect smiling through,
 Nor deem what secret's here.

But shouldst thou on the tablet bright
 A single breath bestow,
 At once the record starts to sight
 Which only thou must know.

Thus, like this glass, to strangers' gaze
 My heart seemed unimpress'd;
 In vain did beauty round me blaze,
 It could not warm my breast.

But as one breath of thine can make
 These letters plain to see,
 So in my heart did love awake
 When breathed upon by thee.

* The substance usually called French chalk has this singular property, that what is written on glass, though easily rubbed out again, so that no trace remains visible, by being breathed on becomes immediately distinctly legible.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

(Born 1802. Died 1828.)

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY was born in London, in October, 1802, while his father, the Honourable WILLIAM PINKNEY, was the American Minister at the court of St. James'. Soon after the return of his family to Baltimore, in 1811, he entered St. Mary's College, in that city, and remained there until he was fourteen years old, when he was appointed a midshipman in the navy. He continued in the service nine years, and in that period visited the Mediterranean and several other foreign stations, and acquired much general knowledge and acquaintance with mankind.

The death of his father, and other circumstances, induced him, in 1824, to resign his place in the navy; and in the same year he was married, and admitted to the Maryland bar. His career as a lawyer was brief and unfortunate. He opened an office in Baltimore, and applied himself earnestly to his profession; but though his legal acquirements and forensic abilities were respectable, his rooms were seldom visited by a client; and after two years had passed, disheartened by neglect, and with a prospect of poverty before him, he suddenly determined to enter the naval service of Mexico, in which a number of our officers had already won distinction and fortune. When, however, he presented himself before Commodore PORTER, then commanding the sea-forces of that country, the situation he solicited was refused,* and he was compelled reluctantly to return to the United States.

He reappeared in Baltimore, poor and dejected. He turned his attention again to the law, but in his vigorous days he had been unable to support himself by his profession; and now, when he was suffering from disease and a settled melancholy, it was not reasonable to anticipate success. The erroneous idea that a man of a poetical mind cannot transact business requiring patience and habits of careful investigation, was undoubtedly one of the principal causes of his failure as a lawyer; for that he was respected, and that his fellow-citizens were willing to confer upon him honours, is evident from the fact that, in 1826, he was appointed one of the professors in the University of Maryland. This office, however, was one of honour only: it yielded no profit.

PINKNEY now became sensible that his constitution was broken, and that he could not long

survive; but he had no wish to live. His feelings at this period are described in one of his poems:—

"A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side—
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling tide;
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope must be most vain,
Of finding on my path again
Its former vanish'd flowers."

Near the close of the year 1827, a political gazette, entitled "The Marylander," was established in Baltimore, and, in compliance with the general wish of the proprietors, Mr. PINKNEY undertook to conduct it. He displayed much sagacity and candour, and in a few weeks won a high reputation in his new vocation; but his increasing illness compelled him to leave it, and he died on the eleventh of April, 1828, at the early age of twenty-five years and six months. He was a man of genius, and had all the qualities of mind and heart that win regard and usually lead to greatness, except HOPE and ENERGY.

A small volume containing "Rodolph," and other poems, was published by PINKNEY in 1825. "Rodolph" is his longest work. It was first published, anonymously, soon after he left the navy, and was probably written while he was in the Mediterranean. It is in two cantos. The first begins,—

"The summer's heir on land and sea
Had thrown his parting glance,
And winter taken angrily
His waste inheritance.
The winds in stormy revelry
Sported beneath a frowning sky;
The chafing waves, with hollow roar,
Tumbled upon the shaken shore,
And sent their spray in upward showers
To Rodolph's proud ancestral towers,
Whose bastion, from its mural crown,
A regal look cast sternly down."

There is no novelty in the story, and not much can be said for its morality. The hero, in the season described in the above lines, arrives at his own domain, after many years of wandering in foreign lands, during which he had "grown old in heart, and infirm of frame." In his youth he had loved—the wife of another—and his passion had been returned. "At an untimely tide," he had met the husband, and, in encounter, slain him. The wife goes into a convent, and her paramour seeks refuge from remorse in distant countries. In the beginning of the second canto, he is once more in his own castle; but, feeling some dark presentiment, he wanders to a cemetery, where, in the morning, he is found by his vassals, "senseless

* It has been said that Commodore PORTER refused to give PINKNEY a commission, because he was known to be a warm adherent of an administration to which he was himself opposed; but it is more reasonable to believe, as was alleged at the time, that the navy of Mexico was full, and that the citizens of that republic had begun to regard with jealousy the too frequent admission of foreigners into the service.

beside his lady's urn." In the delirium which follows, he raves of many crimes, but most

 . . . "Of one too dearly loved,
 And one untimely slain,
 Of an affection hardly proved
 By murder done in vain."

He dies in madness, and the story ends abruptly and coldly. It has more faults than PINKNEY's other works; in many passages it is obscure; its beauty is marred by the use of obsolete words; and the author seems to delight in drawing his comparisons from the least known portions of ancient literature.

Some of his lighter pieces are very beautiful. "A Health," "The Picture-Song," and "A Serenade," have not often been equalled; and

"Italy,"—an imitation of GOETHE'S *Kennst du das Land*—has some noble lines. Where is there a finer passage than this:

 "The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
 The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
 Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curl'd
 And solemn smokes, like altars of the world!"

PINKNEY'S is the first instance in this country in which we have to lament the prostitution of true poetical genius to unworthy purposes. Permeating much that he wrote there is a selfish melancholy and sullen pride; dissatisfaction with the present, and doubts in regard to the future life. The great distinguishing characteristic of American poetry is its pure and high morality. May it ever be so!

ITALY.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose!
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky; [eye
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touch'd with silver by the stars and moon,
Or fleck'd with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curl'd
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire;
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallow'd by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame:
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea,
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

I.

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls design'd,
Yet with the stately savage walks,
As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enrich'd with many a floral gem:
Those simple ornaments about
Her candid brow, disclose
The loitering spring's last violet,
And summer's earliest rose;
But not a flower lies breathing there
Sweet as herself, or half so fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile
On Nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees?

II.

Intent to blend her with his lot,
Fate form'd her all that he was not;
And, as by mere unlikeness, thoughts
Associate we see,
Their hearts, from very difference, caught
A perfect sympathy.
The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary,
She left her pallid countrymen,
An earthling most divine,
And sought in this sequester'd wood
A solitary shrine.
Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep, along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side;
Thus, even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.



THESE WINDMILL'S WINDMILL

Engraved by Robert A. Kneller



The one forsakes ferocity,
And momentarily grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates him to liberty.

III.

O, say not they must soon be old,—
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!
Yet envy I that sylvan pair
More than my words express,—
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair;
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past:
With nought to dread or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
Their actions all are free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity;
And how can they have any cares?—
Whose interest contends with theirs!

IV.

The world, for all they know of it,
Is theirs:—for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze;
For them, upon that dancing spray,
The free bird sits and sings,
And glittering insects flit about
Upon delighted wings;
For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many-colour'd clouds
Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
The expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:
The images their minds receive,
Their minds assimilate
To outward forms, imparting thus
The glory of their state.

V.

Could aught be painted otherwise
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes?
He, too, because she fills his sight,
Each object falsely sees;
The pleasure that he has in her
Makes all things seem to please.
And this is love;—and it is life
They lead,—that Indian and his wife.

SONG.

We break the glass, whose sacred wine,
To some beloved health we drain.
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that pour'd
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassion'd ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chamber'd in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems—thy words.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrantcy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood,
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

THE VOYAGER'S SONG.*

SOUND trumpets, ho!—weigh anchor—loosen sail—
 The seaward flying banners chide delay;
 As if 't were heaven that breathes this kindly gale,
 Our life-like bark beneath it speeds away.
 Flit we, a gliding dream, with troublous motion,
 Across the slumbers of uneasy ocean;
 And furl our canvass by a happier land,
 So fraught with emanations from the sun,
 That potable gold streams through the sand
 Where element should run.

Onward, my friends, to that bright, florid isle,
 The jewel of a smoothe and silver sea,
 With springs on which perennial summers smile
 A power of causing immortality.
 For Bimini;—in its enchanted ground,
 The hallow'd fountains we would seek, are found;
 Bathed in the waters of those mystic wells,
 The frame starts up in renovated truth,
 And, freed from Time's deforming spells,
 Resumes its proper youth.

Hail, bitter birth!—once more my feelings all
 A graven image to themselves shall make,
 And, placed upon my heart for pedestal,
 That glorious idol long will keep awake
 Their natural religion, nor be cast
 To earth by Age, the great Iconoclast.
 As from Gadara's founts they once could come,
 Charm-call'd, from these Love's genii shall arise,
 And build their perdurable home,
 MIRANDA, in thine eyes.

By Nature wisely gifted, not destroy'd
 With golden presents, like the Roman maid,—
 A sublunary paradise enjoy'd,
 Shall teach thee bliss incapable of shade;—
 An Eden ours, nor angry gods, nor men,
 Nor star-clad Fates, can take from us again.
 Superior to animal decay,
 Sun of that perfect heaven, thou'lt calmly see
 Stag, raven, phenix, drop away
 With *human* transiency.

Thus rich in being,—beautiful,—adored,
 Fear not exhausting pleasure's precious mine;
 The wondrous waters we approach, when pour'd
 On passion's lees, supply the wasted wine:
 Then be thy bosom's tenant prodigal,
 And confident of termless carnival.
 Like idle yellow leaves afloat on time,
 Let others lapse to death's pacific sea,—
 We'll fade nor fall, but sport sublime
 In green eternity.

* "A tradition prevailed among the natives of Puerto Rico, that in the Isle of Bimini, one of the Lucayos, there was a fountain of such wonderful virtue, as to renew the youth and recall the vigour of every person who bathed in its salutary waters." In hopes of finding this grand restorative, Ponce de Leon and his followers, ranged through the islands, searching with fruitless solicitude for the fountain, which was the chief object of the expedition."—ROBERTSON'S *America*.

The envious years, which steal our pleasures, thou
 Mayst call at once, like magic memory, back,
 And, as they pass o'er thine unwithering brow,
 Efface their footsteps ere they form a track.
 Thy bloom with wilful weeping never stain,
 Perpetual life must not belong to pain.
 For me,—this world has not yet been a place
 Conscious of joys so great as will be mine,
 Because the light has kiss'd no face
 Forever fair as thine.

A PICTURE-SONG.

How may this little tablet feign
 The features of a face,
 Which o'er informs with loveliness,
 Its proper share of space;
 Or human hands on ivory,
 Enable us to see
 The charms, that all must wonder at,
 Thou work of gods in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile
 Familiar stories tells,
 And I should know those placid eyes,
 Two shaded crystal wells;
 Nor can my soul, the limner's art
 Attesting with a sigh,
 Forget the blood that deck'd thy cheek,
 As rosy clouds the sky.

They could not seemle what thou art,
 More excellent than fair,
 As soft as sleep or pity is,
 And pure as mountain-air;
 But here are common, earthly hues,
 To such an aspect wrought,
 That none, save thine, can seem so like
 The beautiful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like,
 Is painful mimicry
 Of something better, which is now
 A memory to me,
 Who have upon life's frozen sea
 Arrived the icy spot,
 Where man's magnetic feelings show
 Their guiding track forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase
 Their shifting shadows on,
 Like children playing in the sun,
 Are gone—forever gone;
 And on a careless, sullen peace,
 My double-fronted mind,
 Like JANUS when his gates were shut,
 Looks forward and behind.

APOLLO placed his harp, of old,
 A while upon a stone,
 Which has resounded since, when struck,
 A breaking harp-string's tone;
 And thus my heart, though wholly now,
 From early softness free,
 If touch'd, will yield the music yet,
 It first received of thee.

THE OLD TREE.

AND is it gone, that venerable tree,
The old spectator of my infancy?—
It used to stand upon this very spot,
And now almost its absence is forgot.
I knew its mighty strength had known decay,
Its heart, like every old one, shrunk would fall,
But dreamt not that its frame would fall, ere mine
At all partook my weary soul's decline.

The great reformist, that each day removes
The old, yet never on the old improves,
The dotard, Time, that like a child destroys,
As sport or spleen may prompt, his ancient toys,
And shapes their ruins into something new—
Has planted other playthings where it grew.
The wind pursues an unobstructed course,
Which once among its leaves delay'd perforce;
The harmless Hamadryad, that of yore
Inhabited its bole, subsists no more;
Its roots have long since felt the ruthless plough—
There is no vestige of its glories now!
But in my mind, which doth not soon forget,
That venerable tree is growing yet;
Nourish'd, like those wild plants that feed on air,
By thoughts of years unconservant with care,
And visions such as pass ere man grows wholly
A fiendish thing, or mischief adds to folly.
I still behold it with my fancy's eye,
A vernal record of the days gone by:
I see not the sweet form and face more plain,
Whose memory *was* a weight upon my brain.
—Dear to my song, and dearer to my soul,
Who knew but half my heart, yet had the whole
Sun of my life, whose presence and whose flight
Its brief day caused, and never-ending night!
Must this delightless verse, which is indeed
The mere wild product of a worthless weed,
(But which, like sunflowers, turns a loving face
Towards the lost light, and scorns its birth and place,)
End with such cold allusion unto you,
To whom, in youth, my very dreams were true!
It must; I have no more of that soft kind,
My age is not the same, nor is my mind.

TO ———.

'T WAS eve; the broadly shining sun
Its long, celestial course had run;
The twilight heaven, so soft and blue,
Met earth in tender interview,
E'en as the angel met of yore
His gifted mortal paramour,
Woman, a child of morning then,—
A spirit still,—compared with men.
Like happy islands of the sky,
The gleaming clouds reposed on high,
Each fix'd sublime, deprived of motion,
A Delos to the airy ocean.
Upon the stirless shore no breeze
Shook the green drapery of the trees,
Or, rebel to tranquillity,
Awoke a ripple on the sea.
Nor, in a more tumultuous sound,
Were the world's audible breathings drown'd;

The low, strange hum of herbage growing,
The voice of hidden waters flowing,
Made songs of nature, which the ear
Could scarcely be pronounced to hear;
But noise had fur'd its subtle wings,
And moved not through material things,
All which lay calm as they had been
Parts of the painter's mimic scene.
'T was eve; my thoughts belong to thee,
Thou shape of separate memory!
When, like a stream to lands of flame,
Unto my mind a vision came.
Methought, from human haunts and strife
Remote, we lived a loving life;
Our wedded spirits seem'd to blend
In harmony too sweet to end,
Such concord as the echoes cherish
Fondly, but leave at length to perish.
Wet rain-stars are thy lucid eyes,
The Hyades of earthly skies,
But then upon my heart they shone,
As shines on snow the fervid sun.
And fast went by those moments bright,
Like meteors shooting through the night;
But faster fled the wild dream
That clothed them with their transient beam.
Yet love can years to days condense,
And long appear'd that life intense;
It was,—to give a better measure
Than time,—a century of pleasure.

ELYSIUM.

SHE dwelleth in Elysium; there,
Like Echo, floating in the air;
Feeding on light as feed the flowers,
She fleets away uncounted hours,
Where halcyon Peace, among the bless'd,
Sits brooding o'er her tranquil nest.

She needs no impulse; one she is,
Whom thought supplies with ample bliss:
The fancies fashion'd in her mind
By Heaven, are after its own kind;
Like sky-reflections in a lake,
Whose calm no winds occur to break.

Her memory is purified,
And she seems never to have sigh'd:
She hath forgot the way to weep;
Her being is a joyous sleep;
The mere imagining of pain,
Hath pass'd, and cannot come again.

Except of pleasure most intense
And constant, she hath lost all sense;
Her life is day without a night,
An endless, innocent delight;
No chance her happiness now mars,
Howe'er Fate twine her wreaths of stars.

And palpable and pure, the part
Which pleasure playeth with her heart;
For every joy that seeks the maid,
Foregoes its common painful shade
Like shapes that issue from the grove
Arcadian, dedicate to Jove.

TO H———

THE firstlings of my simple song

Were offer'd to thy name;

Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame.

My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
No happier hours recall—

Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
Than fickle Fortune's all.

And now, farewell!—and although here

Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
Nor of thy faults complain.

For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not:—

The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart,
Deserved no better lot.

I reckon of mine the less, because
In wiser moods I feel

A doubtful question of its cause
And nature, on me steal—

An ancient notion, that time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings
With much equality—

And that, in reason, happiness
Both of accession and decrease
Incapable must be.

UNWISE, or most unfortunate,

My way was; let the sign,
The proof of it, be simply this—
Thou art not, wert not mine!

For 'tis the wont of chance to bless
Pursuit, if patient, with success;

And envy may repine,
That, commonly, some triumph must
Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not now;
I am about to die,

Else I might chide thee that my life
Has been a stifled sigh;

Yes, life; for times beyond the line
Our parting traced, appear not mine,
Or of a world gone by;

And often almost would evince,
My soul had transmigrated since.

Pass wasted flowers; alike the grave,
To which I fast go down,

Will give the joy of nothingness
To me, and to renew:

Unto its careless tenants, fame
Is idle as that gilded name,

Of vanity the crown,
Helvetian hands inscribe upon
The forehead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay,

That, closing as begun,
Is govern'd by a note of pain,
O, lost and worshipp'd one!

None shall attend a sadder strain,
Till MEMNON's statue stand again
To mourn the setting sun,—
Nor sweeter, if my numbers seem
To share the nature of their theme.

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

I BURN no incense, hang no wreath
O'er this, thine early tomb:
Such cannot cheer the place of death,
But only mock its gloom.
Here odorous smoke and breathing flower
No grateful influence shed;
They lose their perfume and their power,
When offer'd to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,
The spirit may return,
A disembodied sense, to feed
On fragrance, near its urn—
It is enough, that she, whom thou
Didst love in living years,
Sits desolate beside it now,
And falls these heavy tears.

SONG.

I NEED not name thy thrilling name,
Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
Since all sounds shape that magic word,
That fall upon my ear,—MARY;
And silence, with a wakeful voice,
Speaks it in accents loudly free,
As darkness hath a light that shows
Thy gentle face to me,—MARY.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
With scarce one hope, and many fears,
Mix'd, were I of a melting mood,
With many bitter tears,—MARY—
I pledge thee, and the empty cup
Emblems this hollow life of mine,
To which, a gone enchantment, thou
No more wilt be the wine,—MARY.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[Born, 1803.]

MR. EMERSON was born in Boston, and in 1820 received his bachelor's degree at Cambridge. He afterward studied theology, and was settled over the Second Unitarian Church in his native city; but left his charge on account of having adopted the Quaker opinion in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Since that time he has published a work entitled "Nature," and delivered various addresses, and written many essays, on subjects of literature, philosophy, and morals, a part of which were collected and printed in a volume,

in Boston, and reprinted in London in 1841. The English edition was edited by Mr. CARLYLE, the author of "The French Revolution," etc.

MR. EMERSON has a poetical mind, and has written much true poetry besides his verses. His metrical productions are not very numerous. In 1839 he published a few pieces in "The Western Messenger," a periodical devoted to religion and letters, at Cincinnati, and in the last two years several others in "The Dial;" a quarterly magazine, of which he is editor, at Boston.

EACH IN ALL.

LITTLE thinks in the field yon red-cloak'd clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
And the heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Dreams not that great NAPOLEON
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Ner knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed hath lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even,—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky,
He sang to my ear, these sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore—
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetch'd my sea-born treasures home,
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
Nor rose, nor stream, nor bird is fair,
Their concord is beyond compare.

The lover watch'd his graceful maid
As mid the virgin train she stray'd,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by that snow-white quire.
At last, she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,—
The gay enchantment was undone,—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then, I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth;"
—As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curl'd its pretty wreath,
Running over the hair-cap burs:
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs:
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground.
Over me soar'd the eternal sky
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw—again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird:
Beauty through my senses stole,—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

"GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!"

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
Too long through weary crowds I roam:—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam:
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,—
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone
Bossom'd in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,
Where arches green, the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

FINE humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
 Where thou art is clime for me,
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone!
 Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines,
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower-bells,
 Honey'd cells,—
 These the tents
 Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere,
 Swimmer through the waves of air,
 Voyager of light and noon,
 Epicurean of June,
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum,—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze,
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a colour of romance,
 And infusing subtle heats
 Turns the sod to violets,—
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
 Telling of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found,
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure.
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen,
 But violets, and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap, and daffodils,
 Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
 And brier-roses dwell among.
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he pass'd.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
 Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
 When the fierce north-western blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
 Thou already slumberest deep,
 Wo and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and wo which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
 The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
 Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
 The lively show beguiled me from my way.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
 Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why, thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew,
 But in my simple ignorance suppose [you.
 The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought

THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
 Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopp'd, the courier's feet
 Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are number'd, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

[Born, 1803.]

THE author of "The Last Night of Pompeii" was born in Warwick, near the western border of Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1803. His father, a respectable physician, died in 1806, and his mother, on becoming a widow, returned, with her two children, to her paternal home in Worcester. In one of his "Songs to Clara," Mr. FAIRFIELD narrates some of the sorrows which befell him in his early career:—

"My father died ere I could tell
The love my young heart felt for him!
My sister like a blossom fell,
Her cheek grew cold, her blue eye dim,
Just as the hallow'd hours came by,
When she was dearest unto me;
And vale, and stream, and hill, and sky
Were beautiful as Araby.
And, one by one, the friends of youth
Departed to the land of dreams;
And soon I felt that friends, in sooth,
Were few as flowers by mountain streams."

He entered Harvard College when he was thirteen years old; but, after spending two years in that seminary, was compelled to leave it, to aid his mother in teaching a school in a neighbouring village. He subsequently spent two or three years in Georgia and South Carolina, and in 1824 went to Europe. He returned in 1826, was soon afterwards married, and from that period, I believe, has resided in Philadelphia, where he conducted for several years "The North American Magazine," a monthly miscellany, in which appeared most of his poems and prose writings.

Mr. FAIRFIELD commenced the business of authorship at a very early age, and has probably produced more in "the form of poetry" than any other American. "The Cities of the Plain," one of his earliest works, was first published while he was in England. It is founded on the history of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Genesis. The following apostrophe to Hope illustrates its style:—

"O, Hope! creator of a fairy heaven,
Manna of angels, rainbow of the heart;
That, throned in heaven, doth ever rest on earth!
From our first sigh unto our latest groan,
From the first throb until the heart is cold,
Thou art a gladness and a mockery,
A glory and a vision,—thou, sweet child
Of the immortal spirit! In our days
Of sorrow, with thy bland hypericries
Thou dost delude us, and we love and trust
Thy beautiful delusions, though the soil
Of disappointment yet is on our souls.
Thou El Dorado of the poor man's dream!
Sire of repentance! child of vain desires!
The bleeding heart clings to thee, when all hope
Is madness; o'er our thoughts thou ever hold'st
Eternal empire; and thou dost console
The felon in his cell, the galley-slave,
The exile, and the wanderer o'er the earth;
And pour'st the balm of transitory peace
E'en on the heart that sighs o'er kindred guilt."

The "Heir of the World," written in 1828, is a poetical version of the history of ABRAHAM. It is in the Spenserian measure, and contains some fine passages, descriptive of scenery and feeling. The greatness of the patriarch's obedience and faith is shown in the following stanzas, from the introductory part of the poem:—

"In the communion of young wedded love,
Much evil have we seen, my GENEVIEVE!
Yet we have sought our solace from above,
And one fair flower forbids us now to grieve;
Though poor, yet proud, the world cannot bereave
Our hearts of bliss the world can never give:
And in the passage of our days we leave
The fiend-like few, who slander while we strive,
And deem it boundless joy in heaven's sweet smile to live."

"While thy sweet babe upon thy bosom lay,
Wrapp'd in the visions of a sinless sleep,
Pure, bright, and beautiful as early day,
When it swells upward from the billowy deep,
And its first beams along the mountains sweep—
Couldst thou, even then, thy first-born *only* take
And give him to the death ordain'd, nor weep
O'er the dread sacrifice his sire must make
Of one whose smile hath charm'd when fortune did for-
sake?"

His next elaborate work, "The Spirit of Destruction," appeared in 1830. It is founded on the history of the deluge, and in style resembles "The Cities of the Plain." His longest poem, "The Last Night of Pompeii," was published in 1832. It was the result of two years' labour, and was written amid the cares and vexations usually attendant on poverty. The destruction of the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Retina and Stabiae, by an eruption of Vesuvius, in the summer of the year seventy-nine, is one of the finest subjects for poetry in modern history. Mr. FAIRFIELD's work exhibits a familiar acquaintance with the mind, manners, and events of the period, and its style is stately and melodious. His shorter pieces, though in some cases turgid and unpolished, are generally distinguished for vigour of thought and language. An edition of his principal writings was published in a closely-printed octavo volume at Philadelphia, in 1841.

Mr. FAIRFIELD has been an unpopular man, and much injustice has been done to his works for this reason. Not wishing to enter into a particular examination of his claims to our personal regard, I must still express an opinion that he has been hardly dealt with; and that, even if the specific charges preferred against him are true, it is wrong to permit the reputation of the man to influence our judgment of his productions. He has written much,—often well,—and has generally devoted his literary abilities to noble purposes. If a spirit of selfishness and misanthropy pervades his later writings, the fault is not exclusively his own.

* Mr. FAIRFIELD has accused Sir EDWARD L. BULWER of founding on this poem his "Last Days of Pompeii."

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.*

A ROAR, as if a myriad thunders burst,
Now hurtled o'er the heavens, and the deep earth
Shudder'd, and a thick storm of lava hail
Rush'd into air, to fall upon the world.
And low the lion cower'd, with fearful moans
And upturn'd eyes, and quivering limbs, and clutch'd
The gory sand instinctively in fear.
The very soul of silence died, and breath
Through the ten thousand pallid lips, unfelt,
Stole from the stricken bosoms; and there stood,
With face uplifted, and eyes fix'd on air,
(Which unto him was throng'd with angel forms,)
The Christian—waiting the high will of Heaven.

A wandering sound of wailing agony,
A cry of coming horror, o'er the street
Of tombs arose, and all the lurid air
Echo'd the shrieks of hopelessness and death.

"Hear ye not now?" said PANSÆ. Death is
Ye saw the avalanche of fire descend [here!]

Vesuvian steeps, and, in its giant strength
Sweep on to Herculæum; and ye cried,
'It threatens not us: why should we lose the sport?
Though thousands perish, why should we refrain?'
Your sister city—the most beautiful—
Gasps in the burning ocean—from her homes
Fly the survivors of her people, driven
Before the torrent-floods of molten earth,
With desolation red—and o'er her grave
Uncarthy voices raise the heart's last cries—
'Fly, fly! O, horror! O, my son! my sire!'
The hoarse shouts multiply; without the mount
Are agony and death—within, such rage
Of fossil fire as man may not behold!
Hark! the destroyer slumbers not—and now,
Be your theologies but true, your Jove,
Mid all his thunders, would shrink back aghast,
Listening the horrors of the Titan's strife.
The lion trembles; will ye have my blood,
Or flee, ere Herculæum's fate is yours?"

Vesuvius answer'd: from its pinnacles
Clouds of far-flashing cinders, lava showers,
And seas, drank up by the abyss of fire,
To be hurl'd forth in boiling cataracts,
Like midnight mountains, wrapp'd in lightnings, fell.
O, then, the love of life! the struggling rush,
The crushing conflict of escape! few, brief,
And dire the words delirious fear spake now,—
One thought, one action sway'd the tossing crowd.
All through the vomitories madly sprung,
And mass on mass of trembling beings press'd,
Gasping and goading, with the savageness
That is the child of danger, like the waves
Charybdis from his jagged rocks throws down,
Mingled in madness—warring in their wrath.
Some swoon'd, and were trod down by legion feet;
Some cried for mercy to the unanswering gods;
Some shriek'd for parted friends, forever lost;
And some, in passion's chaos, with the yells
Of desperation, did blaspheme the heavens;

* From "The Last Night of Pompeii." This scene follows the destruction of Herculæum. PANSÆ, a Christian, condemned by DIOMEDE, is brought into the gladiatorial arena, when a new eruption from Vesuvius causes a suspension of the proceedings.

And some were still in utterness of wo.
Yet all toil'd on in trembling waves of life
Along the subterranean corridors.
Moments were centuries of doubt and dread;
Each breathing obstacle a hated thing;
Each trampled wretch a footstool to o'erlook
The foremost multitudes; and terror, now,
Begot in all a maniac ruthlessness,—
For, in the madness of their agonies,
Strong men cast down the feeble, who delay'd
Their flight; and maidens on the stones were crush'd,
And mothers madden'd when the warrior's heel
Pass'd o'er the faces of their sons! The throng
Press'd on, and in the ampler arcades now
Beheld, as floods of human life roll'd by,
The uttermost terrors of the destined hour.
In gory vapours the great sun went down;
The broad, dark sea heaved like the dying heart,
'Tween earth and heaven hovering o'er the grave,
And moan'd through all its waters; every dome
And temple, char'd and choked with ceaseless
Of suffocating cinders, seem'd the home [showers
Of the triumphant desolator, Death.
One dreadful glance sufficed,—and to the sea,
Like Lybian winds, breathing despair, they fled.

Nature's quick instinct, in most savage beasts,
Prophesies danger ere man's thought awakes,
And shrinks in fear from common savageness,
Made gentle by its terror; thus, o'erawed,
E'en in his famine's fury, by a Power
Brute beings more than human oft adore,
The lion lay, his quivering paws outspread,
His white teeth gnashing, till the crushing throngs
Had pass'd the corridors; then, glaring up,
His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw
The crags and forests of the Apennines
Gleaming far off, and, with the exulting sense
Of home and lone dominion, at a bound
He leap'd the lofty palisades, and sprung
Along the spiral passages, with howls
Of horror, through the flying multitudes,
Flying to seek his lonely mountain-lair.

From every cell shrieks burst; hyenas cried,
Like lost child, wandering o'er the wilderness,
That, in deep loneliness, mingles its voice
With wailing winds and stunning waterfalls;
The giant elephant, with matchless strength,
Struggled against the portal of his tomb,
And groan'd and panted; and the leopard's yell,
And tiger's growl, with all surrounding cries
Of human horror mingled; and in air,
Spotting the lurid heavens and waiting prey,
The evil birds of carnage hung and watch'd,
As ravening heirs watch o'er the miser's couch.
All awful sounds of heaven and earth met now;
Darkness behind the sun-god's chariot roll'd,
Shrouding destruction, save when volcan fires
Lifted the folds, to glare on agony;
And, when a moment's terrible repose
Fell on the deep convulsions, all could hear
The toppling cliffs explode and crash below,—
While multitudinous waters from the sea
In whirlpools through the channel'd mountain rocks
Rush'd, and, with hisses like the damned's speech,
Fell in the mighty furnace of the mount.

VISIONS OF ROMANCE.

When dark-brow'd midnight o'er the slumbering world

Mysterious shadows and bewildering throws,
And the tired wings of human thought are furl'd,
And sleep descends, like dew upon the rose,—
How full of bliss the poet's vigil hour,
When o'er him elder time hath magic power!

Before his eye past ages stand reveal'd,
When feudal chiefs held lordly banquettings,
In the spoils revelling of flood and field,
Among their vassals proud, unquestion'd kings:
While honour'd minstrels round the ample board
The lays of love or songs of battle pour'd.

The dinted helmet, with its broken crest,
The serried sabre, and the shatter'd shield
Hung round the wainscot, dark, and well express'd
That wild, fierce pride, which scorn'd, unscathed, to
The pictures there, with dusky glory rife, [yield;
From age to age bore down stern characters of strife.

Amid long lines of glorious ancestry, [walls,
Whose eyes flash'd o'er them from the gray, old
What craven quails at Danger's lightning eye!
What warrior blenches when his brother falls!
Bear witness Cressy and red Agincourt!
Bosworth, and Bannockburn, and Marston Moor!

The long, lone corridors, the antler'd hall,
The massive walls, the all-commanding towers—
Where revel reign'd, and masquerading ball,
And beauty won stern warriors to her bowers—
In ancient grandeur o'er the spirit move,
With all their forms of chivalry and love.

The voice of centuries bursts upon the soul;
Long-buried ages wake and live again;
Past feats of fame and deeds of glory roll,
Achieved for lady-love in knighthood's reign;
And all the simple, state of olden time
Assumes a garb majestic and sublime.

The steel-clad champion on his vaulting steed,
The mitred primate, and the Norman lord,
The peerless maid, awarding valour's meed,
And the meek vestal, who her God adored—
The pride, the pomp, the power and charm of earth
From fancy's dome of living thought come forth.

The feast is o'er, the huntsman's course is done,
The trump of war, the shrill horn sounds no more;
The heroic revellers from the hall have gone,
The lone blast moans the ruin'd castle o'er!
The spell of beauty, and the pride of power
Have pass'd forever from the feudal tower.

No more the drawbridge echoes to the tread
Of visor'd knights, o'er-canopied with gold;
O'er mouldering gates and crumbling archways
Dark ivy waves in many a mazy fold, [spread,
Where chiefs flash'd vengeance from their lightning
glance, [lance.

And grasp'd the brand, and couch'd the conquering

The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by,
The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall,
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
And fancy's bright and gay creations—all

Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance
Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance.

Like lightning, hurtled o'er the lurid skies,
Their glories flash along the gloom of years;
The beacon-lights of time, to wisdom's eyes,
O'er the deep-rolling stream of human tears.
Fade! fade! ye visions of antique romance!
Tower, casque, and mace, and helm, and banner'd
lance!

AN EVENING SONG OF PIEDMONT.

Ave Maria! 't is the midnight hour,
The starlight wedding of the earth and heaven,
When music breathes its perfume from the flower,
And high revealings to the heart are given;
Soft o'er the meadows steals the dewy air—
Like dreams of bliss; the deep-blue ether glows,
And the stream murmurs round its islets fair
The tender night-song of a charm'd repose.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love,
The kiss of rapture, and the link'd embrace,
The hallow'd converse in the dim, still grove,
The elysium of a heart-revealing face,
When all is beautiful—for we are bless'd,
When all is lovely—for we are beloved,
When all is silent—for our passions rest,
When all is faithful—for our hopes are proved.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer,
Of hush'd communion with ourselves and Heaven,
When our waked hearts their inmost thoughts
declare,

High, pure, far-searching, like the light of even;
When hope becomes fruition, and we feel
The holy earnest of eternal peace,
That bids our pride before the Omniscient kneel,
That bids our wild and warring passions cease.

Ave Maria! soft the vesper hymn
Floats through the cloisters of yon holy pile,
And, mid the stillness of the night-watch dim,
Attendant spirits seem to hear and smile!
Hark! hath it ceased! The vestal seeks her cell,
And reads her heart—a melancholy tale!
A song of happier years, whose echoes swell
O'er her lost love, like pale bereavement's wail.

Ave Maria! let our prayers ascend
From them whose holy offices afford
No joy in heaven—on earth without a friend—
That true, though faded image of the Lord!
For them in vain the face of nature glows,
For them in vain the sun in glory burns,
The hollow breast consumes in fiery woes,
And meets despair and death where'er it turns.

Ave Maria! in the deep pine wood,
On the clear stream, and o'er the azure sky
Bland midnight smiles, and starry solitude
Breathes hope in every breeze that wanders by.
Ave Maria! may our last hour come
As bright, as pure, as gentle, Heaven! as this!
Let faith attend us smiling to the tomb,
And life and death are both the heirs of bliss!

RUFUS DAWES.

[Born, 1803.]

THE family of the author of "Geraldine" is one of the most ancient and respectable in Massachusetts. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Boston; and his grandfather, as president of the Council, was for a time acting governor of the state, on the death of the elected chief magistrate. His father, THOMAS DAWES, was for ten years one of the associate judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and was distinguished among the advocates of the Federal Constitution, in the state convention called for its consideration. He was a sound lawyer, a man of great independence of character, and was distinguished for the brilliancy of his wit, and for many useful qualities.*

RUFUS DAWES was born in Boston, on the twenty-sixth of January, 1803, and was the youngest but one of sixteen children. He entered Harvard College in 1820; but in consequence of class disturbances, and insubordination, of which it was afterward shown he was falsely accused, he was compelled to leave that institution without a degree. This indignity he retaliated by a severe satire on the most prominent members of the faculty—the first poem he ever published. He then entered the office of General WILLIAM SULLIVAN, as a law-student, and was subsequently admitted a member of the Suffolk county bar. He has however never pursued the practice of the legal profession, having been attracted by other pursuits more congenial with his feelings.

In 1829 he was married to the third daughter

of Chief Justice CRANCH, of Washington. In 1830 he published "The Valley of the Nashaway, and other Poems," some of which had appeared originally in the Cambridge "United States Literary Gazette;" and in 1839, "Athenia of Damascus," "Geraldine," and his miscellaneous poetical writings. His last work, "Nix's Mate," an historical romance, appeared in the following year.

With Mr. DAWES poetry seems to have been a passion, which is fast subsiding and giving place to a love of philosophy. He has been said to be a disciple of COLERIDGE, but in reality is a devoted follower of SWEDENBORG; and to this influence must be ascribed the air of mysticism which pervades his later productions. He has from time to time edited several legal, literary, and political works, and in the last has shown himself to be an adherent to the principles of the old Federal party. As a poet, his standing is yet unsettled, there being a wide difference of opinion respecting his writings. His versification is generally easy and correct, and in some pieces he exhibits considerable imagination.

In the winter of 1840–41, he delivered a course of lectures in the city of New York, before the American Institute, in which he combated the principles of the French eclectics and the Transcendentalists, contending that their philosophy is only a sublimated natural one, and very far removed from the true system of causes, and genuine spirituality.

LANCASTER.

THE Queen of May has bound her virgin brow,
And hung with blossoms every fruit-tree bough;
The sweet Southwest, among the early flowers,
Whispers the coming of delighted hours,
While birds within the heaping foliage, sing
Their music-welcome to returning Spring.

O, Nature! loveliest in thy green attire—
Dear mother of the passion-kindling lyre;
Thou who, in early days, upled'st me where
The mountains freeze above the summer air;
Or luredst my wandering way beside the streams,
To watch the bubbles as they mock'd my dreams,
Lead me again thy flowery paths among,
To sing of native scenes as yet unsung!

Dear Lancaster! thy fond remembrance brings
Thoughts, like the music of Æolian strings,

* He is classed by Mr. KETTEL among the American poets; and in the Book of "Specimens" published by him are given some passages of his "Law given on Sinai," published in Boston in 1777.

When the hush'd wind breathes only as it sleeps,
While tearful Love his anxious vigil keeps:—
When press'd with grief, or sated with the show
That Pleasure's pageant offers here below,
Midst scenes of heartless mirth or joyless glee,
How oft my aching heart has turn'd to thee,
And lived again, in memory's sweet recess,
The innocence of youthful happiness!

In life's dull dream, when want of sordid gain
Clings to our being with its cankering chain,
When lofty thoughts are cramp'd to stoop below
The vile, rank weeds that in their pathway grow,
Who would not turn amidst the darken'd scene,
To memoried spots where sunbeams intervene;
And dwell with fondness on the joyous hours,
When youth built up his pleasure-dome of flowers?

Now, while the music of the feather'd choir
Rings where the sheltering blossoms wake desire,
When dew-eyed Love looks tenderness, and speaks
A silent language with his mantling cheeks;
I think of those delicious moments past,
Which joyless age shall dream of to the last;

As now, though far removed, the Muse would tell,
Though few may listen, what she loved so well.

Dear hours of childhood, youth's propitious spring,
When Time fann'd only roses with his wing,
When dreams, that mock reality, could move
To yield an endless holiday to Love,
How do ye crowd upon my fever'd brain,
And, in imagination, live again!

Lo! I am with you now, the sloping green,
Of many a sunny hill is freshly seen;
Once more the purple clover bends to meet,
And shower their dew-drops on the pilgrim's feet;
Once more he breathes the fragrance of your fields,
Once more the orchard tree its harvest yields,
Again he hails the morning from your hills,
And drinks the cooling water of your rills,
While, with a heart subdued, he feels the power
Of every humble shrub and modest flower.

O thou who journeyest through that Eden-clime,
Winding thy devious way to cheat the time,
Delightful Nashaway! beside thy stream,
Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam.
Eccentric river! poet of the woods!

Where, in thy far secluded solitudes,
The wood-nymphs sport and naiads plash thy wave,
With charms more sweet than ever Fancy gave;
How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free,
I've con'd the silver lines that flow like thee,
Couch'd on thy emerald banks, at full length laid,
Where classic elms grew lavish of their shade,
Or indolently listen'd, while the throng
Of idler beings woke their summer song;
Or, with rude angling gear, outwatched the sun,
Comparing mine to deeds by WALTON done,

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees
Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze,
One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies,
Clasping the mirror'd beauties of the skies!
Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains!
So the deep blush their flatter'd glory stains.

Romantic river! on thy quiet breast,
While flash'd the salmon with his lightning crest,
Not long ago, the Indian's thin canoe
Skimm'd lightly as the shadow which it threw;
Not long ago, beside thy banks of green,
The night-fire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.

Thou peaceful valley! when I think how fair
Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare,
I cannot choose but own the Power that gave
Amidst thy woes a helping hand to save,
When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came,
And desolation raised its funeral flame!

'Tis night! the stars are kindled in the sky,
And hunger wakes the famished she-wolf's cry,
While, o'er the crusted snow, the careful tread
Betrays the heart whose pulses throb with dread;
Yon flickering light, kind beacon of repose!
The weary wanderer's homely dwelling shows,
Where, by the blazing fire, his bosom's joy
Holds to her heart a slumbering infant boy;
While every sound her anxious bosom moves,
She starts and listens for the one she loves:—
Hark! was't the night-bird's cry that met her
ear,

Curling the blood that thickens with cold fear!—

"Again, O God! that voice,—'tis his! 'tis his!"
She hears the death-shriek and the arrow's whiz,
When, as she turns, she sees the bursting door
Roll her dead husband bleeding on the floor.

Loud as the burst of sudden thunder, rose
The maddening war-cry of the ambush'd foes;
Startling in sleep, the dreamless infant wakes,
Like morning's smile when daylight's slumber
breaks;

"For mercy! spare my child, forbear the blow!"
In vain;—the warm blood crimson on the snow.

O'er the cold earth the captive mother sighs,
Her ears still tortured by her infant's cries;
She cannot weep, but deep resolve, unmoved,
Plots vengeance for the victims so beloved;
Lo! by their fire the glutton warriors lie,
Locked in the death-sleep of ebriety,
When from her bed of snow, whence slumber flew,
The frenzied woman rose the deed to do;—
Firmly beside the senseless men of blood,
With vengeful arm, the wretched mother stood;
She hears her groaning, dying lord expire,
Her woman's heart nerves up with maddening fire,
She sees her infant dashed against the tree,—
'Tis done!—the red men sleep eternally. [now,

Such were thy wrongs, sweet Lancaster! but
No spot so peaceful and serene as thou;
Thy hills and fields in checker'd richness stand,
The glory and the beauty of the land.

From calm repose, while glow'd the eastern sky,
And the fresh breeze went fraught with fragrance by,
Waked by the noisy woodbird, free from care,
What joy was mine to drink the morning air!
Not all the bliss maturer life can bring,
When ripen'd manhood soars with strengthen'd
wing,—

Not all the rapture Fancy ever wove,
Nor less than that which springs from mutual love,
Could challenge mine, when to the ravish'd sense
The sunrise painted God's magnificence!
George-hill, thou pride of Nashaway, for thee,—
Thyself the garden of fertility,—

Nature has hung a picture to the eye,
Where Beauty smiles at sombre Majesty.
The river winding in its course below, [grow,
Through fertile fields where yellowing harvests
The bowing elms that so majestic grew,
A green arcade for waves to wander through;
The deep, broad valley, where the new-mown hay
Loads the fresh breezes of the rising day,
And, distant far, Wachusett's towering height,
Blue in the lingering shadows of the night,
Have power to move the sternest heart to love,
That Nature's loveliness could ever move.

Ye who can slumber when the starlight fades,
And clouds break purpling through the eastern
shades,

Whose care-worn spirits cannot wake at morn,
To lead your buoyant footsteps o'er the lawn,
Can never know what joy the ravish'd sense
Feels in that moment's sacred influence.
I will not ask the meed of fortune's smile,
The flatterer's praise, that masks his heart of guile,
So I can walk beneath the ample sky,
And hear the birds' discordant melody,

'And see reviving Spring, and Summer's gloom,
And Autumn bending o'er his icy tomb,
And hoary Winter pile his snowy drifts;
For these to me are Fortune's highest gifts;
And I have found in poor, neglected flowers,
Companionship for many weary hours;
And high above the mountain's crest of snow,
Communed with storm-clouds in their wrath below;
And where the vault of heaven, from some vast
height

Grew black, as fell the shadows of the night,
Where the stars seem to come to you, I've woo'd
The grandeur of the fearful solitude.
From such communion, feelings often rise,
To guard the heart midst life's perplexities,
Lighting a heaven within, whose deep-felt joy
Compensates well for Sorrow's dark alloy.
Then, though the worldly chide, and wealth deny,
And passion conquer where it fain would fly,
Though friends you love betray, while these are left,
The heart can never wholly be bereft.

Hard by yon giant elm, whose branches spread
A rustling robe of leaves above your head;
Where weary travellers, from noonday heat,
Beneath the hospitable shade retreat,
The school-house met the stranger's busy eye,
Who turned to gaze again, he knew not why.
Thrice lovely spot! where, in the classic spring,
My young ambition dipp'd her fever'd wing,
And drank unseen the vision and the fire
That break with quenchless glory from the lyre!
Amidst thy wealth of art, fair Italy!
While Genius warms beneath thy cloudless sky,
As o'er the waking marble's polished mould
The sculptor breathes PYGMALION'S prayer of old,
His heart shall send a frequent sigh to rove,
A pilgrim to the birth-place of his love!

And can I e'er forget that hallowed spot,
Whence springs a charm that may not be forgot;
Where, in a grove of elm and sycamore,
The pastor show'd his hospitable door,
And kindness shone so constantly to bless
That sweet abode of peace and happiness?

The oaken bucket—where I stoop'd to drink
The crystal water, trembling at the brink,
Which through the solid rock in coldness flow'd,
While creaked the ponderous lever with its load;
The dairy—where so many moments flew,
With half the dainties of the soil in view; [care,
Where the broad pans spread out the milkmaid's
To feed the busy churn that labour'd there;
The garden—where such neatness met the eye,
A stranger could not pass unheeding by;
The orchard—and the yellow-mantled fields,
Each in its turn some dear remembrance yields.

Ye who can mingle with the glittering crowd,
Where Mammon struts in rival splendour proud;
Who pass your days in heartless fashion's round,
And bow with hatred, where ye fear to wound;
Away! no flatterer's voice, nor coward's sneer,
Can find a welcome, or an altar here.
But ye who look beyond the common ken,
Self-unexalted when ye judge of men,
Who, conscious of defects, can hurry by
Faults that lay claim upon your charity;

Who feel that thrilling vision of the soul
Which looks through faith beyond an earthly goal,
And will not yet refuse the homely care
Which every being shares, or ought to share;
Approach! the home of Goodness is your own,
And such as ye are worthy, such alone.

When silence hung upon the Sabbath's smile,
And noiseless footsteps paced the sacred aisle,
When hearts united woke the suppliant lay,
And happy faces bless'd the holy day;
O, Nature! could thy worshipper have own'd
Such joy, as then upon his bosom thrond;
When feelings, even as the printless snow,
Were harmless, guileless as a child can know;
Or, if they swerved from right, were pliant still,
To follow Virtue from the path of ill?
No! when the morning's old, the mist will rise
To cloud the fairest vision of our eyes;
As hopes too brightly formed in rainbow dyes,
A moment charm—then vanish in the skies!

Sweet hour of holy rest, to mortals given,
To paint with love the fairest way to heaven;
When from the sacred book instruction came
With fervid eloquence and kindling flame.
No mystic rites were there; to God alone
Went up the grateful heart before his throne,
While solemn anthems from the organ pour'd
Thanksgiving to the high and only LORD.

Lo! where yon cottage whitens through the
green,

The loveliest feature of a matchless scene;
Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,
An aged mother draws her children near;
While from the Holy Word, with earnest air,
She teaches them the privilege of prayer.
Look! how their infant eyes with rapture speak;
Mark the flush'd lily on the dimpled cheek;
Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love,
Their hopes are enter'd in a world above,
Where, in a choir of angels, faith portrays
The loved, departed father of their days.

Beside yon grassless mound, a mourner kneels,
There gush no tears to soothe the pang he feels;
His loved, his lost, lies coffin'd in the sod,
Whose soul has found a dwelling-place with God!
Though press'd with anguish, mild religion shows
His aching heart a balm for all its woes;
And hope smiles upward, where his love shall find
A union in eternity of mind!

Turn there your eyes, ye cold, malignant crew,
Whose vile ambition dims your reason's view,
Ye faithless ones, who preach religion vain,
And, childlike, chase the phantoms of your brain;
Think not to crush the heart whose truth has
Its confidence in heavenly love reveal'd. [seal'd
Let not the atheist deem that Fate decrees
The lot of man to misery or ease,
While to the contrite spirit faith is given,
To find a hope on earth, a rest in heaven.

Unrival'd Nashaway! where the willows throw
Their frost'd beauty on thy path below,
Beneath the verdant drapery of the trees,
Luxuriant Fancy woos the sighing breeze.
The redbreast singing where the fruit-tree weaves
Its silken canopy of mulb'ry leaves;

Enamell'd fields of green, where herding kine
Crop the wet grass, or in the shade recline;
The tapping woodbird, and the minstrel bee,
The squirrel mcing on his moss-grown tree,
With clouds of pleasant dreams, demand in vain
Creative thought to give them life again.

I turn where, glancing down, the eye surveys
Art building up the wreck of other days;
For graves of silent tribes upheave the sod,
And Science smiles where savage PHILIP trod;
Where wing'd the poison'd shaft along the skies,
The hammer rings, the noisy shuttle flies;
Impervious forests bow before the blade,
And fields rise up in yellow robes array'd.
No lordly palace nor imperial seat
Grasps the glad soil where freemen plant their
feet;

No ruin'd castle here with ivy waves,
To make us blush for ancestry of slaves;
But, lo! unnumber'd dwellings meet the eye,
Where men lie down in native majesty:
The morning birds spring from their leafy bed,
As the stern ploughman quits his happy shed;
His arm is steel'd to toil—his heart to bear
The robe of pain, that mortals always wear;
Though wealth may never come, a plenteous board
Smiles at the pamper'd rich man's joyless hoard;
True, when among his sires, no gilded heir
Shall play the fool, and damn himself to care,
But Industry and Knowledge lead the way,
Where Independence braves the roughest day.

Nurse of my country's infancy, her stay
In youthful trials and in danger's day;
Diffusive Education! 'tis to thee
She owes her mountain-breath of Liberty;
To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom,
To light her path, and shield her from the tomb;
Beneath thine Ægis tyranny shall fail,
Before thy frown the traitor's heart shall quail;
Ambitious foes to liberty may wear
A patriot mask, to compass what they dare,
And sting the thoughtless nation, while they smile
Benignantly and modestly the while;
But thou shalt rend the virtuous-seeming guise,
And guard her from the worst of enemies.
Eternal Power! whose tempted thunder sleeps,
While heaven-eyed Mercy turns away and weeps;
Thou who didst lead our fathers where to send
Their free devotions to their God and friend;
Thou who hast swept a wilderness away,
That men may walk in freedom's cloudless day;
Guard well their trust, lest impious faction dare
Unlock the chain that binds our birthright fair;
That private views to public good may yield,
And honest men stand fearless in the field!

Once more I turn to thee, fair Nashaway!
The farewell tribute of my humble lay;
The time may come, when lofty notes shall bear
Thy peerless beauty to the gladden'd air;
Now to the lyre no daring hand aspires,
And rust grows cankering on its tuneless wires.

Our lays are like the fitful streams that flow
From careless birds, that carol as they go;
Content, beneath the mountain-top to sing,
And only touch Castalia with a wing.

ANNE BOLEYN.

I WEEP while gazing on thy modest face,
Thou pictured history of woman's love!
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,
Shaming its whiteness; and thine eyes are full
Of conscious beauty, as they undulate.
Yet all thy beauty, poor, deluded girl!
Served but to light thy ruin.—Is there not,
Kind Heaven! some secret talisman of hearts,
Whereby to find a resting-place for love?
Unhappy maiden! let thy story teach
The beautiful and young, that while their path
Softens with roses,—danger may be there;
That Love may watch the bubbles of the stream,
But never trust his image on the wave.

SUNRISE,

FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem:—
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
Of borrow'd beauty, how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away!
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the day—the mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming;—no song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks!
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen;
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued;
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
Unrifted to the Thunderer—now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellow'd by distance, with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills—and, hurrying to the west,
Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path,
The glad Connecticut! I know her well,
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms:
At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,
Sportfully hiding—then again with glee
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes and woods,
And all that hold the faculty entranced,

Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even now the curling vapours rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away;—
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and when oppress'd,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She simplifies the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladden'd air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

YES! still I love thee:—Time, who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow;—
Where love, that cannot perish, grows
For one, alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
Within its robe of light,

Can never touch a leaf that blows,
Though *seeming* to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,—
A snow-drop in the sun!
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momentarily of me,—
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee;
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
Like dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know,
The stream that seems to thee so still,
Has such a tide below!

Enough! that in delicious dreams
I see thee and forget—
Enough, that when the morning beams,
I feel my eyelids wet!
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness, for creation's pall,
To meet thee,—and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above.

EXTRACT FROM "GERALDINE."

I KNOW a spot where poets fain would dwell,
To gather flowers and food for afterthought,
As bees draw honey from the rose's cell,
To have among the treasures they have wrought;
And there a cottage from a sylvan screen
Sent up its curling smoke amidst the green.

Around that hermit-home of quietude,
The elm trees whisper'd with the summer air,
And nothing ever ventured to intrude,
But happy birds, that caroll'd wildly there,
Or honey-laden harvesters, that flew
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Around the door the honeysuckle climbed,
And Multa-flora spread her countless roses,
And never minstrel sang nor poet rhymed
Romantic scene where happiness reposes,
Sweeter to sense than that enchanting dell,
Where home-sick memory fondly loves to dwell.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,
Hard by a shelving lake, whose pebbled bed
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood,
That hung its festoon foliage over head,
Where wild deer came at eve, unarm'd, to drink,
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,
Where through the mountain vista one vast
height
Tower'd heavenward without peer, his forehead
With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,
While far below, the lake, in bridal rest,
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.

EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

(Born, 1804. Died, 1830.)

EDMUND DORR GRIFFIN was born in the celebrated valley of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the tenth day of September, 1804. During his infancy his parents removed to New York, but on account of the delicacy of his constitution, he was educated, until he was twelve years old, at various schools in the country. He entered Columbia College, in New York, in 1819, and until he was graduated, four years afterwards, maintained the highest rank in the successive classes. During this period most of his Latin and English poems were composed. He was admitted to deacon's orders, in the Episcopal Church, in 1826, and

after spending two years in the active discharge of the duties of his profession, set out on his travels. He passed through France, Italy, Switzerland, England, and Scotland, and returned to New York in the spring of 1830. He was then appointed an associate professor in Columbia College, but resigned the office after a few months, in consequence of ill health, and closed a life of successful devotion to learning, and remarkable moral purity, on the first day of September, in the same year. His travels in Europe, sermons, and miscellaneous writings were published in two large octavo volumes, in 1831.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ITALY.

"Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte."—FILICIA.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power;
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvests loads the scarce till'd plain.
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreath with their chaplets, sweet though fading
soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave:
Where, like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial Nature gave,
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own, [trol.
And now with passionate throbs that spurn con-

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!

Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been!
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence:
Shades of departed heroes, rise again!

Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

O, Italy! my country, fare thee well!

For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me
dwell,

The fathers of my mind? whose fame impress'd
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest

With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams!

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;

I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where CÆSAR's palace in its glory stood;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Paestum's shrines, and Baiæ's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—never
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar— [more!
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare—fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cherish'd mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launch'd on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind.
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE, BY VENUS.

THOUGH old in cunning, as in years,
 He is so small, that like a child
 In face and form, the god appears,
 And sportive like a boy, and wild;
 Lightly he moves from place to place,
 In none at rest, in none content;
 Delighted some new toy to chase—
 On childish purpose ever bent.
 Beware! to childhood's spirit gay
 Is added more than childhood's power;
 And you perchance may rue the hour
 That saw you join his seeming play.

He quick is anger'd, and as quick
 His short-lived passion's over past,
 Like summer lightnings, flashing thick,
 But flying ere a bolt is cast.
 I've seen, myself, as 't were together,
 Now joy, now grief assume its place,
 Shedding a sort of April weather,
 Sunshine and rain upon his face.
 His curling hair floats on the wind,
 Like Fortune's, long and thick before,
 And rich and bright as golden ore:
 Like hers, his head is bald behind.

His ruddy face is strangely bright,
 It is the very hue of fire,
 The inward spirit's quenchless light,
 The glow of many a soft desire.
 He hides his eye that keenly flashes,
 But sometimes steals a thrilling glance
 From 'neath his drooping silken lashes,
 And sometimes looks with eye askance;
 But seldom ventures he to gaze
 With looks direct and open eye;
 For well he knows—the urchin sly—
 But one such look his guile betrays.

His tongue, that seems to have left just then
 His mother's breast, discourses sweet,
 And forms his lisping infant strain
 In words scarce utter'd, half-complete;
 Yet, wafted on a winged sigh,
 And led by Flattery, gentle guide,
 Unseen into the heart they fly,
 Its coldness melt, and tame its pride.
 In smiles that hide intended wo,
 His ruddy lips are always dress'd,
 As flowers conceal the listening crest
 Of the coil'd snake that lurks below.

In carriage courteous, meek, and mild,
 Humble in speech, and soft in look,
 He seems a wandering orphan child,
 And asks a shelter in some nook
 Or corner left unoccupied:
 But, once admitted as a guest,
 By slow degrees he lays aside
 That lowly port and look distress'd—
 Then insolent assumes his reign,
 Displays his capitious, high-bred airs,
 His causeless pets and jealous fears,
 His fickle fancy and unquiet brain.

EMBLEMS.

YON rose, that bows her graceful head to hail
 The welcome visitant that brings the morn,
 And spreads her leaves to gather from the gale
 The coolness on its early pinions borne,
 Listing the music of its whisper'd tale,
 And giving stores of perfume in return—
 Though fair she seem, full many a thorn doth hide;
 Perhaps a worm pollutes her bosom's pride.

YON oak, that proudly throws his arms on high,
 Threshing the air that flies their frequent strokes,
 And lifts his haughty crest towards the sky,
 Daring the thunder that its height provokes,
 And spreads his foliage wide, a shelter nigh,
 From noonday heats to guard the weary flocks—
 Though strong he seem, must dread the bursting
 And e'en the malice of the feeble worm. [storm,

The moon, that sits so lightly on her throne,
 Gliding majestic on her silent way,
 And sends her silvery beam serenely down,
 'Mong waving boughs and frolic leaves to play,
 To sleep upon the bank with moss o'ergrown,
 Or on the clear waves, clearer far than they—
 Seems purity itself; but if again
 We look, and closely, we perceive a stain.

Fit emblems all, of those unworthy joys
 On which our passions and our hopes dilate:
 We wound ourselves to seize on Pleasure's toys,
 Nor see their worthlessness until too late;
 And Power, with all its pomp and all its noise,
 Meets oft a sudden and a hapless fate;
 And Fame of gentle deeds and daring high,
 Is often stain'd by blots of foulest dye.

Where then shall man, by his Creator's hand
 Gifted with feelings that must have an aim,
 Aspiring thoughts and hopes, a countless band;
 Affections glowing with a quenchless flame,
 And passions, too, in dread array that stand,
 To aid his virtue or to stamp his shame:
 Where shall he fix a soul thus form'd and given?
 Fix it on Gon, and it shall rise to Heaven.

TO A LADY.

LIKE target for the arrow's aim,
 Like snow beneath the sunny heats,
 Like wax before the glowing flame,
 Like cloud before the wind that fleets,
 I am—'tis love that made me so,
 And, lady, still thou sayst me no.

The wound's inflicted by thine eyes,
 The mortal wound to hope and me,
 Which naught, alas, can cicatrize,
 Nor time, nor absence, far from thee.
 Thou art the sun, the fire, the wind,
 That make me such; ah, then be kind!

My thoughts are darts, my soul to smite;
 Thy charms the sun, to blind my sense,
 My wishes—ne'er did passion light
 A flame more pure or more intense.
 Love all these arms at once employs,
 And wounds, and dazzles, and destroys.

J. H. BRIGHT.

[Born, 1804. Died, 1837.]

JONATHAN HUNTINGTON BRIGHT was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. At an early age he went to New York, where he resided several years, after which he removed to Albany, and subsequently to Richmond, in Virginia, where he was married. In the autumn of 1836 he sailed for New Orleans, and soon after his arrival in that

city was induced to ascend the Mississippi, to take part in a mercantile interest at Manchester, where he died, very suddenly, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was for several years a writer for the public journals and literary magazines, under the signature of "Viator." His poetry has never been published collectively.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

THE moon was high in the autumn sky,
The stars waned cold and dim,
Where hoarsely the mighty Oregon
Peals his eternal hymn;
And the prairie-grass bent its seedy heads
Far over the river's brim.

An impulse I might not defy,
Constrain'd my footsteps there,
When through the gloom a red eye burn'd
With fix'd and steady glare;
And a huge, misshapen form of mist
Loom'd in the midnight air.

Then out it spake: "My name is Death!"
Thick grew my blood, and chill—
A sense of fear weigh'd down my breath,
And held my pulses still;
And a voice from that unnatural shade
Compell'd me to its will.

"Dig me a grave! dig me a grave!"
The gloomy monster said,
"And make it deep, and long, and wide,
And bury me my dead."
A corpse without sheet or shroud, at my feet,
And rusted mattock laid.

With trembling hand the tool I spann'd,
'Twas wet with blood, and cold,
And from its slimy handle hung
• The gray and ropy mould;
And I sought to detach my stiffen'd grasp,
But could not loose my hold.

"Now cautiously turn up the sod;
God's image once it bore,
And time shall be when each small blade
To life He will restore,
And the separate particles shall take
The shape which first they wore."

Deeply my spade the soft earth pierced,
It touch'd the festering dead;
Tier above tier the corpses lay,
As leaves in autumn shed;
The vulture circled, and flapp'd his wings,
And scream'd, above my head.

O, then I sought to rest my brow,
The spade I held, its prop;
"Toil on! toil on!" scream'd the ugly fiend,
"My servants never stop!
Toil on! toil on! at the judgment-day
Ye'll have a glorious crop!"
Now, wheresoe'er I turn'd my eyes,
'T was horrible to see
How the grave made bare her secret work,
And disclosed her depths to me;
While the ground beneath me heaved and roll'd
Like the billows of the sea.

The spectre skinn'd his yellow teeth—
"Ye like not this, I trow:
Six thousand years your fellow-man
Has counted me his foe,
And ever when he cursed I laugh'd,
And drew my fatal bow.

"And generations all untold
In this dark spot I've laid—
The forest ruler and the young
And tender Indian maid;
And moulders with their carcasses
Behemoth of the glade.

"Yet here they may no more remain;
I fain would have this room:
And they must seek another rest,
Of deeper, lonelier gloom;
Long ages since I mark'd this spot
To be the white man's tomb.

"Already his coming steps I hear,
From the east's remotest line,
While over his advancing hosts
The forward banners shine:
And where he builds his cities and towns,
I ever must build mine."

Anon a pale and silvery mist
Was girdled round the moon:
Slowly the dead unclosed their eyes,
On midnight's solemn noon.
"Ha!" mutter'd the mocking sprite, "I fear
We've waken'd them too soon!

"Now marshal all the numerous host
In one concentred band,

And hurry them to the west," said he,
 "Where ocean meets the land :
 They shall regard thy bidding voice,
 And move at thy command."

Then first I spake—the sullen corpse
 Stood on the gloomy sod,
 Like the dry bones the prophet raised,
 When bidden by his God ;
 A might company, so vast,
 Each on the other trod.

They stalk'd erect as if alive,
 Yet not to life allied,
 But like the pestilence that walks,
 And wasteth at noontide,
 Corruption animated, or
 The grave personified.

The earth-worm drew his slimy trail
 Across the bloodless cheek,
 And the carrion bird in hot haste came
 To gorge his thirsty beak ;
 But, scared by the living banquet, fled,
 Another prey to seek.

While ever as on their way they moved,
 No voice they gave, nor sound,
 And before and behind, and about their sides,
 Their wither'd arms they bound ;
 As the beggar clasps his skinny hands
 His tatter'd garments round.

On, on we went through the livelong night,
 Death and his troop, and I ;
 We turn'd not aside for forest or stream
 Or mountain towering high,
 But straight and swift as the hurricane sweeps
 Athwart the stormy sky.

Once, once I stopp'd, where something gleam'd,
 With a bright and star-like ray,
 And I stoop'd to take the diamond up
 From the grass in which it lay ;
 'Twas an eye that from its socket fell,
 As some wretch toil'd on his way.

At length our army reach'd the verge
 Of the far-off western shore ;
 Death drove them into the sea, and said,
 "Ye shall remove no more."
 The ocean hymn'd their solemn dirge,
 And his waters swept them o'er.

The stars went out, the morning smiled
 With rosy tints of light,
 The bird began his early hymn,
 And plumed his wings for flight :
 And the vision of death was broken with
 The breaking up of night.

HE WEDDED AGAIN.

ERE death had quite stricken the bloom from her
 cheek,
 Or worn off the smoothness and gloss of her brow,
 When our quivering lips her dear name could not
 speak,
 And our hearts vainly strove to God's judgment
 to bow ;

He estranged himself from us, and cheerfully then
 Sought out a new object, and wedded again.

The dust had scarce settled itself on her lyre,
 And its soft, melting tones still held captive the ear,
 While we look'd for her fingers to glide o'er the wire,
 And waited in fancy her sweet voice to hear ;
 He turn'd from her harp and its melody then,
 Sought out a new minstrel and wedded again.

The turf had not yet by a stranger been trod,
 Nor the pansy a single leaf shed on her grave,
 The cypress had not taken root in the sod, [gave ;
 Nor the stone lost the freshness the sculptor first
 He turn'd from these mournful remembrances then,
 Wove a new bridal chaplet, and wedded again.

His dwelling to us, O, how lonely and sad !
 When we thought of the light death had stolen
 away,
 Of the warm hearts which once in its keeping it had,
 And that one was now widow'd and both in decay ;
 But its deep desolation had fled even then—
 He sought a new idol, and wedded again.

But can *she* be quite blest who presides at his board ?
 Will no troublesome vision her happy home shade,
 Of a future love luring and charming her lord,
 When she with our lost one forgotten is laid ?
 She must know he will worship some other star then,
 Seek out a new love, and be wedded again.

SONG.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
 Its darken'd shadows fling,
 And hopes that cheer thee now,
 Die in their early spring ;
 Should pleasure at its birth
 Fade like the hues of even,
 Turn thou away from earth,—
 There's rest for thee in heaven !

If ever life shall seem
 To thee a toilsome way,
 And gladness cease to beam
 Upon its clouded day ;
 If, like the wearied dove,
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,
 Raise thou thine eye above,—
 There's rest for thee in heaven !

But, O ! if always flowers
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,
 And gayly pass the hours,
 Undim'd by earthly gloom ;
 Still let not every thought
 To this poor world be given,
 Not always be forgot
 Thy better rest in heaven !

When sickness pales thy cheek,
 And dims thy lustrous eye,
 And pulses low and weak
 Tell of a time to die—
 Sweet hope shall whisper then,
 "Though thou from earth be riven,
 There's bliss beyond thy ken,—
 There's rest for thee in heaven !"

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[Born, 1804.]

MR. PRENTICE is a native of Preston, in Connecticut, and was educated at Brown University, in Providence, where he was graduated in 1823. He edited for several years, at Hartford, "The New England Weekly Review," in connection, I believe, with JOHN G. WHITTIER; and in 1831

he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he has since conducted the "Journal," of that city, one of the most popular gazettes ever published in this country. Nearly all his poems were written while he was in the university. They have never been published collectively.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, [form,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn
And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has pass'd to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It pass'd o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flash'd in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shiver'd; and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home

In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To dangle in the trackless void:—yet Time—
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

LINES TO A LADY.

LADY, I love, at eventide,

When stars, as now, are on the wave,
To stray in loneliness, and muse
Upon the one dear form that gave
Its sunlight to my boyhood; oft
That same sweet look sinks, still and soft,
Upon my spirit, and appears
As lovely as in by-gone years.

Eve's low, faint wind is breathing now,

With deep and soul-like murmuring,
Through the dark pines; and thy sweet words
Seem borne on its mysterious wing;

And oft, mid musings sad and lone,
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone
Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear,
Like music in the dreaming air.

When sleep's calm wing is on my brow,
And dreams of peace my spirit lull,
Before me, like a misty star,
That form floats dim and beautiful;
And, when the gentle moonbeam smiles
On the blue streams and dark-green isles,
In every ray pour'd down the sky,
That same light form seems stealing by.

It is a blessed picture, shrined
In memory's urn; the wing of years
Can change it not, for there it glows,
Undim'd by "weaknesses and tears;"
Deep-hidden in its still recess,
It beams with love and holiness,
O'er hours of being, dark and dull,
Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away;
'Tis in the stillness of my heart,
And o'er its brightness I have mused
In solitude; it is a part
Of my existence; a dear flower
Breathed on by Heaven: morn's earliest hour
That flower bedews, and its blue eye
At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady, like thine, my visions cling
To the dear shrine of buried years;
The past, the past! it is too bright,
Too deeply beautiful for tears;
We have been bless'd; though life is made
A tear, a silence, and a shade,
And years have left the vacant breast
To loneliness—we have been bless'd!

Those still, those soft, those summer eyes,
When by our favourite stream we stood,
And watch'd our mingling shadows there,
Soft-pictured in the deep-blue flood,
Seem'd one enchantment. O! we felt,
As there, at love's pure shrine, we knelt,
That life was sweet, and all its hours
A glorious dream of love and flowers.

And still 'tis sweet. Our hopes went by
Like sounds upon the unbroken sea;
Yet memory wings the spirit back
To deep, undying melody;
And still, around her early shrine,
Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine,
Young Love his brightest garland wreathes,
And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown—yet parted hours
Still in the depths of memory lie,
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of summer's deep and brilliant sky;
And Love's bright flashes seem again
To fall upon the glowing chain
Of our existence. Can it be
That all is but a mockery?

Lady, adieu! to other climes

I go, from joy, and hope, and thee;
A weed on Time's dark waters thrown,
A wreck on life's wild-heaving sea;
I go; but O, the past, the past!
Its spell is o'er my being cast,—
And still, to Love's remember'd eves,
With all but hope, my spirit cleaves.

Adieu! adieu! My farewell words
Are on my lyre, and their wild flow
Is faintly dying on the chords,
Broken and tuneless. Be it so!
Thy name—O, may it never swell
My strain again—yet long 't will dwell
Shrined in my heart, unbreathed, unspoken—
A treasured word—a cherish'd token.

THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEP on, sleep on! above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep;
The waves are round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep.
O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on; the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
The music of its waves;
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And, pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on; the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep;
But, when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on; thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet;
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet:
And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
As oft she turns to view, with tears,
The Eden of departed years.

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
 Yet twilight lingers still ;
 And beautiful as dream of Heaven
 It slumbers on the hill ;
 Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
 Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
 And, rendering back the hues above,
 Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees
 In shadowy groups recline,
 Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer
 Around their holy shrine ;
 And through their leaves the night-winds blow
 So calm and still, their music low
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
 Soft echo'd on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
 Retiring from the sky,
 So calmly move, so softly glow,
 They seem to fancy's eye
 Bright creatures of a better sphere,
 Come down at noon to worship here,
 And, from their sacrifice of love,
 Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
 The night-arch floating by,
 The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
 The bright streams leaping by,
 Are living with religion—deep
 On earth and sea its glories sleep,
 And mingle with the starlight rays,
 Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
 Comes through the silent air
 To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
 A gush of music there !
 And the far depths of ether beam
 So passing fair, we almost dream
 That we can rise, and wander through
 Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams,
 Each pulse is beating wild ;
 And thought is soaring to the shrine
 Of glory undefiled !
 And holy aspirations start,
 Like blessed angels, from the heart,
 And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
 Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee ;—that eye of flame,
 Those tresses, falling bright and free,
 That brow, where "Beauty writes her name,"
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
 Upon the shutting flowers ; like souls at rest
 The stars shine gloriously : and all
 Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !
 The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
 Waves o'er thy head ; when shall it wave
 Above thy child !

'T is a sweet flower, yet must
 Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ;
 Dear mother, 't is thine emblem ; dust
 Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die :
 To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
 By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
 And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
 To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
 And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
 With bitter tears.

Ay, I must linger here,
 A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree,
 Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
 Went down with thee !

Oft, from life's wither'd bower,
 In still communion with the past, I turn,
 And muse on thee, the only flower
 In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
 Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
 I stray to hear the night-winds wail
 Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?
 I gaze above—thy look is imaged there ;
 I listen—and thy gentle tone
 Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press
 My brow upon thy grave ; and, in those mild
 And thrilling tones of tenderness,
 Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless your weeping child ;
 And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—
 O, give his spirit, undefiled,
 To blend with thine.

Y

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

[Born, 1804.]

THE Reverend WILLIAM CROSWELL is a son of the Reverend Doctor CROSWELL, of New Haven, and was educated at Yale College, where he was graduated in the summer of 1824. He was subsequently, for two years, associated with Doctor DOANE, now Bishop of New Jersey, in the editorship of the "Episcopal Watchman," at Hartford, after which he removed to Boston, and was for

several years minister of Christ's Church, in that city. He is now rector of St. Peter's, in the beautiful village of Auburn, in the western part of the state of New York. His poems are nearly all religious. Bishop DOANE, in a note to his edition of KEBLE's "Christian Year," remarks that "he has more unwritten poetry in him" than any man he knows.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away."—ST. PAUL.

I SAW them in their synagogue,
As in their ancient day,
And never from my memory
The scene will fade away,
For, dazzling on my vision, still
The latticed galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters,
In their beauty half-divine!

It is the holy Sabbath eve,—
The solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
A lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance
It falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's
Phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart
Before the eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies,
With chanted prayers between,
And mid the tissue'd veils disclosed,
Of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewell'd scarfs,
The sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest,
A silvery-headed man
With voice of solemn cadence o'er
The backward letters ran,
And often yet methinks I see
The glow and power that sat
Upon his face, as forth he spread
The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I pray'd,
That from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters,
Might break on every soul,
That on their harden'd hearts the veil
Might be no longer dark,
But be forever in twain
Like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O, Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all MESSIAH's signs
In CHRIST distinctly seen,
Shall, by JEROME's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

THE CLOUDS.

"Cloud land! Gorgeous land!"—COLERIDGE.

I CANNOT look above and see
Yon high-piled, pillow mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, LORD, how thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilion'd all the day!

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravish'd from his followers' view,
Aloft his flight he bore,
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-colour'd dyes,
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies—
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurl'd
About the Saviour, when he holds
His judgment on the world!

For in like manner as he went,—
My soul, hast thou forgot!—
Shall be his terrible descent,
When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of man, against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When thou shalt come again with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven!

THE ORDINAL.

ALAS for me if I forget
 The memory of that day
 Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
 E'en sleep can take away !
 In dreams I still renew the rites
 Whose strong but mystic chain
 The spirit to its God unites,
 And none can part again.

How oft the bishop's form I see,
 And hear that thrilling tone
 Demanding with authority
 The heart for God alone ;
 Again I kneel as then I knelt,
 While he above me stands,
 And seem to feel, as then I felt,
 The pressure of his hands.

Again the priests in meet array,
 As my weak spirit fails,
 Beside me bend them down to pray
 Before the chancel-rails ;
 As then, the sacramental host
 Of God's elect are by,
 When many a voice its utterance lost,
 And tears dimm'd many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
 The vaulted aisles I see,
 And desk and cushion'd book repose
 In solemn sanctity,—
 The mitre o'er the marble niche,
 The broken crook and key,
 That from a bishop's tomb shone rich
 With polished tracery ;

The hangings, the baptismal font,
 All, all, save me unchanged,
 The holy table, as was wont,
 With decency arranged ;
 The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,
 Beneath their covering shine,
 Ere priestly hands are lifted up
 To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
 And I am set apart
 To serve the Lord, from first to last,
 With undivided heart ;
 And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
 Which God and man have heard,
 To speak the holy truth entire,
 In action and in word.

O Thou, who in thy holy place
 Hast set thine orders three,
 Grant me, thy meanest servant, grace
 To win a good degree ;
 That so, replenish'd from above,
 And in my office tried,
 Thou mayst be honoured, and in love
 Thy church be edified !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE thickly-woven boughs they wreath
 Through every hallow'd fane
 A soft, reviving odour breathe
 Of summer's gentle reign ;
 And rich the ray of mild green light
 Which, like an emerald's glow,
 Comes struggling through the latticed height
 Upon the crowds below.

O, let the streams of solemn thought
 Which in those temples rise,
 From deeper sources spring than aught
 Dependent on the skies :
 Then, though the summer's pride departs,
 And winter's withering chill
 Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
 Shall be unchanging still.

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

WITH awful dread his murderers shook,
 As, radiant and serene,
 The lustre of his dying look
 Was like an angel's seen ;
 Or Moses' face of paly light,
 When down the mount he trod,
 All glowing from the glorious sight
 And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
 Be his rapt vision given,
 To look above by faith, and see
 Revelments bright of heaven.
 And power to speak our triumphs out,
 As our last hour draws near,
 While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
 Before our view appear.

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

WE come not with a costly store,
 O Lord, like them of old,
 The masters of the starry lore,
 From Ophir's shore of gold :
 No weepings of the incense tree
 Are with the gifts we bring,
 No odorous myrrh of Araby
 Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best,
 A spirit keenly tried
 By fierce affliction's fiery test,
 And seven times purified :
 The fragrant graces of the mind,
 The virtues that delight
 To give their perfume out, will find
 Acceptance in thy sight.

WALTER COLTON.

[Born, 1804.]

THE Reverend WALTER COLTON is a native of Rutland, in Vermont. He was educated at Yale College, where he had a high reputation for classical learning; and on being graduated he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he spent three years in the study of divinity. He was soon after appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Belles Lettres in the Military Academy at Middletown, in Connecticut; but the condition of his health making a sea-voyage desirable, he accepted a chaplain's commission in the navy, and joined the West India Squadron, in 1830. He was afterward transferred to the Mediterranean; and in the three years during which he was connected with this station, he travelled through Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; visited Constantinople,

and made his way to Paris and London. The results of his adventures he has partially given to the public in his volumes entitled "Ship and Shore," and "Athens and Constantinople." Soon after the publication of these works he was appointed Historiographer to the South Sea Surveying and Exploring expedition; but the ultimate reduction of the force designed for the Pacific squadron, and the resignation of his associates, induced him to forego the advantages of this office, and he has since been attached to the naval station at Philadelphia.

Beside the above works, Mr. COLTON has written much in the literary magazines; and he is now editor of the "North American," one of the most influential daily gazettes in the United States.

THE SAILOR.

A SAILOR ever loves to be in motion,
Roaming about, he scarce knows where or why;
He looks upon the dim and shadowy ocean
As home, abhors the land; and e'en the sky,
Boundless and beautiful, has naught to please,
Except some clouds, which promise him a breeze.
He is a child of mere impulse and passion,
Loving his friends, and generous to his foes,
And fickle as the most ephemeral fashion,
Save in the cut and colour of his clothes,
And in a set of phrases, which on land
The wisest head could never understand.
He thinks his dialect the very best
That ever flow'd from any human lip,
And whether in his prayers, or at a jest,
Uses the terms for managing a ship;
And even in death would order up the helm,
In hope to clear the "undiscover'd realm."
He makes a friend where'er he meets a shore,
One whom he cherishes with some affection;
But leaving port, he thinks of her no more,
Unless it be, perchance, in some reflection
Upon his wicked ways, then, with a sigh,
Resolves on reformation—ere he die.
In calms, he gazes at the sleeping sea,
Or seeks his lines, and sets himself to angling,
Or takes to politics, and, being free
Of facts and full of feeling, falls to wrangling:
Then recollects a distant eye and lip,
And rues the day on which he saw a ship:
Then looks up to the sky to watch each cloud,
As it displays its faint and fleeting form;
Then o'er the calm begins to mutter loud,
And swears he would exchange it for a storm,
Tornado, any thing—to put a close
To this most dead, monotonous repose.

An order given, and he obeys, of course,
Though 't were to run his ship upon the rocks—
Capture a squadron with a boat's-crew force—
Or batter down the massive granite blocks
Of some huge fortress with a swivel, pike,
Pistol, aught that will throw a ball, or strike.
He never shrinks, whatever may betide;
His weapon may be shiver'd in his hand,
His last companion shot down at his side,
Still he maintains his firm and desperate stand—
Bleeding and battling—with his colours fast
As nail can bind them to his shatter'd mast.
Such men fall not unmourn'd—their winding-sheet
May be the ocean's deep, unresting wave;
Yet o'er their grave will wandering winds repeat
The dirge of millions for the fallen brave;
While each high deed survives in holier trust
Than those consigned to mound or marble bust.
I love the sailor—his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife;
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more.

TO MY PIPE.

THE quiet spirit lulls the labouring brain,
Lures back to thought the flights of vacant mirth;
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,
And breathes contentment round the humble
hearth;
While savage warriors, soften'd by thy breath,
Unbind the captive hate had doom'd to death.
Thy vapour bathes the Caffre's sooty walls,
And fills the mighty czar's imperial dome;
Rolls through Byzantine's oriental halls,
And floats around the Arab's tented home;

Melts o'er the anchorite's repentant meal,
And shades the lightning of the Tartar's steel.

And yet the life that brought thine own to light,
Went out in dungeon-gloom and guiltless wo !
And he, who first on Europe's startled sight
Display'd thee, fell beneath the headsman's blow !
But thou, their foster-child, with filial grief,
Their memory keep'st in thy undying leaf.

The great leviathan, whose nostril heaves
The foaming brine in torrents to the sky,
The sailor-boy's descending steel bereaves
Of all that in that mountain mass could die :
But kings may war with thee,—thy subtle life
Can little reck the issue of the strife.

The mighty mound that guards ACHILLES' dust ;
The marble strength of AGAMEMNON's tomb ;
The pyramid of CHEOPS' dying trust
Now only give to doubt a deeper gloom :
But thy memorial unborn men shall find,
Immortal, mid the triumphs of the mind.

The towers of Thebes, which millions toil'd to rear,
In scatter'd ruins own the earthquake's shock ;
The fleets of Rome, that fill'd the isles with fear,
The storm hath left in fragments on the rock :
But thrones may crumble, empires fade away ;
Their frailties reach not thee, thou thing of clay !

The vast volcano, whose eruptive fires
O'er flaming fields and cinder'd cities fell ;
When once its central, nursing flame expires,
Stands empty, like a deep, extinguish'd hell !
But thy warm life extinct, a kindling coal
Can light again thy vapour-heaving bowl.

Thy purple wreaths, in soaring ringlets curl'd,
Float on the breeze to join that pall of cloud,
'Neath whose sepulchral gloom, this restless world
Will lie at last, in its unheaving shroud :
Thou, too, wilt then that last sad change reveal,
Which follows fast when death hath seal'd his seal.

Away, poor trifle ! what with thee is death ?
Only the spark extinct, that lit thy bowl ;
The fragrance fled, that mingled with thy breath ;
With man, it is a summons for his soul
To leave her work, for that awarding state,
Where boundless bliss, or endless woes await.

BYRON.

HE might have soar'd, a miracle of mind,
Above the doubts that dim our mental sphere,
And pour'd from thence, as music on the wind,
Those prophet tones, which men had turn'd to
As if an angel's harp had sung of bliss, [hear,
In some bright world beyond the tears of this.

But he betray'd his trust, and lent his gift
Of glorious faculties to blight and mar
The moral universe, and set adrift
The anchor'd hopes of millions,—thus the star
Of his eventful destiny became
A wild and wandering of fearful flame.

That orb hath set, yet still its lurid light
Flashes above the broad horizon's verge,
As if some comet, plunging from its height,
Should pause upon the ocean's boiling surge,
And in defiance of its darksome doom,
Light for itself a fierce volcanic tomb.

THE LAST WRECK.

THIS mighty globe, with all its stretching sail
And streamers set, is speeding wildly fast
To that dim coast, where thunder, cloud and gale
Will rend the shrouds, lay low the lofty mast,
And bear her down, mid night and howling wave,
With wail and shriek, to her engulfing grave.

No Pharos then will cast its cheering ray
To show the mariner the welcome shore ;
No friendly star come forth, as dying day
Darkens above the breakers' ceaseless roar ;
No minute-gun through calcined cliff or steep,
Startle the wrecker from his savage sleep.

Monarchs will seize the helm to stay its roll,
Then fall upon their trembling knees in prayer ;
Hoar voyagers scan again the chart's dim scroll,
And drop its idle page in mute despair ;
While pallid myriads, on the plunging deck,
Grapple with death, in that tremendous wreck.

And down 'twill sink amid the tide of time,
And leave no relics on the closing wave,
Except the records of its grief and crime ;
The gentle heaven will weep above its grave,
And universal nature softly rear
A dewy urn to this departed sphere.

THE CATHARA.

BUT yesterday thine eyes were bright
As rays that fringe the early cloud ;
Now closed to life, to love, and light,
Wrapp'd in the winding-sheet and shroud ;
And darkly o'er thee broods the pall,
While faint and low thy dirge is sung ;
And warm and fast around thee fall
Tears of the beautiful and young.

No more, sweet one ! on thee, no more
Will break the day-dawn fresh and fair ;
Nor evening's purple twilight pour
Its softness round thy raven hair :
No more beneath thy magic hand
Will wake the lyre's responsive lay ;
Or round its warmth the wreath expand,
To crown a sister's natal day.

Yet as the sweet surviving vine,
Around the bough that buds no more,
Will still its tender leaves entwine,
And bloom as freshly as before ;
So fond affection still will shed
The light on thee it used to wear,
And plant its roses round thy bed,
To breathe in fragrant beauty there.

MY FIRST LOVE, AND MY LAST.

CATHARA, when the many silent tears
 Of beauty, bending o'er thy dying bed,
 Bespoke the change familiar to our fears,
 I could not think thy spirit yet had fled—
 So like to life the slumber death had cast
 On thy sweet face, my first love and my last.
 I watch'd to see those lids their light unfold,
 For still thy forehead rose serene and fair,
 As when those raven ringlets richly roll'd
 O'er life, which dwelt in thought and beauty
 there:
 Thy cheek the while was rosy with the theme
 That flush'd along the spirit's mystic dream.
 Thy lips were circled with that silent smile
 Which oft around their dewy freshness woke,
 When some more happy thought or harmless wile
 Upon thy warm and wandering fancy broke:
 For thou wert Nature's child, and took the tone
 Of every pulse, as if it were thine own.
 I watch'd, and still believed that thou wouldst wake,
 When others came to place thee in the shroud:
 I thought to see this seeming slumber break,
 As I have seen a light, transparent cloud
 Disperse, which o'er a star's sweet face had thrown
 A shadow like to that which veil'd thine own.
 But, no: there was no token, look, or breath:
 The tears of those around, the tolling bell
 And hearse told us at last that this was death!
 I know not if I breathed a last farewell;
 But since that day my sweetest hours have pass'd
 In thought of thee, my first love and my last.

UNREQUITED LOVE, AND SUICIDE.

No tears regret may shed for thee
 Can now avail to save;
 No smiles that love may now decree
 Can light thy lowly grave;
 All dark the deed that drain'd the bowl,
 And freed from earthly ill the soul,
 Uncall'd by him who gave;
 But blighted hopes and passion plead,
 And erring pity veils the deed.
 But they, who never loved as thou,
 Will doubt in their dismay,
 If reason on thy burning brow
 Pour'd its diviner ray:
 They only know that feeble flame,
 Which most may quench, and all may tame,
 In their less sensate clay;
 And deem the heart may calmly bear
 The frenzied grief of love's despair.
 What now to thee that envied hearth,
 That sweet surviving thrall;
 Alike the voice of wail or mirth,
 Where death's dim shadows fall;

The all which love could once repay,
 With thy warm heart hath pass'd away,
 Nor may it now recall
 More than a faint and fitful beam,
 To light thee back in memory's dream.

What pass'd with thy departing breath,
 In shape of hurried prayer,
 Unknown to those who watch'd till death
 Had left its stillness there?
 It may have been a pleading tone,
 That wing'd its way to Mercy's throne,
 Unquench'd by guilt's despair—
 And won, through its availing tears,
 The meed of long repentant years.

THE PARTING.

Blest be the sweet, seraphic hour,
 That first betray'd to me
 The unadorn'd and priceless dower
 Which Heaven conferr'd in thee!
 I would not, one relenting day,
 This peerless gift resign
 For every gem that sheds its ray
 In rich Golconda's mine.
 For thou hast been to me, what ne'er
 In ruby's ray hath shone,
 A sister from a purer sphere
 To lure me from my own;
 And I have watch'd the rising light
 Of each inspiring word,
 As they who track the farewell flight
 Of some ascending bird.

Through every night of doubt and ill,
 And every darksome day,
 A sunny smile was round thee still,
 To chase their gloom away;
 And, when the world in rudeness spoke,
 Thy voice was heard above
 The tones that from their harsh lips broke,
 In its unchanging love.

But now the springing breeze is near,
 That bears me far from thee;
 I go, with no kind voice to cheer,
 A pilgrim o'er the sea;
 A pilgrim through the surging sweep
 Of every wilder wave,
 And rudely rushing o'er the sleep
 Of many a pilgrim's grave;

But wheresoe'er my path may lay,
 Through varied sea and zone,
 My inmost heart shall still betray
 The image of thine own.
 And till my latest hour shall come,
 By shore, or mount, or sea,
 I'll think of thy sweet hearth and home,
 And breathe a prayer for thee.

TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF GIVING UP THE WORLD.

You give up the world! why, as well might the sun,

When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by one,

Die away with the Muezzin's last note from the towers,
Declare that he never would gladden again,

With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth—
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train
Of hours, to grope o'er a pall-cover'd earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,
So far can the incense of flattery smother,
That, at thought of the world of hearts conquer'd already:

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another?
O! if sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,
And, fresh as was ours, when first we began it,
Let me know but the sphere where you next will abide,

And, that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

THE BOB-O'LINKUM.

Thou vocal sprite! thou feather'd troubadour!

In pilgrim dress through many a clime a ranger,
Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature;

But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
The schoolboy best hath fix'd thy nomenclature,
And poets, too, must call thee Bob O'Linkum!

Say! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted,
So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,
With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
It makes thee musical, thou airy rover?
Or are those buoyant notes the pilfer'd treasure
Of fairy isles, which thou hast learn'd to ravish
Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks;
Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges;
And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
They say, alike thy song and plumage changes:
Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth,
And leafy June is shading rock and river,
Thou art unmatched'd, blithe warbler of the north,
When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

Joyous, yet tender, was that gush of song
Caught from the brooks, where, mid its wild-flowers smiling,

The silent prairie listens all day long,
The only captive to such sweet beguiling;
Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
And column'd aisles of western groves symphonious,

Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
To make our flowering pastures here harmonious?

Caught'st thou thy carol from Ottawa maid,
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice
plashing,

Brushing the ears from off the burden'd blade,
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?
Or did the reeds of some savannah south

Detrain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth

The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing?

Unthrifty prodigal! is no thought of ill

Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever?

Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still

Throb on in music till at rest forever?

Yet, now in wilder'd maze of concord floating,

'T would seem that glorious hymning to prolong,

Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a doting,

And pause to listen to thy rapturous song!

THE FORESTER.

THERE was an old hunter camp'd down by the rill,
Who fish'd in this water, and shot on that hill;
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.

Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all:
Room enough in the greenwood if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,

For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dress'd, and stretch'd out
overhead;

The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,
Was his bed, as he sung, when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,

For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the road,
Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly flow'd;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which theirsapoften fill'd, while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,

For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day
He saw in the forest what sadden'd his lay,

'T was the rut which a heavy-wheel'd wagon had
made, [forest glade,—

Where the greensward grows thick in the broad
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,

For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He whistled his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."

Next day, mid those maples, the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off, as he sung,

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,

For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

ONE bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
 One toast ere we arm for the fight;
 Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
 'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
 Think of those who of old at the banquet
 Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
 The patriot heroes who hallowed
 The entwining of myrtle and steel!
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
 Like the music that's said from the ocean
 To rise ere the gathering storm,
 That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
 To marshal the host for the fray,
 Where proudly our banner is flinging
 Its folds o'er the battle-array;
 Yet gallants—one moment—remember,
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
 That *MERCY* wears *her* shape who's cherish'd
 By lads of the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

AN ear that caught my slightest tone,
 In kindness or in anger spoken;
 An eye that ever watch'd my own,
 In vigils death alone has broken;
 Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought
 Affection to the last revealing;
 Beaming almost with human thought,
 And more—far more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chill'd,
 And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
 Because the pulse that here was still'd
 May wake to no immortal morrow?
 Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above,—
 The types of what is due to Heaven,—

Can these be with the things that *were*,
 Things cherish'd—but no more returning,
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?

Alas! my friend, of all of worth
 That years have stolen or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

ANACREONTIC.

BLAME not the bowl—the fruitful bowl,
 Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,
 And amber drops elysian roll,
 To bathe young Love's delighted wing.
 What like the grape *OSIRIS* gave
 Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?
 Illumines memory's tearful wave,
 And teaches drowning hope to swim?
 Did ocean from his radiant arms
 To earth another *VENUS* give,
 He ne'er could match the mellow charms
 That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard,
 In characters that mock the sight,
 Till some kind liquid, o'er them pour'd,
 Brings all their hidden warmth to light—
 Are feelings bright, which, in the cup,
 Though graven deep, appear but dim,
 Till, fill'd with glowing *BACCHUS* up,
 They sparkle on the foaming brim.
 Each drop upon the first you pour
 Brings some new tender thought to life,
 And, as you fill it more and more,
 The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old
 Its fabled path beneath the sea,
 And fresh, as first from earth it roll'd,
 From earth again rose joyously:
 Bore not beneath the bitter brine
 Each flower upon its limpid tide,
 More faithfully than in the wine
 Our hearts toward each other glide.
 Then drain the cup, and let thy soul
 Learn, as the draught delicious flies,
 Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,
 Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

A HUNTER'S MATIN.

UP, comrades, up! the morn's awake
 Upon the mountain side,
 The curlew's wing hath swept the lake,
 And the deer has left the tangled brake,
 To drink from the limpid tide.
 Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note
 And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float;
 The squirrel, he springs from his covert now,
 To prank it away on the chestnut bough,
 Where the oriole's pendant nest, high up,
 Is rock'd on the swaying trees,
 While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup,
 As it bends to the morning breeze.
 Up, comrades, up! our shallops grate
 Upon the pebbly strand,
 And our stalwart hounds impatient wait
 To spring from the huntsman's hand.

LOVE AND POLITICS.

A BIRTH-DAY MEDITATION.

ANOTHER year! alas, how swift,
 ALINDA, do these years flit by,
 Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift
 In flakes along a wintry sky.
 Another year! another leaf
 Is turn'd within life's volume brief,
 And yet not one bright page appears
 Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel
 As if it should not yet be so;
 As if the years that from me steal
 Had not a right alike to go,
 And lose themselves in Time's dark sea,
 Unbuoy'd up by aught from me;
 Aught that the future yet might claim
 To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme,
 And it was thou that taught me love;
 And if I in this idle chime
 Of words a useless sluggard prove,
 It was thine eyes the habit nurs'd,
 And in their light I learn'd it first.
 It is thine eyes which, day by day,
 Consume my time and heart away.

And often bitter thoughts arise
 Of what I've lost in loving thee,
 And in my breast my spirit dies,
 The gloomy cloud around to see,
 Of baffled hopes and ruined powers
 Of mind, and miserable hours—
 Of self-upbraiding, and despair—
 Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear.

"Why, what a peasant slave am I,"
 To bow my mind and bend my knee
 To woman in idolatry,
 Who takes no thought of mine or me.
 O, God! that I could breathe my life
 On battle-plain in charging strife—
 In one mad impulse pour my soul
 Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve
 Their gather'd causes of offence,
 Until I in my heart resolve
 To dash thine angel image thence;
 When some bright look, some accent kind,
 Comes freshly in my heated mind,
 And scares, like newly-flushing day,
 These brooding thoughts like owls away.

And then for hours and hours I muse
 On things that might, yet will not be,
 Till, one by one, my feelings lose
 Their passionate intensity,
 And steal away in visions soft,
 Which on wild wing those feelings waft
 Far, far beyond the drear domain
 Of Reason and her freezing reign.

And now again from their gay track
 I call, as I despondent sit,
 Once more these truant fancies back,
 Which round my brain so idly flit;
 And some I treasure, some I blush
 To own—and these I try to crush—
 And some, too wild for reason's reign,
 I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly,
 And even thus my hours decay,
 And even thus my years slip by,
 My life itself is wiled away;
 But distant still the mounting hope,
 The burning wish with men to cope
 In aught that minds of iron mould
 May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year,
 ALINDA, it shall not be so;
 Both love and lays forswear I here,
 As I've forsworn thee long ago.
 That name, which thou wouldst never share,
 Proudly shall Fame emblazon where
 On pumps and corners posters stick it,
 The highest on the Jackson ticket.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

Nor in the shadowy wood,
 Not in the crag-hung glen,
 Not where the echoes brood
 In caves untrod by men;
 Not by the bleak sea-shore,
 Where loitering surges break,
 Not on the mountain hoar,
 Not by the breezeless lake,
 Not on the desert plain,
 Where man hath never stood,
 Whether on isle or main—
 Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers,
 Voices in lonely dells,
 Streams to the listening hours
 Talk in earth's secret cells;
 Over the gray-ribb'd sand
 Breathe ocean's frothing lips,
 Over the still lake's strand
 The flower toward it dips;
 Pluming the mountain's crest,
 Life tosses in its pines;
 Coursing the desert's breast,
 Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave—if thou wouldst be lonely—
 Leave Nature for the crowd;
 Seek there for one—one only—
 With kindred mind endow'd!
 There—as with Nature erst
 Closely thou wouldst commune—
 The deep soul-music, nursed
 In either heart, attune!
 Heart-wearied, thou wilt own,
 Vainly that phantom woo'd,
 That thou at last hast known
 What is true solitude!

THE STUDENT'S SONG.

THOUGHTS—wild thoughts! O, why will ye wander,
Wander away from the task that's before ye!
Heart—weak heart! O, why art thou fonder,
Fonder of her than ever of glory!
What though the laurel for thee hath no glitter;
What though thy soul never yearn'd for a name:
When did Love garland a brow that was fitter
To wake in Love's bosom the wild wish of fame?

Doth she not watch o'er thine every endeavour?
Leans not her heart in warm faith on thine own?
If thou sit doubting and dreaming forever,
Too late thou'lt discover that her dream is flown!
Ay! though each thought that is tender and glowing
Hath yet no errand, save only to her—
She may forget thee, while Time is thus flowing;
Thou waste thy worship—fond idolater!

WITHERING—WITHERING.

WITHERING—withering—all are withering—
All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed—
Flowers of Love too early blossoming;
Buds of Ambition too frail to burst.
Faintly—faintly—O! how faintly
I feel life's pulses ebb and flow:
Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?
Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
When they should only waft thee higher?
Upward—upward let them be waving,
Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth.
There are guerdons there more worth thy having—
Far more than any these lures of the earth.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

BRIGHT as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time forever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily, that of spring-time past doth speak.
Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from earth to heaven.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee—by my word I do not!
I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not!
And yet, I fear, there's hardly one that weareth
Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:
Who joys like me when in thy joy believing—
Who, like me, grieves when thou dost seem but
grieving.
But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,
I do not love thee—trust me that I do not!

I do not love thee!—prithce why so coy, then?
Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then;
Sith the heart's homage still will be up-welling,
Where truth and goodness have so sweet a dwelling?
Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
Knelt I not thus before that temple's portal!
Others dare to love thee—dare what I do not—
Then O! let me worship, bright one, while I woo
not!

"TRUST IN THEE."

"Trust in thee?" Ay, dearest! there's no one
but must,
Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust!
For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,
And doubt that truth with it came down from the
skies; [young light,
While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's
Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight!
"Trust in thee?" Why, bright one, thou couldst
not betray,
While thy heart and thine eyes are forever at play!
And he who unloving can study the one,
Is so certain to be by the other undone,
That if he cares aught for his quiet, he must,
Like me, sweetest MARY, in both of them trust.

I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
And curl that beautiful lip,
Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
Of burning its dew to sip.
I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
I will steal, like a thief, in thy heart at night,
And pilfer its thoughts away.
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
And thy soul in secret shall own the power
It dares to mock by day.

TO ———.

I KNEW not how I loved thee—no!
I knew it not till all was o'er—
Until thy lips had told me so—
Had told me I must love no more!
I knew not how I loved thee!—yet
I long had loved thee wildly well;
I thought 'twere easy to forget—
I thought a word would break the spell:
And even when that word was spoken,
Ay! even till the very last,
I thought, that spell of faith once broken,
I could not long lament the past.
O, foolish heart! O, feeble brain,
That love could thus deceive—subdue!
Since hope cannot revive again,
Why cannot memory perish too?

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

LIGHT as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly
leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendour of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too,
I love the note of each wild bird that flies, [brief;
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
away.

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;—
Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, child-like, come as when in prayer
I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee,
And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

TOWN REPININGS.

RIVER! O, river! thou rovest free,
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea!
Free thyself, but with silver chain,
Linking each charm of land and main,
From the splinter'd crag thou leap'st below,
Through leafy glades at will to flow—
Lingering now, by the steep's moss'd edge—
Loitering now mid the dallying sedge:
And pausing ever, to call thy waves
From grassy meadows and fern-clad caves—
Or that I, from a prouder tide to break
From wooded valley, to breezy lake:
Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,
River! O, river! are bann'd to me.

River! O, river! upon thy tide
Full many a freighted bark doth glide;
Would that thou thus couldst bear away
The thoughts that burthen my weary day!
Or that I, from all save them made free,
Though laden still, might rove with thee!
True that thy waves brief lifetime find,
And live at the will of the wanton wind—
True that thou seekest the ocean's flow,
To be lost therein for evermore.
Yet the slave who worships at Glory's shrine,
But toils for a bubble as fair as thine:
But loses his freedom here, to be
Forgotten as soon as in death set free.

TO A LADY BLUSHING.

THE lilies faintly to the roses yield,
As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
To win the mastery?)
And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes reveal'd,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unseal'd.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
As flowers when shaken
Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

THE FAREWELL.

THE conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have look'd—I have loved—I have worshipp'd
my last,
And now back to the world, and let Fate do her
worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed:
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
I blame not—upbraid not—one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reckon not what chances have doom'd us to part;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—O! loved but too
well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I WILL love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart,
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part:
Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more; it is folly to give
Our best years to one, when for many we live.
And he who the world will thus barter for one,
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more; it is heathenish thus
To bow to an idol which bends not to us;
Which heeds not, which hears not, which reck's
not for aught
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more; for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out;
She engrosseth it all, and, till some she restore,
Than this moment I love her, how can I love more?

ROSALIE CLARE.

Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair,
Who questions the beauty of ROSALIE CLARE?
Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
And, though harness'd in proof, he must perish or
yield;

For no gallant can splinter, no charger may dare
The lance that is couch'd for young ROSALIE CLARE.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is
pour'd,

And fond wishes for fair ones around offer'd up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whisper'd more warmly, than ROSALIE CLARE?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine,
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;
Of the hours that gladden the East with their
smiles, [isles;

Where the sea's studded over with green summer
But what flower of far-away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright ROSALIE CLARE!

Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of ROSALIE CLARE!
Let him list to her voice, let him gaze on her form,
And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is bless'd by sweet ROSALIE CLARE.

THINK OF ME, DEAREST.

THINK of me, dearest, when day is breaking

Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant first in his strength awaking,

Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;
As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
As the dream that has cheated my soul through the
night,

Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking

In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,

As they start like gems on the moon-touch'd spray.
Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling

Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning and looks are wiling,
And those words and looks, of *others*, beguiling

Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour;
Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have
power,

When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign,
I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting,
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;
She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles
ever

As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth.
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O! never
Can it be forgotten by either on earth. [ven,
The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even,
Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of THOME
In Egypt gave to Jove-born HELENA,
Is of such power to stir up Joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

MILTON—*Comus*.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a
doubt?)

One night, 'mid their revels, by BACCHUS were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid [o'er,
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave CERES herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the
morn,

Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board

Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the board,
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical
power,

That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that
hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrantcy, shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did be-
But juleps the drink of immortals became. [wait;
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

O! if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here a while would now beguile
 The graybeard of his pinions,
 To drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
 We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

SEEK NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER.

Why seek her heart to understand,
 If but enough thou knowest
 To prove that all thy love, like sand,
 Upon the wind thou throwest?
 The ill thou makest out at last
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,
 While all the good thou earnest yet,
 But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness
 Which in her breast resideth,
 And what the warmth and tenderness
 Her mien of coldness hideth,
 If but ungenerous thoughts prevail
 When thou her bosom wouldst assail,
 While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er,
 By any chance, toward thee appear.

Sum up each token thou hast won
 Of kindred feeling there—
 How few for Hope, to build upon,
 How many for Despair!
 And if e'er word or look declareth
 Love or aversion, which she beareth,
 While of the first, no proof thou hast,
 How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand
 Her heart, of whom thou knowest
 Enough to prove thy love like sand
 Upon the wind thou throwest:
 The ill thou makest out at last
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,
 While all the good thou earnest yet
 But makes her harder to forget.

ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her:
 Look upon those soul-full eyes!
 Look while mirth or feeling move her,
 And see there how sweetly rise
 Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
 Which is of innocence the nest—
 Which, though each joy were from it shred,
 By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from those sweet windows peeping,
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
 And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
 Every trial can endure!
 Wonder not that looks so winning
 Still for me new ties are spinning;
 Wonder not that heart so true
 Keeps mine from ever changing too.

SHE LOVES, BUT 'T IS NOT ME.

SHE loves, but 't is not me she loves:
 Not me on whom she ponders,
 When, in some dream of tenderness,
 Her truant fancy wanders.
 The forms that flit her visions through
 Are like the shapes of old,
 Where tales of prince and paladin
 On tapestry are told.
 Man may not hope her heart to win,
 Be his of common mould.

But I—though spurs are won no more
 Where herald's trump is pealing,
 Nor thrones carved out for lady fair
 Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
 I loose the falcon of my hopes
 Upon as proud a flight
 As those who hawk'd at high renown,
 In song-ennobled fight.
 If *daring*, then, true love may crown,
 My love she must requite.

THY SMILES.

I know I share thy smiles with many,
 Yet still thy smiles are dear to me;
 I know that I, far less than any,
 Call out thy spirit's witchery;
 But yet, I cannot help, when nigh thee,
 To seize upon each glance and tone,
 To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
 And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, O, why on all thus squander
 The treasures one alone can prize,—
 Why let the looks at random wander
 Which beam from those deluding eyes?
 Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,
 Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language! sweet, I know no tongue,
 No mystic art those gentle things declare;
 I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
 Created things, so delicate and rare;
 Their language! Prythee! why they are themselves
 But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
 The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
 When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And still how oft their soft and starry eyes—[ing,
 Now bent to earth, to heaven now mutely plead—
 Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
 Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding,
 How often these to every heart declare,
 With all the silent eloquence of truth
 The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
 To give her back those spotless days of youth.

TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

TELL her I love her—love her for those eyes
 Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth,
 Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies,
 Reveal two heavens here to us on earth—
 The one in which their soulful beauty lies,
 And that wherein such soulfulness has birth:
 Go to my lady ere the season flies,
 And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast—
 Go! and with all of eloquence thou hast,
 The burning story of my love discover,
 And if the theme should fail, alas! to move her,
 Tell her when youth's gay summer-flowers are
 past,
 Like thee, my love will blossom to the last!

WHERE DOST THOU LOITER, SPRING?

WHERE dost thou loiter, spring,
 Whilst it behoveth
 Thee to cease wandering
 Where'er thou rovest,
 And to my lady bring
 The flowers she loveth?
 Come with thy melting skies,
 Like her cheek blushing;
 Come with thy dewy eyes,
 Where founts are gushing;
 Come where the wild bee hies
 When dawn is flushing.
 Lead her where, by the brook,
 The first blossom keepeth,
 Where, in the shelter'd nook,
 The callow bud sleepeth,
 Or, with a timid look,
 Through its leaves peepeth.
 Lead her where, on the spray,
 Blithely carolling,
 First birds their roundelay
 For my lady sing,—
 But keep, where'er she strays,
 True love blossoming.

SERENADE.

SLEEPING! why now sleeping?
 The moon herself looks gay,
 While through thy lattice peeping,
 Wilt not her call obey?
 Wake, love, each star is keeping
 For thee its brightest ray;
 And languishes the gleaming
 From fire-flies now streaming
 Athwart the dewy spray.
 Awake, the skies are weeping
 Because thou art away.
 But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
 Sleep, loved one, while you may;
 And music's wings shall hover
 Softly thy sweet dreams over,
 Fanning dark thoughts away,
 While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
 Who'll bid each bright one stay.

WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
 From winter's sleep!—
 Bursting with voice of mirth
 From icy keep;
 And, laughing at the sun,
 Who hath their freedom won,
 Thy waters leap!
 Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
 Freshly again,
 And who by fireside hearth
 Now will remain?
 Come on thy rosy hours,—
 Come on thy buds and flowers,
 As when in Eden's bowers
 Spring first did reign.
 Birds on thy breezes chime
 Blithe as in that matin-time,
 Their choiring begun:
 Earth, *thou* hast many a prime—
 Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!
 Freshly and new,
 As when at Spring's first birth
 First flowerets grew.
 Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
 While boughs are blossoming,
 Why wake not too?
 Long thou in sloth hast lain,
 Listing to Love's soft strain—
 Wilt thou sleep on?
 Playing, thou sluggard heart,
 In life no manly part,
 Though youth be gone.
 Wake! 'tis Spring's quickening breath
 Now o'er thee blown;
 Wake thee! and ere in death
 Pulseless thou slumberest,
 Pluck but from Glory's wreath
 One leaf alone!

A PORTRAIT.

STAYL.—My features ne'er shall try the limner's art!
 GUY.—Wilt thou not have thy picture taken, lady?
 O! believe me, already, it in one fond heart
 Is laid in colours which can never fade. *False Artist.*

Not hers the charms which LAURA's lover drew,
 Or TITIAN's pencil on the canvass threw;
 No soul enkindled beneath southern skies
 Glow'd on her cheek and sparkled in her eyes;
 No prurient charms set off her slender form
 With swell voluptuous and with contour warm;
 While each proportion was by Nature told
 In maiden beauty's most bewitching mould.
 High on her peerless brow—a radiant throne
 Unmix'd with aught of earth—pale genius sat alone.
 And yet, at times, within her eye there dwelt
 Softness that would the sternest bosom melt,
 A depth of tenderness which show'd, when woke,
 That woman there as well as angel spoke.
 Yet well that eye could flash resentment's rays,
 Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze;
 Chill burning passion with a calm disdain,
 Or with one glance rekindle it again.
 Her mouth—O! never fascination met
 Near woman's lips half so alluring yet:
 For round her mouth there play'd, at times, a smile,
 Such as did man from Paradise beguile;
 Such, could it light him through this world of pain,
 As he'd not barter Eden to regain.
 What though that smile might beam alike on all;
 What though that glance on each as kindly fall;
 What though you knew, while worshipping their
 power,

Your homage but the pastime of the hour,
 Still they, however guarded were the heart,
 Could every feeling from its fastness start—
 Deceive one still, howe'er deceived before,
 And make him wish thus to be cheated more,
 Till, grown at last in such illusions gray,
 Faith follow'd Hope and stole with Love away.
 Such was ALINDA; such in her combined
 Those charms which round our very nature wind;
 Which, when together they in one conspire,
 He who admires must love—who sees, admire.
 Variably perilous; upon the sight
 Now beam'd her beauty in resistless light,
 And subtly now unto the heart it stole,
 And, ere it startled, occupied the whole.
 'T was well for her, that lovely mischief, well
 That she could not the pangs it waken'd tell;
 That, like the princess in the fairy tale,
 No soft emotions could her soul assail;
 For Nature,—that ALINDA should not feel
 For wounds her eyes might make, but never heal,—
 In mercy, while she did each gift impart
 Of rarest excellence, *withheld a heart!*

MELODY.

WHEN the flowers of Friendship or Love have
 decay'd,
 In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd,
 No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;
 For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope, cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
 From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!
 And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
 To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves
 Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
 While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
 And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

DREAM.

YOUNG LESBIA slept. Her glowing cheek
 Was on her polish'd arm reposing,
 And slumber closed those fatal eyes,
 Which keep so many eyes from closing,

For even Cupid, when fatigued
 Of playing with his bow and arrows,
 Will harmless furl his weary wings,
 And nestle with his mother's sparrows.

Young LESBIA slept—and visions gay
 Before her dreaming soul were glancing,
 Like sights that in the moonbeams show,
 When fairies on the green are dancing.

And, first, amid a joyous throng
 She seem'd to move in festive measure,
 With many a courtly worshipper,
 That waited on her queenly pleasure.

And then, by one of those strange turns
 That witch the mind so when we're dreaming,
 She was a planet in the sky,
 And they were stars around her beaming.

Yet hardly had that lovely light
 (To which one cannot here help kneeling)
 Its radiance in the vault above
 Been for a few short hours revealing,

When, like a blossom from the bough,
 By some remorseless whirlwind riven,
 Swiftly upon its lurid path,
 'T was back to earth like lightning driven.

Yet, brightly still, though coldly, there
 Those other stars were calmly shining,
 As if they did not miss the rays
 That were but now with their own twining.

And, half with pique, and half with pain,
 To be from that gay chorus parting,
 Young LESBIA from her dream awoke,
 With swelling heart and tear-drop starting.

INTERPRETATION.

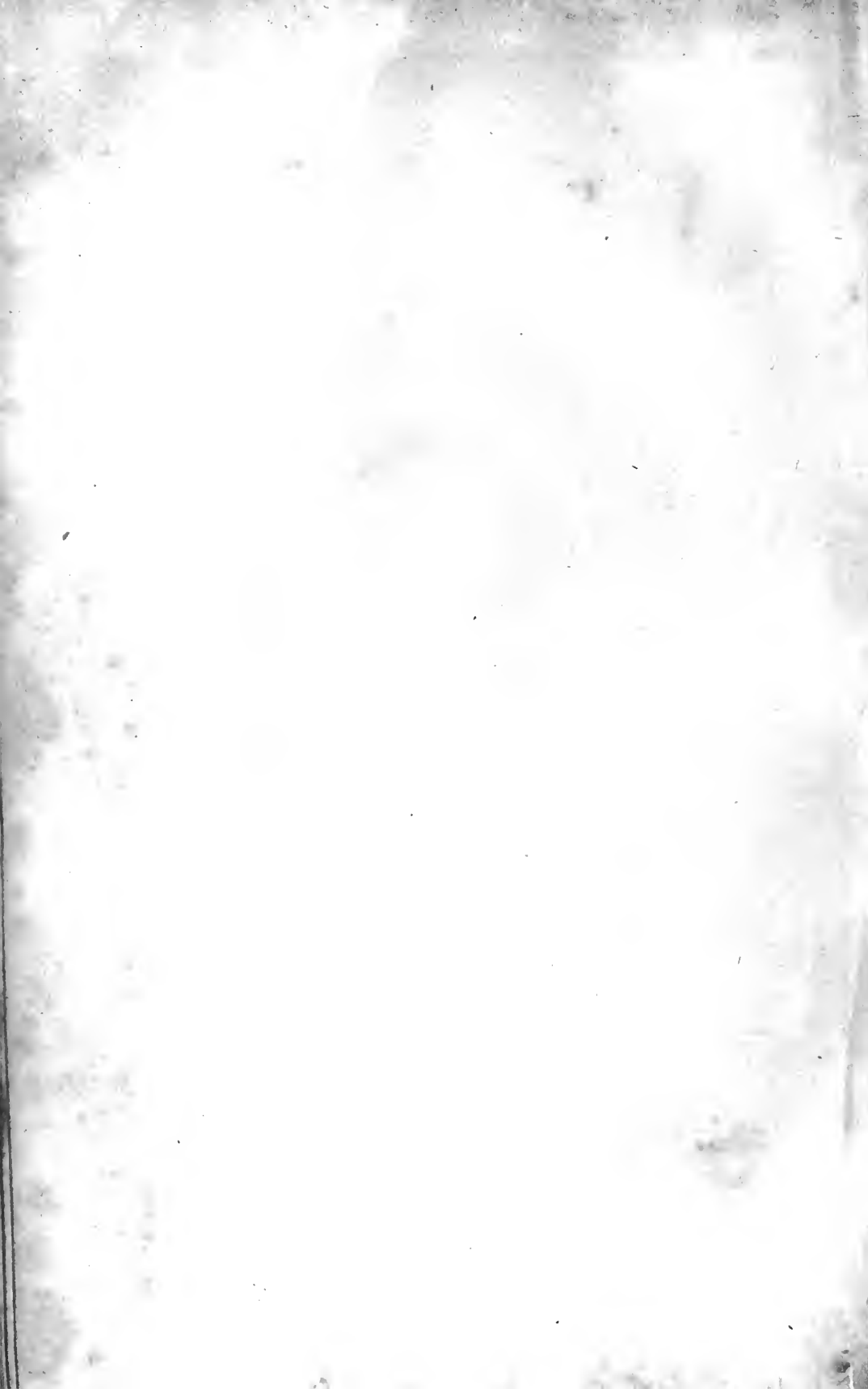
HAD she but thought of those below,
 Who thus were left with breasts benighted,
 Till Heaven dismiss'd that star to earth,
 By which alone our hearts are lighted—

Or, had she recollected, when
 Each virtue from the world departed,
 How Hope, the dearest came again,
 And stay'd to cheer the lonely-hearted:

Sweet LESBIA could not thus have grieved,
 From that cold, dazzling throng to sever,
 And yield her warm, young heart again
 To those that prize its worth forever.



A PORTRAIT.



MRS. SEBA SMITH.

(Born about 1806.)

THE subject of this notice was born in a rural village near the city of Portland. From her early years she has delighted in the study of philosophy, in abstruse speculations, and curious science, and she is probably more familiar with the best English literature than any American poet of her sex, except the author of "Zophiel." When but sixteen years old—a child in heart and in age—she was married to Mr. SEBA SMITH, a counsellor at law, then of Portland, and now of New York.

She began to write for the literary periodicals at an early age; and all her compositions, in prose and verse, have been carefully finished. Her style is simple and elegant, her illustrations felicitously chosen, and her verses have meaning as well as melody. Her longest poem is "The Sinless Child," published in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for March, 1842. Her heroine is a widow's fair-haired girl, of dove-like gentleness:

... Every insect dwelt secure
Where little Eva play'd;
And piped for her its blitheest song
When she in greenwood stray'd.

The widow's cot was rude and low—
The sloping roof moss-grown;
And it would seem its quietude
To every bird were known.
The winding vine its tendrils wove
Round roof and oaken door,
And, by the flickering light, the leaves
Were painted on the floor.

Here the daughter, as

... She turn'd the wheel,
Or toil'd in humble guise,
With buoyant heart was all abroad,
Beneath the pleasant skies;
And sang all day from joy of heart;
For joy that in her dwelt,
That unconfined the soul went forth—
Such blessedness she felt."

As the widow and her child walk in the twilight,
the first sees in the jagged limbs spreading above
her—

Spectres and distorted shapes,
That frown upon her path,
And mock her with their hideous eyes:
For when the soul is blind
To freedom, truth, and inward light,
Vague fears debase the mind.

But Eva, like a dreamer waked,
Look'd off upon the hill,
And mutter'd words of strange, sweet sound,
As if there linger'd still
Ethereal forms with whom she talk'd,
Unseen by all beside;
And she, with earnest looks, besought
The vision to abide.

She says to her mother—

E'en now I mark'd a radiant throng,
On pinions sailing by,

To cheer with hope the trembling heart,
And cheer the dying eye;
They smiling pass'd the lesser sprites,
Each on his work intent;
And love, and holy joy, I saw
In every face were blent.

The meek-eyed violets smiling bowed—
For angels sported by—
Rolling in balls the fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
They kiss'd the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew—
A shower of pearly dust they brought,
And o'er the lily threw.

A host flew o'er the mowing field,
And they were showering down
The little drops on the tender grass,
Like diamonds o'er it thrown.
They gemm'd each leaf and quivering spear
With pearls of liquid dew,
And bathed the stately forest-tree,
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed angel curve
The tulip's painted cup,
And bless with one soft kiss the urn,
Then fold its petals up.
Another rock'd the young bird's nest,
As high on a branch it hung,
And the tinkling dew-drops rattled down
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

Each and all, as its task is done,
Soars up with a joyous eye,
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—
An offering to God on high.
They bear the breath of the odorous flower,
The sound of the pearly shell;
And thus they add to the holy joys
Of the home where spirits dwell."

At length the child fulfils her destiny. The widow,
alarmed by her long absence one morning, seeks
her, and finds her dead.

Why raises she the small, pale hand,
And holds it to the light?
There is no clear, transparent hue
To meet her dizzy sight.
She holds the mirror to her lips
To catch the moisture'd air:
The widow'd mother stands alone
With her dead daughter there.

And yet, so placid is the face,
So sweet its lingering smile,
That one might deem the sleep to be
The maiden's playful wile.

The sinless child, with mission high,
A while to earth was given,
To show us that our world should be
The vestibule of heaven.
Did we but in the holy light
Of truth and goodness rise,
We might communion hold with God
And spirits from the skies.

The poem is in seven short cantos, and the verses
I have quoted convey an idea of its style and
character.

THE ACORN.

An acorn fell from an old oak tree,
 And lay on the frosty ground—
 "O, what shall the fate of the acorn be?"
 Was whisper'd all around,
 By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,
 Like a floweret's bell when swung—
 And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
 And the beetle's hoofs up-rung—
 For the woodland Fays came sweeping past
 In the pale autumnal ray,
 Where the forest-leaves were falling fast,
 And the acorn quivering lay;
 They came to tell what its fate should be,
 Though life was unreveal'd;
 For life is holy mystery,
 Where'er it is conceal'd.
 They came with gifts that should life bestow:
 The dew and the living air—
 The bane that should work its deadly wo—
 Was found with the Fairies there.
 In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,
 And the worm in a rose-leaf roll'd,
 And many things with destruction fraught,
 That its fate were quickly told.
 But it needed not; for a blessed fate
 Was the acorn's doom'd to be—
 The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
 And watch o'er its destiny.
 To a little sprite was the task assign'd
 To bury the acorn deep,
 Away from the frost and searching wind,
 When they through the forest sweep.
 I laugh'd outright at the small thing's toil,
 As he bow'd beneath the spade,
 And he balanced his gossamer wings the while
 To look in the pit he made.
 A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
 When the spade aside he threw,
 And roll'd the acorn away to sleep
 In the hush of dropping dew.
 The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
 And its gush of woodland song;
 The dew came down, and the rain was there,
 And the sunshine rested long:
 Then softly the black earth turn'd aside,
 The old leaf arching o'er,
 And up, where the last year's leaf was dried,
 Came the acorn-shell once more.
 With coiled stem, and a pale green hue,
 It look'd but a feeble thing:
 Then deeply its roots abroad it threw,
 Its strength from the earth to bring.
 The woodland sprites are gathering round,
 Rejoiced that the task is done—
 That another life from the noisome ground
 Is up to the pleasant sun.
 The young child pass'd with a careless tread,
 And the germ had well-nigh crush'd;
 But a spider, launch'd on her airy thread,
 The cheek of the stripling brush'd.

He little knew, as he started back,
 How the acorn's fate was hung
 On the very point in the spider's track
 Where the web on his cheek was flung.

The autumn came, and it stood alone,
 And bow'd as the wind pass'd by—
 The wind that utter'd its dirge-like moan
 In the old oak sear and dry;
 And the hollow branches creak'd and sway'd,
 But they bent not to the blast,
 For the stout oak tree, where centuries play'd,
 Was sturdy to the last.

A schoolboy beheld the lithe young shoot,
 And his knife was instant out,
 To sever the stalk from the spreading root,
 And scatter the buds about;
 To peel the bark in curious rings,
 And many a notch and ray,
 To beat the air till it whizzing sings,
 Then idly cast away.

His hand was stay'd; he knew not why:
 'T was a presence breathed around—
 A pleading from the deep-blue sky,
 And up from the teeming ground.
 It told of the care that lavish'd had been
 In sunshine and in dew—
 Of the many things that had wrought a screen
 When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bow'd,
 As feeble a thing to see;
 But now, when the storm was raging loud,
 It wrestled mightily.
 There's a deeper thought on the schoolboy's brow,
 A new love at his heart;
 And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
 He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigour bold,
 In the shade of the parent tree,
 And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
 When the sapling sprang so free.
 Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
 The hollow limbs away;
 And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor
 Around the trunk, time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
 For its roots were deep and strong;
 And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
 And the sunlight linger'd long
 On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
 Was flung to the evening sky;
 And the wild bird came to its airy height,
 And taught her young to fly.

In acorn-time came the truant boy,
 With a wild and eager look,
 And he mark'd the tree with a wondering joy,
 As the wind the great limbs shook.
 Helook'd where the moss on the north side grew,
 The gnarled arms outspread,
 The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
 As it tower'd above his head:

And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree;
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.

His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread
On the wither'd leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

And regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigour and its pride;
A monarch own'd in the solemn wood,
With a sceptre spreading wide—

No more in the wintry blast to bow,
Or rock in the summer breeze;
But draped in green, or star-like snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

And a thousand years it firmly grew,
And a thousand blasts defied;
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.

It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil—
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,
Were mingled in wild turmoil—

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell;
And the white foam dash'd to the rocky steep,
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creak'd in the midnight air,
And join'd in the rude uproar;
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare,
And the sound of the breaker's roar.

The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey
Were heap'd on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,
Look'd off from its topmost bough.
Where its shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean-grave,
Her cable round it flung.

Change came to the mighty things of earth—
Old empires pass'd away;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where were they?
Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dream'd it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,
And echoing from the hill;
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill.
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like a watch-tower of the main—
The strokes fall thick from the woodman's hand,
And its falling shakes the plain.

The stout live oak!—"T was a worthy tree,
And the bullder mark'd it out;
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.

Already to him was a gallant bark
Careering the rolling deep,
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clicks, and the hammer rings,
And the merry jest goes round;
While he who longest and loudest sings
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib, and trunnel'd plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the rocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there—
With brimless hat, the bare-foot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist and carvings brave
The trim hull waits the sea—
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray:
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, O heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke,
And bellow'd along the shore—
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on in her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And the joyous winds her canvass fill—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where the icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendant shroud and towering mast
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvass slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rung
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

O, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
 The gay and the breaking heart,
 And weeping eyes look'd out to see
 Thy white-spread sails depart.
 And when the rattling casement told
 Of many a perill'd ship,
 The anxious wife her babes would fold,
 And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in its stormy flight;
 The wind piped shrill and high;
 On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
 That flicker'd not to the eye:
 The black cloud came like a banner down,
 And down came the shrieking blast;
 The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
 And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
 She ploughs the deep-trough'd wave:
 A gurgling sound—a frenzied wail—
 And the ship hath found a grave.
 And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
 That fell from the old oak tree,
 And the woodland Fays in the frosty mould
 Preserved for its destiny.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night,
 The wind was piping free;
 Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
 And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
 As it flounder'd in the sea;
 The scud was flying athwart the sky,
 The gathering winds went whistling by,
 And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
 Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner sway'd and rock'd on the mast,
 But the tumult pleased him well:
 Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
 And the monsters watch'd as they hurried past,
 Or lightly rose and fell,—
 For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
 And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,
 And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
 Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
 Like an uncurb'd steed along;
 A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
 As her gallant bow the water ploughs,
 But the ship is fleet and strong;
 The topsail is reef'd, and the sails are furl'd,
 And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
 And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
 But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
 And holdeth by the shroud;
 And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
 The gaping deep the mariner sees,
 And the surging heareth loud.

Was that a face, looking up at him,
 With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
 Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
 Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,
 A face he knew too well;
 And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
 And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
 Was there a tale to tell?

The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,
 And the mariner groan'd, as well he need—
 For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
 The dead face gleam'd from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past:
 A voice calls loud for thee:
 There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
 The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
 O, where shall thy burial be?

Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken;
 Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;
 Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
 For thou art alone on the raging sea;

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
 To buffet the storm alone;
 To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
 To struggle, and feel there is none to save!
 Gon shield thee, helpless one!

The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
 The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
 The white brow gleams a moment more,
 Then slowly sinks,—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hush'd to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
 Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
 And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep;
 There thou shalt slumber well.

The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side;
 They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
 From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
 As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
 The mother and child are there:
 The fervent youth and the hoary head,
 The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe, with its silken hair:

As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
 And the tranquil lights on their features play:
 And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
 Away from decay, and away from the storm.

TO THE HUDSON.

O, RIVER! gently as a wayward child
 I saw thee mid the moonlight hills at rest,—
 Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wild,
 How didst thou still the throbbings of thy breast!

Rude headlands were about thee, stooping round,
 As if amid the hills to hold thy stay;
 But thou didst hear the far-off ocean sound,
 Inviting thee from hill and vale away,
 To mingle thy deep waters with its own;

And, at that voice, thy steps did onward glide,
 Onward from echoing hill and valley lone;
 Like thine, O, be my course—nor turn'd aside,
 While listing to the soundings of a land,
 That, like the ocean-call, invites me to its strand.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Born, 1807.]

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS was born at Portland, in Maine, on the twentieth day of January, 1807. During his childhood his parents removed to Boston; and at the Latin school in that city, and at the Philips Academy in Andover, he pursued his studies until he entered Yale College, in 1823. While he resided at New Haven, as a student, he won a high reputation, for so young an author, by a series of "Scripture Sketches," and a few other brief poems; and it is supposed that the warm and too indiscriminate praises bestowed upon these productions, influenced unfavourably his subsequent progress in the poetic art. He was graduated in 1827, and in the following year he published a "Poem delivered before the Society of United Brothers of Brown University," which, as well as his "Sketches," issued soon after he left college, was very favourably noticed in the best periodicals of the time. He also edited "The Token," a well-known annuary, for 1828; and about the same period published, in several volumes, "The Legendary," and established "The American Monthly Magazine." To this periodical several young writers, who afterward became distinguished, were contributors; but the articles by its editor, constituting a large portion of each number, gave to the work its character, and were of all its contents the most popular. In 1830 it was united to the "New York Mirror," of which Mr. WILLIS became one of the conductors; and he soon after sailed for Europe, to be absent several years.

He travelled over Great Britain, and the most interesting portions of the continent, mixing largely in society, and visiting every thing worthy of his regard as a man of letters, or as an American; and his "First Impressions" were given in his letters to the "Mirror," in which he described, with remarkable spirit and fidelity, and in a style peculiarly graceful and elegant, scenery and incidents, and social life among the polite classes in Europe. His letters were collected and republished in London, under the title of "Pencilings by the Way," and violently attacked in several of the leading periodicals, ostensibly on account of their too great freedom of personal detail. Captain MARRYAT, who was at the time editing a monthly magazine, wrote an article, characteristically gross and malignant, which led to a hostile meeting at Chatham, and Mr. LOCKHART, in the "Quarterly Review," published a "criticism" alike illiberal and unfair. Mr. WILLIS perhaps erred in giving to the public dinner-table conversations, and some of his descriptions of manners; but Captain MARRYAT himself is not undeserving of censure on account of the "personalities" in his writings; and for other reasons he could not have been the most suitable person in England to avenge the wrong it was alleged Mr. WILLIS had offered to society. That the author of "Peter's Letters to

his Kinsfolk," a work which is filled with far more reprehensible personal allusions than are to be found in the "Pencilings," should have ventured to attack the work on this ground, may excite surprise among those who have not observed that the "Quarterly Review" is spoken of with little reverence in the letters of the American traveller.

In 1835 Mr. WILLIS was married in England. He soon after published his "Inklings of Adventure," a collection of tales and sketches originally written for a London magazine, under the signature of "Philip Slingsby;" and in 1837 he returned to the United States, and retired to his beautiful estate on the Susquehanna, named "Glennary," in compliment to one of the most admirable wives that ever gladdened a poet's solitude. In the early part of 1839, he became one of the editors of "The Corsair," a literary gazette, and in the autumn of that year went again to London, where, in the following winter, he published his "Loiterings of Travel," in three volumes, and "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," comprising the plays "Bianca Visconti," and "Tortosa the Usurer." In 1840 appeared the illustrated edition of his poems, and his "Letters from Under a Bridge," and he retired a second time to his seat in western New York, where he now resides. Besides the works already mentioned, he is the author of "American Scenery," and of "Ireland,"—two works illustrated in a splendid manner by BARTLETT,—and of numerous papers in the reviews, magazines, and other periodicals.

The prose and poetry of Mr. WILLIS are alike distinguished for exquisite finish and melody. His language is pure, varied, and rich; his imagination brilliant, and his wit of the finest quality. Many of his descriptions of natural scenery are written pictures; and no other author has represented with equal vivacity and truth the manners of the age. His dramatic poems have been the most successful works of their kind produced in America. They exhibit a deep acquaintance with the common sympathies and passions, and are as remarkable as his other writings for affluence of language and imagery, and descriptive power.

His leading characteristics are essentially different from those of his contemporaries. DANA and BRYANT are the teachers of a high, religious philosophy; HALLECK and HOLMES excel in humour and delicate satire; LONGFELLOW has a fine imagination and is unequalled as an artist; but WILLIS is more than any other the poet of society,—familiar with the secret springs of action in social life,—and moved himself by the same influences which guide his fellows. His genius is various: "Parrhasius," "Spring," "Hagar in the Wilderness," "The Annoyer," and other pieces, present strong contrasts; and they are alike excellent.

MELANIE.

I.

I stood on yonder rocky brow,*
 And marvell'd at the Sybil's fane,
 When I was not what I am now.
 My life was then untouch'd of pain;
 And, as the breeze that stirr'd my hair,
 My spirit freshen'd in the sky,
 And all things that were true and fair
 Lay closely to my loving eye,
 With nothing shadowy between—
 I was a boy of seventeen.
 Yon wondrous temple crests the rock,
 As light upon its giddy base,
 As stirless with the torrent's shock,
 As pure in its proportion'd grace,
 And seems a thing of air, as then,
 Afloat above this fairy glen;
 But though mine eye will kindle still
 In looking on the shapes of art,
 The link is lost that sent the thrill,
 Like lightning, instant to my heart.
 And thus may break, before we die,
 The electric chain 'twixt soul and eye!

Ten years—like yon bright valley, sown
 Alternately with weeds and flowers—
 Had swiftly, if not gayly, flown,
 And still I loved the rosy hours;
 And if there lurk'd within my breast
 Some nerve that had been overstrung
 And quiver'd in my hours of rest,
 Like bells by their own echo rung,
 I was with Hope a masker yet,
 And well could hide the look of sadness,
 And, if my heart would not forget,
 I knew, at least, the trick of gladness,
 And when another sang the strain,
 I mingled in the old refrain.

'T were idle to remember now,
 Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes.
 I bear beneath this alter'd brow
 The ashes of a thousand dreams:
 Some wrought of wild Ambition's fingers,
 Some colour'd of Love's pencil well,
 But none of which a shadow lingers,
 And none whose story I could tell.
 Enough, that when I climb'd again
 To Tivoli's romantic steep,
 Life had no joy, and scarce a pain,
 Whose wells I had not tasted deep;
 And from my lips the thirst had pass'd
 For every fount save one—the sweetest—and the
 last.
 The last—the last! My friends were dead,
 Or false; my mother in her grave;
 Above my father's honour'd head
 The sea had lock'd its hiding wave;
 Ambition had but foil'd my grasp,
 And Love had perish'd in my clasp;

And still, I say, I did not slack
 My love of life, and hope of pleasure,
 But gather'd my affections back;
 And, as the miser hugs his treasure,
 When plague and ruin bid him flee,
 I closer clung to mine—my loved, lost MELANIE!

The last of the DE BREVERN race,
 My sister claim'd no kinsman's care;
 And, looking from each other's face,
 The eye stole upward unaware—
 For there was naught whereon to lean
 Each other's heart and heaven between—
 Yet that was world enough for me,
 And, for a brief, but blessed while,
 There seem'd no care for MELANIE,
 If she could see her brother smile;
 But life, with her, was at the flow,
 And every wave went sparkling higher,
 While mine was ebbing, fast and low,
 From the same shore of vain desire,
 And knew I, with prophetic heart,
 That we were wearing aye insensibly apart.

II.

We came to Italy. I felt
 A yearning for its sunny sky;
 My very spirit seem'd to melt
 As swept its first warm breezes by.
 From lip and cheek a chilling mist,
 From life and soul a frozen rime
 By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd:
 God's blessing on its radiant clime!
 It was an endless joy to me
 To see my sister's new delight;
 From Venice, in its golden sea,
 To Pestum, in its purple light,
 By sweet Val d'Arno's tinted hills,
 In Vallombrosa's convent gloom,
 Mid Terni's vale of singing rills,
 By deathless lairs in solemn Rome,
 In gay Palermo's "Golden Shell,"
 At Arethusa's hidden well,
 We loiter'd like the impassion'd sun,
 That slept so lovingly on all,
 And made a home of every one—
 Ruin, and fane, and waterfall—
 And crown'd the dying day with glory,
 If we had seen, since morn, but one old haunt of
 story.

We came, with spring, to Tivoli.
 My sister loved its laughing air
 And merry waters, though, for me,
 My heart was in another key;
 And sometimes I could scarcely bear
 The mirth of their eternal play,
 And, like a child that longs for home,
 When weary of its holiday,
 I sigh'd for melancholy Rome.
 Perhaps—the fancy haunts me still—
 'T was but a boding sense of ill.

It was a morn, of such a day
 As might have dawn'd on Eden first,
 Early in the Italian May.
 Vine-leaf and flower had newly burst,

* The story is told during a walk around the Cascatelles of Tivoli.

And, on the burden of the air,
 The breath of buds came faint and rare;
 And, far in the transparent sky,
 The small, earth-keeping birds were seen,
 Soaring deliciously high;
 And through the clefts of newer green
 Yon waters dash'd their living pearls;
 And, with a gayer smile and bow,
 Troop'd on the merry village-girls;
 And, from the Contadina's brow,
 The low-slouch'd hat was backward thrown,
 With air that scarcely seem'd his own;
 And MELANIE, with lips apart,
 And clasp'd hands upon my arm,
 Flung open her impassion'd heart,
 And bless'd life's mere and breathing charm,
 And sang old songs, and gather'd flowers,
 And passionately bless'd once more life's thrilling
 hours.

In happiness and idleness

We wander'd down yon sunny vale,—
 O, mocking eyes! a golden tress
 Floats back upon this summer gale!
 A foot is tripping on the grass!
 A laugh rings merry in mine ear!
 I see a bounding shadow pass!—
 O, Gon! my sister *once* was here!
 Come with me, friend;—we rested yon;
 There grew a flower she pluck'd and wore;
 She sat upon this mossy stone!
 That broken fountain, running o'er
 With the same ring, like silver bells;
 She listen'd to its babbling flow,
 And said, "Perhaps the gossip tells
 Some fountain nymph's love-story now!"
 And, as her laugh rang clear and wild,
 A youth—a painter—pass'd and smiled.

He gave the greeting of the morn

With voice that linger'd in mine ear.
 I knew him sad and gentle born
 By those two words, so calm and clear.
 His frame was slight, his forehead high,
 And swept by threads of raven hair;
 The fire of thought was in his eye,
 And he was pale and marble fair;
 And Grecian chisel never caught
 The soul in those slight features wrought.
 I watch'd his graceful step of pride,
 Till hidden by yon leaning tree,
 And loved him e'er the echo died:
 And so, alas! did MELANIE!

We sat and watch'd the fount a while

In silence, but our thoughts were one;
 And then arose, and, with a smile
 Of sympathy, we saunter'd on;
 And she by sudden fits was gay,
 And then her laughter died away;
 And, in this changefulness of mood,
 Forgotten now those May-day spells,
 We turn'd where VARRIO's villa stood,
 And, gazing on the Cascatelles,
 (Whose hurrying waters, wild and white,
 Seem'd madden'd as they burst to light,)

I chanced to turn my eyes away,
 And, lo! upon a bank alone,
 The youthful painter, sleeping, lay!
 His pencils on the grass were thrown,
 And by his side a sketch was flung,
 And near him as I lightly crept,
 To see the picture as he slept,
 Upon his feet he lightly sprung:
 And, gazing with a wild surprise
 Upon the face of MELANIE,
 He said—and dropp'd his earnest eyes—
 "Forgive me! but I dream'd of thee!"
 His sketch, the while, was in my hand,
 And, for the lines I look'd to trace—
 A torrent by a palace spann'd,
 Half-classic and half-fairy-land—
 I only found—my sister's face!

III.

Our life was changed. Another love
 In its lone woof began to twine;
 But, ah! the golden thread was wove
 Between my sister's heart and mine!
 She who had lived for me before—
 She who had smiled for me alone—
 Would live and smile for me no more!
 The echo to my heart was gone!
 It seem'd to me the very skies
 Had shone through those averted eyes;
 The air had breathed of balm—the flower
 Of radiant beauty seem'd to be
 But as *she* loved them, hour by hour,
 And murmur'd of that love to *me*!
 O, though it be so heavenly high
 The selfishness of earth above,
 That, of the watchers in the sky,
 He sleeps who guards a brother's love—
 Though to a sister's present weal—
 The deep devotion far transcends
 The utmost that the soul can feel
 For even its own higher ends—
 Though next to Gon, and more than heaven
 For his own sake, he loves her, even—
 'T is difficult to see another,
 A passing stranger of a day,
 Who never hath been friend or brother,
 Pluck with a look her heart away,—
 To see the fair, unsullied brow,
 Ne'er kiss'd before without a prayer,
 Upon a stranger's bosom now,
 Who for the boon took little care,
 Who is enrich'd, he knows not why;
 Who suddenly hath found a treasure
 Golconda were too poor to buy;
 And he, perhaps, too cold to measure,
 (Albeit, in her forgetful dream,
 The unconscious idol happier seem,)
 'T is difficult at once to crush
 The rebel mourner in the breast,
 To press the heart to earth, and hush
 Its bitter jealousy to rest,—
 And difficult—the eye gets dim—
 The lip wants power to smile on him!

I thank sweet MARY Mother now,
 Who gave me strength those pangs to hide,

And touch'd mine eyes and lit my brow
 With sunshine that my heart belied.
 I never spoke of wealth or race,
 To one who ask'd so much of me,—
 I look'd but in my sister's face,
 And mused if she would happier be;
 And, hour by hour, and day by day,
 I loved the gentle painter more,
 And in the same soft measure wore
 My selfish jealousy away;
 And I began to watch his mood,
 And feel, with her, love's trembling care,
 And bade God bless him as he woo'd
 That loving girl, so fond and fair,
 And on my mind would sometimes press
 A fear that she might love him less.

But MELANIE—I little dream'd
 What spells the stirring heart may move—
 PYGMALION'S statue never seem'd
 More changed with life, than she with love.
 The pearl-tint of the early dawn
 Flush'd into day-spring's rosy hue;
 The meek, moss-folded bud of morn
 Flung open to the light and dew;
 The first and half-seen star of even
 Wax'd clear amid the deepening heaven—
 Similitudes perchance may be;
 But these are changes oftener seen,
 And do not image half to me
 My sister's change of face and mien.
 'T was written in her very air,
 That love had pass'd and enter'd there.

IV.

A calm and lovely paradise
 Is Italy, for minds at ease.
 The sadness of its sunny skies
 Weighs not upon the lives of these.
 The ruin'd aisle, the crumbling fane,
 The broken column, vast and prone—
 It may be joy, it may be pain,
 Amid such wrecks to walk alone;
 The saddest man will sadder be,
 The gentlest lover gentler there,
 As if, whate'er the spirit's key,
 It strengthen'd in that solemn air.
 The heart soon grows to mournful things;
 And Italy has not a breeze
 But comes on melancholy wings;
 And even her majestic trees
 Stand ghost-like in the CÆSAR'S home,
 As if their conscious roots were set
 In the old graves of giant Rome,
 And drew their sap all kingly yet!
 And every stone your feet beneath
 Is broken from some mighty thought,
 And sculptures in the dust still breathe
 The fire with which their lines were wrought,
 And sunder'd arch, and plunder'd tomb
 Still thunder back the echo, "Rome!"
 Yet gayly o'er Egeria's fount
 The ivy flings its emerald veil,
 And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount,
 And light-sprung arches span the dale,

And soft, from Caracalla's Baths,
 The herdsman's song comes down the breeze,
 While climb his goats the giddy paths
 To grass-grown architrave and frieze;
 And gracefully Albano's hill
 Curves into the horizon's line,
 And sweetly sings that classic rill,
 And fairly stands that nameless shrine;
 And here, O, many a sultry noon
 And starry eve, that happy June,
 Came ANGELO and MELANIE,
 And earth for us was all in tune—
 For while Love talk'd with them, Hope walk'd
 apart with me!

V.

I shrink from the embitter'd close
 Of my own melancholy tale.
 'T is long since I have waked my woes—
 And nerve and voice together fail!
 The throb beats faster at my brow,
 My brain feels warm with starting tears,
 And I shall weep—but heed not thou!
 'T will soothe a while the ache of years.
 The heart transfix'd—worn out with grief—
 Will turn the arrow for relief.
 The painter was a child of shame!
 It stirr'd my pride to know it first,
 For I had question'd but his name,
 And thought, alas! I knew the worst,
 Believing him unknown and poor.
 His blood, indeed, was not obscure;
 A high-born Conti was his mother,
 But, though he knew one parent's face,
 He never had beheld the other,
 Nor knew his country or his race.
 The Roman hid his daughter's shame
 Within St. Mona's convent wall,
 And gave the boy a painter's name—
 And little else to live withal!
 And, with a noble's high desires
 Forever mounting in his heart,
 The boy consumed with hidden fires,
 But wrought in silence at his art;
 And sometimes at St. Mona's shrine,
 Worn thin with penance harsh and long,
 He saw his mother's form divine,
 And loved her for their mutual wrong.
 I said my pride was stirr'd—but no!
 The voice that told its bitter tale
 Was touch'd so mournfully with wo,
 And, as he ceased, all deathly pale,
 He loosed the hand of MELANIE,
 And gazed so gaspingly on me—
 The demon in my bosom died!
 "Not thine," I said, "another's guilt;
 I break no hearts for silly pride;
 So, kiss yon weeper if thou wilt!"

VI.

St. Mona's morning mass was done;
 The shrine-lamps struggled with the day;
 And, rising slowly, one by one,
 Stole the last worshippers away.
 The organist play'd out the hymn,
 The incense, to St. MARY swung,

Had mounted to the cherubim,
Or to the pillars thinly clung;
And boyish chorister replaced
The missal that was read no more,
And closed, with half-irreverent haste,
Confessional and chancel-door;
And as, through aisle and oriel pane,
The sun went round his slanting beam,
The dying martyr stirr'd again,
And warriors battled in its gleam;
And costly tomb and sculptured knight
Show'd warm and wondrous in the light.

I have not said that MELANIE
Was radiantly fair—
This earth again may never see
A loveliness so rare!
She glided up St. Mona's aisle
That morning as a bride,
And, full as was my heart the while,
I bless'd her in my pride!
The fountain may not fail the less
Whose sands are golden ore,
And a sister for her loveliness
May not be loved the more;
But as, the fount's full heart beneath,
Those golden sparkles shine,
My sister's beauty seem'd to breathe
Its brightness over mine!

St. Mona has a chapel dim
Within the altar's fretted pale,
Where faintly comes the swelling hymn,
And dies, half-lost, the anthem's wail.
And here, in twilight meet for prayer,
A single lamp hangs o'er the shrine,
And RAPHAEL'S MARY, soft and fair,
Looks down with sweetness half-divine,
And here St. Mona's nuns alway
Through latticed bars are seen to pray.

Ave and sacrament were o'er,
And ANGELO and MELANIE
Still knelt the holy shrine before;
But prayer, that morn, was not for me!
My heart was lock'd! The lip might stir,
The frame might agonize—and yet,
O God! I could not pray for *her*!
A seal upon my soul was set—
My brow was hot—my brain oppress—
And fiends seem'd muttering round, “Your bridal
is unblest!”

With forehead to the lattice laid,
And thin, white fingers straining through,
A nun the while had softly pray'd.
O, e'en in prayer that voice I knew!
Each faltering word, each mournful tone,
Each pleading cadence, half-suppress'd—
Such music had its like alone
On lips that stole it at her breast!
And ere the orison was done
I loved the mother as the son!

And now, the marriage-vow to hear,
The nun unveil'd her brow;
When, sudden, to my startled ear,
There crept a whisper, hoarse, like fear,
“DE BREVERN! *is it thou!*”

The priest let fall the golden ring,
The bridegroom stood aghast;
While, like some wierd and frantic thing,
The nun was muttering fast;
And as, in dread, I nearer drew,
She thrust her arms the lattice through,
And held me to her straining view;
But suddenly begun
To steal upon her brain a light,
That stagger'd soul, and sense, and sight,
And, with a mouth all ashy white,
She shriek'd, “*It is his son!*
The bridegroom is thy blood—thy brother!
RODOLPH DE BREVERN *wrong'd his mother!*”
And, as that doom of love was heard,
My sister sunk, and died, without a sign or word!

I shed no tear for her. She died
With her last sunshine in her eyes.
Earth held for her no joy beside
The hope just shatter'd,—and she lies
In a green nook of yonder dell;
And near her, in a newer bed,
Her lover—brother—sleeps as well!
Peace to the broken-hearted dead!

THE CONFESSIONAL.

I THOUGHT of thee—I thought of thee
On ocean many a weary night,
When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We furl'd before the coming gale,
We slept amid the breathless calm,
We flew beneath the straining sail,—
But thou wert lost for years to me,
And day and night I thought of thee!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In France, amid the gay saloon,
Where eyes as dark as eyes may be
Are many as the leaves in June:
Where life is love, and e'en the air
Is pregnant with impassion'd thought,
And song, and dance, and music are
With one warm meaning only fraught,
My half-snared heart broke lightly free,
And, with a blush, I thought of thee!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Florence, where the fiery hearts
Of Italy are breathed away
In wonders of the deathless arts;
Where strays the Contadina, down
Val d' Arno, with song of old;
Where clime and women seldom frown,
And life runs over sands of gold;
I stray'd to lonely Fiesole,
On many an eve, and thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Rome, when, on the Palatine,
Night left the Cesar's palace free
To Time's forgetful foot and mine;

Or, on the Coliseum's wall,
When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone,
Reclining, with a thought of all
That o'er this scene hath come and gone,
The shades of Rome would start and flee
Unconsciously—I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Vallombrosa's holy shade,
Where nobles born the friars be,
By life's rude changes humbler made.
Here MILTON framed his Paradise;
I slept within his very cell;
And, as I closed my weary eyes,
I thought the cowl would fit me well;
The cloisters breathed, it seem'd to me,
Of heart's-ease—but I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Venice, on a night in June;
When, through the city of the sea,
Like dust of silver, slept the moon.
Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,
And, as the black barks glided by,
The water, to my leaning ear,
Bore back the lover's passing sigh;
It was no place alone to be,
I thought of thee—I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In the Ionian isles, when straying
With wise ULYSSES by the sea,
Old HOMER's songs around me playing;
Or, watching the bewitch'd caïque,
That o'er the star-lit waters flew,
I listen'd to the helmsman Greek,
Who sung the song that SAPPHO knew:
The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,
All vanish'd as I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Greece, when rose the Parthenon
Majestic o'er the Egean sea,
And heroes with it, one by one;
When, in the grove of Academe,
Where LAIS and LEONTIUM stray'd
Discussing PLATO's mystic theme,
I lay at noontide in the shade—
The Egean wind, the whispering tree
Had voices—and I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Asia, on the Dardanelles,
Where, swiftly as the waters flee,
Each wave some sweet old story tells;
And, seated by the marble tank
Which sleeps by Ilium's ruins old,
(The fount where peerless HELEN drank,
And VENUS laved her locks of gold,)
I thrill'd such classic haunts to see,
Yet even here I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,
All palace-lined from sea to sea:
And ever on its shores the daughters
Of the delicious east are seen,
Printing the brink with slipper'd feet,

And, O, the snowy folds between,
What eyes of heaven your glances meet!
Peris of light no fairer be,
Yet, in Stamboul, I thought of thee.

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.
Though roving beneath orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded west;
I think of thee—I think of thee!
O, dearest! hast thou thought of me!

—◆— LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
O, what has changed that traveller-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam, [home!
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven;
Those forms of beauty, seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
O, still the enamour'd sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever;
And, could I live for this alone,
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slave's can be;
Held not the west one glorious star,
New-born and blazing for the free,
Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet,
Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to forget!

Adieu, O, fatherland! I see

Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And, though to freer skies I flee,

My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,

When loosed upon a foreign shore;
As spreads the rain-drop in the river

In which it may have flow'd before—

To England, over vale and mountain,

My fancy flew from climes more fair,

My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night

There come new words and warmer tears!

On long, long darkness breaks the light,

Comes home the loved, the lost for years!

Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,

Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!

The ear of Heaven bends low to *her*!

He comes to shore who sails with me!

The wind-toss'd spider needs no token

How stands the tree when lightnings blaze:

And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,

I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak,

When first our tears will let us see,

When I can gaze upon thy cheek,

And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—

'T will be a pastime little and

To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers

Upon each other's forms have had;

For all may flee, so feeling lingers!

But there's a change, beloved mother,

To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;

I come—but with me comes another,

To share the heart once only mine!

Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,

One star arose in memory's heaven;

Thou, who hast watch'd *one* treasure only,

Water'd *one* flower with tears at even:

Room in thy heart! The hearth she left

Is darken'd to make light to ours!

There are bright flowers of care bereft,

And hearts that languish more than flowers;

She was their light, their very air— [prayer!]

Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy

SPRING.

THE Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,

With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,

Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours;

A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,

To find refreshment in the silent woods;

And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,

Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods;

Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,

To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,

The waters tripping with their silver feet,

The turning to the light of leaves in June,

And the light whisper as their edges meet:

Strange, that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,

The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,

Save in forgetting the immortal dream;

We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,

That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;

Bird-like, the prison'd soul *will* lift its eye

And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

TO ERMENGARDE.

I know not if the sunshine waste,

The world is dark since thou art gone!

The hours are, O! so leaden-paced!

The birds sing, and the stars float on,

But sing not well, and look not fair;

A weight is in the summer air,

And sadness in the sight of flowers;

And if I go where others smile,

Their love but makes me think of ours,

And Heaven gets my heart the while.

Like one upon a desert isle,

I languish of the dreary hours;

I never thought a life could be

So flung upon one hope, as mine, dear love, on thee!

I sit and watch the summer sky:

There comes a cloud through heaven alone;

A thousand stars are shining nigh,

It feels no light, but darkles on!

Yet now it nears the lovelier moon,

And, flashing through its fringe of snow,

There steals a rosier dye, and soon

Its bosom is one fiery glow!

The queen of life within it lies,

Yet mark how lovers meet to part:

The cloud already onward flies,

And shadows sink into its heart;

And (dost thou see them where thou art?).

Fade fast, fade all those glorious dyes!

Its light, like mine, is seen no more,

And, like my own, its heart seems darker than
before.

Where press, this hour, those fairy feet?

Where look, this hour, those eyes of blue?

What music in thine ear is sweet?

What odour breathes thy lattice through?

What word is on thy lip? What tone,

What look, replying to thine own?

Thy steps along the Danube stray,

Alas, it seeks an orient sea!

Thou wouldst not seem so far away,

Flow'd but its waters back to me!

I bless the slowly-coming moon,

Because its eye look'd late in thine;

I envy the west wind of June,

Whose wings will bear it up the Rhine;

The flower I press upon my brow

Were sweeter if its like perfumed thy chamber now!

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad
To the dejected HAGAR. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing, as if life
Were a new thing to them; but, O! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at ABRAHAM's tent. Her lips were press'd
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swell'd out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasp'd in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce train'd to balance on the tented floor,
Sandall'd for journeying. He had look'd up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straighten'd up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swell'd,
Had they but match'd his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and on his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigour is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
O, man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain, that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-hair'd boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should HAGAR weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give

One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, O! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow;
Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child held on in silence, though she press'd
His hand till it was pain'd: for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning pass'd, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but HAGAR found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him further on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourn'd:

"Gon stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle-joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this when thou wert straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"O, no! and when I watch'd by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How pray'd I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And, O! my last farewell
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her Gon had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laugh'd
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool splashing of his mother's hand.

THOUGHTS

WHILE MAKING A GRAVE FOR A FIRST CHILD, BORN DEAD.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven!
Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O, watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!
But, lo! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep, O, mother!
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon her face ere she depart!
My daughter! it is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! with thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of: filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee!
A love—O, Gon, it seems so—which must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt Heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a sweet and yearning chain,
Drawing me after thee! And so farewell!
'T is a harsh world in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the lone grave! Thou, who so late was sleeping
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving,
But it was sent thee with some tender thought—
How can I leave thee *here*! Alas, for man!
The herb in its humility may fall,
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we, by hands that minister'd in life
Nothing but love to us, are thrust away,
The earth thrown in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead us to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters;
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers;
And, far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort, and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies
Robb'd of her child, and lonely. 'T is the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone!
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
Its images from all the silent rooms,

And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link; and so, at last,
The fountain that, once loosed, must flow forever,
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
Wakens its buds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say,
*A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away!*

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

Ox the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
'Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstir'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smoothe his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen!
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smoothe thy feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And, while the world throngs on beneath,
Smoothe down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstir'd, to knell or chime,
And, lapp'd in quiet, bide my time.

APRIL.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooling upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song, in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking night.

TO A FACE BELOVED.

THE music of the waken'd lyre
Dies not upon the quivering strings,
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire
Upon the lip that trembling sings;
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,
Forever in its sparry wells;
The spells of the enchanter lie [eye.
Not on his own lone heart, his own rapt ear and

I look upon a face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music-prayer!
The first-lit star of summer even
Springs not so softly on the eye,
Nor grows, with watching, half so bright,
Nor, mid its sisters of the sky,
So seems of heaven the dearest light;
Men murmur where that face is seen—
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,
And envy, in our grief, the flower
That bears but sweetness in its breast,
And fear'd the enchanter for his power,
And love the minstrel for his spell
He winds out of his lyre so well;
The stars are almoners of light,
The lyrist of melodious air,
The fountain of its waters bright,
And every thing most sweet and fair
Of that by which it charms the ear,
The eye of him that passes near;
A lamp is lit in woman's eye
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

EDWARD SANFORD.

[Born, 1807.]

EDWARD SANFORD, a son of the late Chancellor SANFORD, is a native of the city of New York. He was graduated at the Union College in 1824, and in the following year became a law student in the office of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, afterward Attorney-General of the United States. He subsequently practised several years in the courts of

New York, but finally abandoned his profession to conduct the "Standard," an able democratic journal, with which he was connected during the political contest which resulted in the election of MR. VAN BUREN to the Presidency, after which he was for a time one of the editors of "The Globe," at Washington. He now resides in New York.

ADDRESS TO BLACK HAWK.

THERE'S beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
And the keen flashing of thy full, dark eye
Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold;
Of passions seathed not by the blight of time;
Ambition, that survives the battle-rout.
The man within thee scorns to play the mime
To gaping crowds, that compass thee about.
Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side,
Wrapp'd in fierce hate, and high, unconquer'd pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet—
Vanquish'd and captive—dost thou deem that here
The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
Dull night has closed upon thy bright career?
Old forest-lion, caught and caged at last,
Dost pant to roam again thy native wild?
To gloat upon the lifeblood flowing fast
Of thy crush'd victims; and to slay the child,
To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers, [thers?
And kill, old Turk! thy harmless, pale-faced bro-

For it was cruel, BLACK HAWK, thus to flutter
The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,
To let thy tribe commit such fierce and utter
Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.
Though thine be old, hereditary hate,
Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until
It had become a madness, 'tis too late [will
To crush the hordes who have the power and
To rob thee of thy hunting-grounds and fountains,
And drive thee backward to the Rocky Mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference, [wonder;
There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy
Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense
The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?
Our big canoes, with white and widespread wings,
That sweep the waters as birds sweep the sky;
Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things
Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by!
Or, if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
What think'st thou of our railroad locomotion?

Thou'st seen our museums, beheld the dummies
That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;
What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,
So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces!

Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage
Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;
Thou'st heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,
Seen their eyes glisten, and their dark brows lower.
Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cool'd
down,
Pass in a moment from a king—to clown.

Thou seest these things unmoved! sayst so, old
fellow!

Then tell us, have the white man's glowing
daughters
Set thy cold blood in motion? Has't been mellow
By a sly cup or so of our fire-waters?
They are thy people's deadliest poison. They
First make them cowards, and then white men's
slaves;
And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey,
And lives of misery, and early graves.
For, by their power, believe me, not a day goes
But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away,
To the deep bosom of thy forest-home?
The hill-side, where thy young papposes play,
And ask, amid their sports, when thou wilt come?
Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws
For their lost warrior loud upon thine ear,
Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
That, yell'd at every corner, meet thee here?
The wife who made that shell-deck'd wampum belt,
Thy rugged heart must think of her—and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast
Of the caged bird against his prison-bars,
That thou, the crowned warrior of the West,
The victor of a hundred forest-wars,
Shouldst in thy age become a raree-show,
Led, like a walking bear, about the town,
A new-caught monster, who is all the go,
And stared at, gratis, by the gaping clown?
Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
The sport and mockery of the rabble rout?

Whence came thy cold philosophy? whence came,
Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,
The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame
Of thy fierce passions? Thou despisest fun,

And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee,
Save thy fierce sport, when at the funeral-pile
Of a bound warrior in his agony,

Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile.
Thy face, in length, reminds one of a Quaker's;
Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree
Is blanch'd, and bare, and sear'd, and leafless
I'll not insult its fallen majesty, [now,

Nor drive, with careless hand, the ruthless plough
Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,

Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air,
No second verdure quickens in our cold,

New, barren earth; no life sustains it there,
But, even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,
Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,

Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy;

The best of blood glows in thy every feature,

And thy curl'd lip speaks scorn for our democracy.

Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow;

Let him who doubts them meet thine eagle-eye,

He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow

All question of thy noble family;

For thou mayst here become, with strict propriety,

A leader in our city good society.

TO A MUSQUITO.

His voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.—King Lear.

Thou sweet musician, that around my bed

Dost nightly come and wind thy little horn,

By what unseen and secret influence led,

Feed'st thou my ear with music till 'tis morn?

The wind-harp's tones are not more soft than thine,

The hum of falling waters not more sweet:

I own, *indeed*, I own thy song divine, [meet,

And when next year's warm summer nights we

(Till then, farewell!) I promise thee to be

A patient listener to thy minstrelsy.

Thou tiny minstrel, who bid thee discourse

Such eloquent music? was't thy tuneful sire?

Some old musician? or didst take a course

Of lessons from some master of the lyre?

Who bid thee twang so sweetly thy small trumpet?

Did NORRÖ form thy notes so clear and full?

Art a phrenologist, and is the bump

Of song developed in thy little skull?

At NIBLO's hast thou been when crowds stood mute,

Drinking the birdlike tones of CUNDR's flute?

Tell me the burden of thy ceaseless song.

Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer,

Or lay of love, thou pipest through the long,

Still night? With song dost drive away dull care?

Art thou a vieux garçon, a gay deceiver,

A wandering blade, roaming in search of sweets,

Pledging thy faith to every fond believer,

Who thy advance with halfway shyness meets?

Or art o' the softer sex, and sing'st in glee,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free?"

Thou little siren, when the nymphs of yore

Charm'd with their songs till men forgot to dine,

And starved, though music-fed, upon their shore,

Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine.

They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing

As if to lull our senses to repose,

That thou mayst use, uncharm'd, thy little sting,

The very moment we begin to doze;

Thou worse than siren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,

Thou living vampire, and thou gallinipper!

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings

The bard, (and thou dost sing most sweetly too,)

Through the wide circuit of created things,

Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.

Nature is full of thee; on every shore,

'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,

From warm Peru to icy Labrador,

The world's free citizen, thou roamest wild.

Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll,"

Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the Pole."

The incarnation of Queen MAB art thou,

"The fairies' midwife;"—thou dost nightly sip,

With amorous proboscis bending low,

The honey-dew from many a lady's lip—

(Though that they "straight on kisses dream," I doubt—)

On smiling faces, and on eyes that weep,

Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"

"Ticklest men's noses as they lie asleep;

And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,

"On the forefinger of an alderman."

Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth.

As rose the sea-born VENUS from the wave,

So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,

The living water and the fresh air gave

A portion of their elements to create

Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.

So lean and gaunt, that economic fate

Meant thee to feed on music or on air.

Our vein's pure juices were not made for thee,

Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair,

And twilight's tints just fading into night,

Most dusky soft, and so thy soft notes are

By far the sweetest when thou takest thy flight.

The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine;

Sweet are the wind-harp's tones at distance heard;

'Tis sweet at distance, at the day's decline,

To hear the opening song of evening's bird.

But notes of harp or bird at distance float

Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn-winds are wailing: 'tis thy dirge;

Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.

Soon the cold rain will whelm thee, as the surge

Whelms the toss'd mariner in its watery tomb:

Then soar, and sing thy little life away!

Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.

'Tis well to end in music life's last day,

Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou:

For thou wilt soon live through its joyous hours,

And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

[Born, 1807. Died, 1831.]

JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL was born in Lebanon, an agricultural town in Connecticut, in 1807. At an early age he was apprenticed to a printer, in Utica, and in his sixteenth year he began to write verses for the newspapers. Two years afterward he went to New York, and subsequently to Boston, in each of which cities he laboured as a journeyman compositor. He had now acquired considerable reputation by his poetical writings, and was engaged as associate editor of the "Statesman," an old and influential journal published in Boston, with which, I believe, he continued until 1829, when he became the conductor of the Providence "Patriot."

Doubtless ROCKWELL was a man of genius. He was poor, and in his youth he had been left nearly to his own direction. He chose to learn the business of printing, because he thought it would afford him opportunities to improve his mind; and his education was acquired by diligent study during the leisure hours of his apprenticeship. When he removed to Providence, it became necessary for him to take an active part in the discussion of political questions. He felt but little interest in public affairs, and shrank instinctively from the strife of partisanship; but it seemed the only avenue to competence and reputation, and he embarked in it with apparent ardour. Journalism, in the hands of able and honourable men, is the noblest of callings; in the hands of the ignorant and mercenary, it is among the meanest. There are at all times connected with the press, persons of the baser sort, who derive their support and chief enjoyment from ministering to the worst passions; and by some of this class ROCKWELL's private character was assailed, and he was taunted with his obscure parentage, defective education, and former vocation, as if to have elevated his position in society, by perseverance and the force of mind, were a ground of accusation. He had too little energy in his nature to regard such assaults with the indifference they merited; and complained in some of his letters that they "robbed him of rest, and of all pleasure." With constantly increasing reputation, however, he continued his editorial labours until the summer of 1831, when, at the early age of twenty-four years, he was suddenly "called to the better land." He felt unwell, one morning, and, in a brief paragraph, apologized for the apparent neglect of his gazette. The next number of it wore the signs of mourning for his death. A friend of ROCKWELL's,* in a notice of him published in the "Southern Literary Messenger," mentions as the immediate cause of his death, that he "was troubled at the thought of some obli-

tion which, from not receiving money then due to him, he was unable to meet, and shrank from the prospect of a *debtor's prison*." That it was in some way a result of his extreme sensitiveness, was generally believed among his friends at the time. WHITTIER, who was then editor of the "New England Weekly Review," soon after wrote the following lines to his memory:

"The turf is smooth above him! and this rain
Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back
The perishing life of its green-bladed grass,
And the crush'd flower will lift its head again
Smiling unto heaven, as if it kept
No vigil with the dead. Well—it is meet
That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers
Blow wild about his resting place. His mind
Was in itself a flower but half-disclosed—
A bud of blessed promise which the storm
Visited rudely, and the passer by
Smote down in wantonness. But we may trust
That it hath found a dwelling, where the sun
Of a more holy clime will visit it,
And the pure dews of mercy will descend,
Through Heaven's own atmosphere, upon its head.

"His form is now before me, with no trace
Of death in its fine lineaments, and there
Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,
And his free lip is softening with the smile
Which in his eye is kindling. I can feel
The parting pressure of his hand, and hear
His last 'God bless you!' Strange—that he is there
Distinct before me like a breathing thing,
Even when I know that he is with the dead,
And that the damp earth hides him. I would not
Think of him otherwise—his image lives
Within my memory as he seem'd before
The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil
And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left
Their traces on his aspect. Peace to him!
He wrestled nobly with the weariness
And trials of our being—smiling on,
While poison mingled with his springs of life,
And wearing a calm brow, while on his heart
Anguish was resting like a hand of fire—
Until at last the agony of thought
Grew insupportable, and madness came
Darkly upon him,—and the sufferer died!

"Nor died he unlamented! To his grave
The beautiful and gifted shall go up,
And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips
Shall murmur in the broken tones of grief—
His own sweet melodies—and if the ear
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
The brightness of its new inheritance,
It may be joyful to the parted one
To feel that earth remembers him in love!"

The specimens of ROCKWELL's poetry which have fallen under my notice show him to have possessed a strong imagination and deep feeling. His imagery is not always well chosen, and his versification is sometimes defective; but his thoughts are often original, and the general effect of his pieces is striking. His later poems are his best, and probably he would have produced works of much merit had he lived to a mature age.

* Reverend CHARLES W. EVEREST, of Meriden, Connecticut.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

SEARCHER of gold, whose days and nights

All waste away in anxious care,
Estranged from all of life's delights,
Unlearn'd in all that is most fair—
Who sail'st not with easy glide,
But delvest in the depths of tide,
And strugglest in the foam;
O! come and view this land of graves,
Death's northern sea of frozen waves,
And mark thee out thy home.

Lover of woman, whose sad heart
Wastes like a fountain in the sun,
Clings most, where most its pain does start,
Dies by the light it lives upon;
Come to the land of graves; for here
Are beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,
Gather'd in holy trust;
Here slumber forms as fair as those
Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose,
Their glory turn'd to dust.

Lover of fame, whose foolish thought
Steals onward o'er the wave of time,
Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,
Atoning for that restless crime?
The spirit-mansion desolate,
And open to the storms of fate,
The absent soul in fear;
Bring home thy thoughts and come with me,
And see where all thy pride must be:
Searcher of fame, look here!

And, warrior, thou with snowy plume,
That goest to the bugle's call,
Come and look down; this lonely tomb
Shall hold thee and thy glories all:
The haughty brow, the manly frame,
The daring deeds, the sounding fame,
Are trophies but for death!
And millions who have toil'd like thee,
Are stay'd, and here they sleep; and see,
Does glory lend them breath?

TO ANN.

Thou wert as a lake that lieth
In a bright and sunny way;
I was as a bird that fieth
O'er it on a pleasant day;
When I look'd upon thy features
Presence then some feeling lent;
But thou knowest, most false of creatures,
With thy form thy image went.

With a kiss my vow was greeted,
As I knelt before thy shrine;
But I saw that kiss repeated
On another lip than mine;
And a solemn vow was spoken
That thy heart should not be changed;
But that binding vow was broken,
And thy spirit was estranged.

I could blame thee for awaking
Thoughts the world will but deride;
Calling out, and then forsaking
Flowers the winter wind will chide;
Guiling to the midway ocean
Barks that tremble by the shore;
But I hush the sad emotion,
And will punish thee no more.

THE LOST AT SEA.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion
Puttest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean,
Hope no more—his course is done.
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side;
For his corse beneath the billow
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains,
Know ye many clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains?
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father lost and gone?

When the sun look'd on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave,
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant current roll'd,
Slept thy sire, without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold;

And the silent sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendours haunted
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair;
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow and thine own,
Of the woe that then befell thee,
Come we weary and alone.
That thine eye is quickly shaded,
That thy heart-blood wildly flows,
That thy cheek's clear hue is faded,
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring,
Linger on your mother's face—
Know ye that she is expiring,
That ye are an orphan race?
Gon be with you on the morrow,
Father, mother,—both no more;
One within a grave of sorrow,
One upon the ocean's floor!

THE DEATH-BED OF BEAUTY.

SHE sleeps in beauty, like the dying rose
 By the warm skies and winds of June forsaken;
 Or like the sun, when dimm'd with clouds it goes
 To its clear ocean-bed, by light winds shaken:
 Or like the moon, when through its robes of snow
 It smiles with angel meekness—or like sorrow
 When it is soothed by resignation's glow,
 Or like herself,—she will be dead to-morrow.

How still she sleeps! The young and sinless girl!
 And the faint breath upon her red lips trembles!
 Waving, almost in death, the raven curl
 That floats around her; and she most resembles
 The fall of night upon the ocean foam,
 Wherefrom the sun-light hath not yet departed;
 And where the winds are faint. She stealeth home,
 Unsullied girl! an angel broken-hearted!

O, bitter world! that hadst so cold an eye
 To look upon so fair a type of heaven;
 She could not dwell beneath a winter sky,
 And her heart-strings were frozen here and riven,
 And now she lies in ruins—look and weep!
 How lightly leans her cheek upon the pillow!
 And how the bloom of her fair face doth keep
 Changed, like a stricken dolphin on the billow.

TO THE ICE-MOUNTAIN.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest!
 Jewel, dazzling all the main!
 Father of the silver crest!
 Wandering on the trackless plain,
 Sleeping mid the wavy roar,
 Sailing mid the angry storm,
 Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,
 Piling to the clouds thy form!

Wandering monument of rain,
 Prison'd by the sullen north!
 But to melt thy hated chain,
 Is it that thou comest forth?
 Wend thee to the sunny south,
 To the glassy summer sea,
 And the breathings of her mouth
 Shall unchain and gladden thee!

Roamer in the hidden path,
 'Neath the green and clouded wave!
 Trampling in thy reckless wrath,
 On the lost, but cherish'd brave;
 Parting love's death-link'd embrace—
 Crushing beauty's skeleton—
 Tell us what the hidden race
 With our mourned lost have done!

Floating isle, which in the sun
 Art an icy coronal;
 And beneath the viewless dun,
 Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall;
 Shining death upon the sea!
 Wend thee to the southern main;
 Warm skies wait to welcome thee!
 Mingle with the wave again!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

WHEN the summer sun was in the west,
 Its crimson radiance fell,
 Some on the blue and changeful sea,
 And some in the prisoner's cell.
 And then his eye with a smile would beam,
 And the blood would leave his brain,
 And the verdure of his soul return,
 Like sere grass after rain!

But when the tempest wreathed and spread
 A mantle o'er the sun,
 He gather'd back his woes again,
 And brooded thereupon;
 And thus he lived, till Time one day
 Led Death to break his chain:
 And then the prisoner went away,
 And he was free again!

TO A WAVE.

LIST! thou child of wind and sea,
 Tell me of the far-off deep,
 Where the tempest's breath is free,
 And the waters never sleep!
 Thou perchance the storm hast aided,
 In its work of stern despair,
 Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
 In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,
 Silent as thou art, and broken,
 Bear'st thou not from distant strands
 To my heart some pleasant token?
 Tales of mountains of the south,
 Spangles of the ore of silver;
 Which, with playful singing mouth,
 Thou hast leap'd on high to pilfer?

Mournful wave! I deem'd thy song
 Was telling of a floating prison,
 Which, when tempests swept along,
 And the mighty winds were risen,
 Founder'd in the ocean's grasp.
 While the brave and fair were dying,
 Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp
 In thy folds, as thou wert flying!

Hast thou seen the hallow'd rock
 Where the pride of kings reposes,
 Crown'd with many a misty lock,
 Wreathed with sapphire, green, and roses?
 Or with joyous, playful leap,
 Hast thou been a tribute flinging,
 Up that bold and jutting steep,
 Pearls upon the south wind stringing!

Faded Wave! a joy to thee,
 Now thy flight and toil are over!
 O, may my departure be
 Calm as thine, thou ocean-rover!
 When this soul's last pain or mirth
 On the shore of time is driven,
 Be its lot like thine on earth,
 To be lost away in heaven!

THOMAS WARD.

[Born, 1807.]

DOCTOR WARD was born at Newark, in New Jersey, on the eighth of June, 1807. His father, General THOMAS WARD, is one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most respectable citizens of that town; and has held various offices of public trust in his native state, and represented his district in the national Congress.

Doctor WARD received his classical education at the academies in Bloomfield and Newark, and the college at Princeton. He chose the profession of physic, and, after the usual preparation, obtained his degree of Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1829, at the Rutgers Medical College, in New York. In the autumn of the same year he went to Paris, to avail himself of the facilities afforded in that capital for the prosecution of every branch of medical inquiry; and, after two years' absence, during which he accomplished the usual tour through Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Great Britain, he returned to New York, and commenced the practice of medicine in that city. In the course

of two or three years, however, he gradually withdrew from business, his circumstances permitting him to exchange devotion to his profession for the more congenial pursuits of literature and general knowledge. He is married, and still resides in New York; spending his summers, however, in his native city, and among the more romantic and beautiful scenes of New Jersey. His first literary efforts were brief satirical pieces, in verse and prose, published in a country gazette, in 1825 and 1826. It was not until after his return from Europe, when he adopted the signature of "FLACCUS," and began to write for the "New York American," that he attracted much attention. His principal work, "Passaic, a Group of Poems touching that River," appeared in 1841. It contains some fine descriptive passages, and its versification is generally correct and musical. "The Monomania of Money-getting," a satire, and many of his minor poems, are more distinguished for vigour than for melody, though he rarely violates the rules of metre.

MUSINGS ON RIVERS.

BEAUTIFUL rivers! that adown the vale
With graceful passage journey to the deep,
Let me along your grassy marge recline
At ease, and musing, meditate the strange
Bright history of your life; yes, from your birth,
Has beauty's shadow chased your every step;
The blue sea was your mother, and the sun
Your glorious sire: clouds your voluptuous cradle,
Roof'd with o'erarching rainbows; and your fall
To earth was cheer'd with shout of happy birds,
With brighten'd faces of reviving flowers
And meadows, while the sympathising west
Took holiday, and donn'd her richest robes.
From deep, mysterious wanderings your springs
Break bubbling into beauty; where they lie
In infant helplessness a while, but soon
Gathering in tiny brooks, they gambol down
The steep sides of the mountain, laughing, shouting,
Teasing the wild flowers, and at every turn
Meeting new playmates till to swell their ranks;
Which, with the rich increase resistless grown,
Shed foam and thunder, that the echoing wood
Rings with the boisterous glee; while o'er their heads,
Catching their spirit blithe, young rainbows sport,
The frolic children of the wanton sun.

Nor is your swelling prime, or green old age,
Though calm, unlovely; still, where'er ye move,
Your train is beauty; trees stand grouping by
To mark your graceful progress: giddy flowers,
And vain, as beauties wont, stoop o'er the verge
To greet their faces in your flattering glass;
The thirsty herd are following at your side;
And water-birds, in clustering flocks, convoy

Your sea-bound tides; and jaded man, released
From worldly thralldom, here his dwelling plants,
Here pauses in your pleasant neighbourhood,
Sure of repose along your tranquil shores.
And when your end approaches, and ye blend
With the eternal ocean, ye shall fade
As placidly as when an infant dies;
And the death-angel shall your powers withdraw
Gently as twilight takes the parting day,
And, with a soft and gradual decline
That cheats the senses, lets it down to night.

Bountiful rivers! not upon the earth
Is record traced of God's exuberant grace
So deeply graven as the channels worn
By ever-flowing streams: arteries of earth,
That, widely branching, circulate its blood:
Whose ever-throbbing pulses are the tides.
The whole vast enginery of Nature, all
The roused and labouring elements combine
In their production; for the mighty end
Is growth, is life to every living thing.
The sun himself is charter'd for the work:
His arm uplifts the main, and at his smile
The fluttering vapours take their flight for heaven,
Shaking the briny sea-dregs from their wings;
Here, wrought by unseen fingers, soon is wove
The cloudy tissue, till a mighty fleet,
Freighted with treasures bound for distant shores,
Floats waiting for the breeze; loosed on the sky
Rush the strong tempests, that, with sweeping
Impel the vast flotilla to its port; [breath,
Where, overhanging wide the arid plain,
Drops the rich mercy down; and oft, when summer
Withers the harvest, and the lazy clouds
Drag idly at the bidding of the breeze,

New riders spur them, and enraged they rush,
Bestrode by thunders, that, with hideous shouts
And crackling thongs of fire, urge them along.

As falls the blessing, how the satiate earth
And all her race shed grateful smiles!—not here
The bounty ceases: when the drenching streams
Have, inly sinking, quench'd the greedy thirst
Of plants, of woods, some kind, invisible hand
In bright, perennial springs draws up again
For needy man and beast; and, as the brooks
Grow strong, apprenticed to the use of man,
The ponderous wheel they turn, the web to weave,
The stubborn metal forge; and, when advanced
To sober age at last, ye seek the sea,
Bearing the wealth of commerce on your backs,
Ye seem the unpaid carriers of the sky
Vouchsafed to earth for burden; and your host
Of shining branches, linking land to land,
Seem bands of friendship—silver chains of love,
To bind the world in brotherhood and peace.

Back to the primal chaos fancy sweeps
To trace your dim beginning; when dull earth
Lay sunken low, one level, plashy marsh,
Girdled with mists; while saurian reptiles, strange,
Measureless monsters, through the cloggy plain
Paddled and flounder'd; and the Almighty voice,
Like silver trumpet, from their hidden dens
Summon'd the central and resistless fires,
That with a groan from pole to pole upheave
The mountain-masses, and, with dreadful rent,
Fracture the rocky crust; then Andes rose,
And Alps their granite pyramids shot up,
Barren of soil; but gathering vapours round
Their stony scalps, condensed to drops, from drops
To brooks, from brooks to rivers, which set out
Over that rugged and untravell'd land,
The first exploring pilgrims, to the sea.
Tedious their route, precipitous and vague,
Seeking with humbleness the lowliest paths:
Oft shut in valleys deep, forlorn they turn
And find no vent; till, gather'd into lakes,
Topping the basin's brimming lip, they plunge
Headlong, and hurry to the level main,
Rejoicing: misty ages did they run,
And, with unceasing friction, all the while
Fritter'd to granular atoms the dense rock,
And ground it into soil—then dropp'd (O! sure
From heaven) the precious seed: first mosses, lichens
Seized on the sterile flint, and from their dust
Sprang herbs and flowers: last from the deepening
mould

Uprose to heaven in pride the princely tree,
And earth was fitted for her coming lord.

TO THE MAGNOLIA.

WHEN roaming o'er the marshy field,
Through tangled brake and treacherous slough,
We start, that spot so foul should yield,
Chaste blossom! such a balm as thou.
Such lavish fragrance there we meet,
That all the dismal waste is sweet.

So, in the dreary path of life,
Through clogging toil and thorny care,
Love rears his blossom o'er the strife,
Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there:
Which pours such incense round the spot,
His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

TO AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.

THOU bright and star-like spirit!
That, in my visions wild,
I see mid heaven's seraphic host—
O! canst thou be my child?
My grief is quench'd in wonder,
And pride arrests my sighs;
A branch from this unworthy stock
Now blossoms in the skies.
Our hopes of thee were lofty,
But have we cause to grieve?
O! could our fondest, proudest wish
A nobler fate conceive?
The little weeper, tearless,
The sinner, snatch'd from sin;
The babe, to more than manhood grown,
Ere childhood did begin.
And I, thy earthly teacher,
Would blush thy powers to see;
Thou art to me a parent now,
And I, a child to thee!
Thy brain, so uninstructed
While in this lowly state,
Now threads the mazy track of spheres,
Or reads the book of fate.
Thine eyes, so curb'd in vision,
Now range the realms of space—
Look down upon the rolling stars,
Look up to God's own face.
Thy little hand, so helpless,
That scarce its toys could hold,
Now clasps its mate in holy prayer,
Or twangs a harp of gold.
Thy feeble feet, unsteady,
That totter'd as they trod,
With angels walk the heavenly paths,
Or stand before their God.
Nor is thy tongue less skilful,
Before the throne divine
'T is pleading for a mother's weal,
As once she pray'd for thine.
What bliss is born of sorrow!
'T is never sent in vain—
The heavenly surgeon maims to save,
He gives no useless pain.
Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down:
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own.

JOHN H. BRYANT.

[Born, 1807.]

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT was born in Cumington, Massachusetts, on the twenty-second day of July, 1807. His youth was passed principally in rural occupations, and in attending the district and other schools, until he was nineteen years of age, when he began to study the Latin language, with a view of entering one of the colleges. In 1826, he wrote the first poem of which he retained any copy. This was entitled "My Native Village," and first appeared in the "United States Review and Literary Gazette," a periodical published simultaneously at New York and Boston, of which his brother, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, was one of the editors. It is included in the present collection. After this he gave up the idea of a university education, and placed himself for a while at the Rensselaer School at Troy, under the superintendence of Professor EATON. He subsequently applied himself to the study of the mathematical and natural sciences, under different instructors, and in his intervals of leisure produced several poems, which were published in the gazettes.

In April, 1831, he went to Jacksonville, in Illinois; and in September of the next year went to Princeton, in the same state, where he sat himself down as a *squatter*, or inhabitant of the public lands not yet ordered to be sold by the government. When the lands came into the market, he purchased a farm, bordering on one of the fine groves of that country. He was married in 1833. He accepted soon afterward two or three public offices, one of which was that of Recorder of Bureau county; but afterward resigned them, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Of his poems, part were written in Massachusetts, and part in Illinois. They have the same general characteristics as those of his brother. He is a lover of nature, and describes minutely and effectively. To him the wind and the streams are ever musical, and the forests and the prairies clothed in beauty. His versification is easy and correct, and his writings show him to be a man of refined taste and kindly feelings, and to have a mind stored with the best learning.

THE NEW ENGLAND PILGRIM'S FUNERAL.

It was a wintry scene,
The hills were whiten'd o'er,
And the chill north winds were blowing keen
Along the rocky shore.

Gone was the wood-bird's lay,
That the summer forest fills,
And the voice of the stream has pass'd away
From its path among the hills.

And the low sun coldly smiled
Through the boughs of the ancient wood,
Where a hundred souls, sire, wife, and child,
Around a coffin stood.

They raised it gently up,
And, through the untrodden snow,
They bore it away, with a solemn step,
To a woody vale below.

And grief was in each eye,
As they moved towards the spot.
And brief, low speech, and tear and sigh
Told that a friend was not.

When they laid his cold corpse low
In its dark and narrow cell,
Heavy the mingled earth and snow
Upon his coffin fell.

Weeping, they pass'd away,
And left him there alone,

With no mark to tell where their dead friend lay,
But the mossy forest-stone.

When the winter storms were gone
And the strange birds sung around,
Green grass and violets sprung upon
That spot of holy ground.

And o'er him giant trees
Their proud arms toss'd on high,
And rustled music in the breeze
That wander'd through the sky.

When these were overspread
With the hues that Autumn gave,
They bow'd them in the wind, and shed
Their leaves upon his grave.

These woods are perish'd now,
And that humble grave forgot,
And the yeoman sings, as he drives his plough
O'er that once sacred spot.

Two centuries are flown
Since they laid his cold corpse low,
And his bones are moulder'd to dust, and strown
To the breezes long ago.

And they who laid him there,
That sad and suffering train,
Now sleep in dust,—to tell us where
No letter'd stones remain.

Their memory remains,
And ever shall remain,
More lasting than the aged fanes
Of Egypt's storied plain.

A RECOLLECTION.

HERE tread aside, where the descending brook
 Pays a scant tribute to the mightier stream,
 And all the summer long, on silver feet,
 Glides lightly o'er the pebbles, sending out
 A mellow murmur on the quiet air.
 Just up this narrow glen, in yonder glade
 Set, like a nest amid embowering trees,
 Where the green grass, fresh as in early spring,
 Spreads a bright carpet o'er the hidden soil,
 Lived, in my early days, an humble pair,
 A mother and her daughter. She, the dame,
 Had well nigh seen her threescore years and ten.
 Her step was tremulous; slight was her frame,
 And bow'd with time and toil; the lines of care
 Were deep upon her brow. At shut of day
 I've met her by the skirt of this old wood,
 Alone, and faintly murmuring to herself,
 Haply, the history of her better days.
 I knew that history once, from youth to age:—
 It was a sad one; he who wedded her
 Had wrong'd her love, and thick the darts of death
 Had fallen among her children and her friends.
 One solace for her age remained,—a fair
 And gentle daughter, with blue, pensive eyes,
 And cheeks like summer roses. Her sweet songs
 Rang like the thrasher's warble in these woods,
 And up the rocky dells. At noon and eve,
 Her walk was o'er the hills, and by the founts
 Of the deep forest. Oft she gather'd flowers
 In lone and desolate places, where the foot
 Of other wanderers but seldom trod.
 Once, in my boyhood, when my truant steps
 Had led me forth among the pleasant hills,
 I met her in a shaded path, that winds [low,
 Far through the spreading groves. The sun was
 The shadow of the hills stretch'd o'er the vale,
 And the still waters of the river lay
 Black in the early twilight. As we met,
 She stoop'd and press'd her friendly lips to mine,
 And, though I then was but a simple child,
 Who ne'er had dream'd of love, nor knew its power,
 I wonder'd at her beauty. Soon a sound
 Of thunder, muttering low, along the west,
 Foretold a coming storm; my homeward path
 Lay through the woods, tangled with undergrowth.
 A timid urchin then, I fear'd to go,
 Which she observing, kindly led the way,
 And left me when my dwelling was in sight.
 I hasten'd on; but, ere I reach'd the gate,
 The rain fell fast, and the drench'd fields around
 Were glittering in the lightning's frequent flash.
 But where was now ELIZA? When the morn
 Blush'd on the summer hills, they found her dead,
 Beneath an oak, rent by the thunderbolt.
 Thick lay the splinters round, and one sharp shaft
 Had pierc'd hersnow-white brow. And here she lies,
 Where the green hill slopes toward the southern sky.
 'Tis thirty summers since they laid her here;
 The cottage where she dwelt is razed and gone;
 Her kindred all are perish'd from the earth,
 And this rude stone, that simply bears her name,
 Is mouldering fast; and soon this quiet spot,
 Held sacred now, will be like common ground.

Fit place is this for so much loveliness
 To find its rest. It is a hallow'd shrine,
 Where nature pays her tribute. Dewy spring
 Sets the gay wild flowers thick around her grave;
 The green boughs o'er her, in the summer-time,
 Sigh to the winds; the robin takes his perch
 Hard by, and warbles to his sitting mate;
 The brier-rose blossoms to the sky of June,
 And hangs above her in the winter days
 Its scarlet fruit. No rude foot ventures near;
 The noisy schoolboy keeps aloof, and he
 Who hunts the fox, when all the hills are white,
 Here treads aside. Not seldom have I found,
 Around the head-stone carefully entwined,
 Garlands of flowers, I never knew by whom.
 For two years past I've miss'd them; doubtless one
 Who held this dust most precious, placed them there,
 And, sorrowing in secret many a year,
 At last hath left the earth to be with her.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

THERE lies a village in a peaceful vale,
 With sloping hills and waving woods around,
 Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale
 Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;
 And planted shrubs are there, and cherish'd flowers,
 And a bright verdure, born of gentler showers.

'Twas there my young existence was begun,
 My earliest sports were on its flowery green,
 And often, when my schoolboy task was done,
 I climb'd its hills to view the pleasant scene,
 And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
 Shone on the height, the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
 And mountain shadows cool'd the ripen'd grain,
 I watch'd the weary yeoman plodding home,
 In the lone path that winds across the plain,
 To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
 And tell him o'er the labours of the day.

And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
 And the bright sun came in among the trees,
 And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
 Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,
 I wander'd till the starlight on the stream
 At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
 Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,
 A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
 The truth of life, its labours, pains, and fears;
 Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
 A twilight of the brightness pass'd away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still,
 Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;
 The play-place, and the prospect from the hill,
 Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;
 The present brings its storms; but, while they last,
 I shelter me in the delightful past.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft autumnal time
Is come, that sheds, upon the naked scene,
Charms only known in this our northern clime—
Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gather'd by the wild November blast;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough
Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn;
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms—
Mild airs and temper'd light upon the lea;
And the year holds no time within its arms
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that in the flush'd horizon shine
At eve and early light.

The year's last, loveliest smile,
Thou comest to fill with hope the human heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms a while,
Till winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains, that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a shelter'd nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,
At the quiet noontides' hour:

And something told my mind,
That, should old age to childhood call me back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find
Along life's weary track.

THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

"And I went and washed, and I received sight."—
JOHN IX. 11.

WHEN the great Master spoke,
He touch'd his wither'd eyes,
And at one gleam upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
And kings' and prophets' tomb,
And mighty arches, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

He look'd on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle wave of the palms that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw on heights and plains
Creatures of every race:
But a mighty thrill ran through his veins
When he met the human face;

And his virgin sight beheld
The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that fill'd
The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before
Had cheer'd his gloomy night,
But to see the angel form she wore
Made deeper the delight.

And his heart, at daylight's close,
For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morning rose,
Gave speechless thanks to Gon.

SONNET.

THERE is a magic in the moon's mild ray,—
What time she softly climbs the evening sky,
And sitteth with the silent stars on high,—
That charms the pang of earth-born grief away.
I raise my eye to the blue depths above,
And worship Him whose power, pervading space,
Holds those bright orbs at peace in his embrace,
Yet comprehends earth's lowliest things in love.
Oft, when that silent moon was sailing high,
I've left my youthful sports to gaze, and now,
When time with graver lines has mark'd my
Sweetly she shines upon my sober'd eye. [brow,
O, may the light of truth, my steps to guide,
Shine on my eve of life—shine soft, and long abide.

SONNET.

'TIS Autumn, and my steps have led me far
To a wild hill, that overlooks a land
Wide-spread and beautiful. A single star
Sparkles new-set in heaven. O'er its bright sand
The streamlet slides with mellow tones away;
The west is crimson with retiring day;
And the north gleams with its own native light.
Below, in autumn green, the meadows lie,
And through green banks the river wanders by,
And the wide woods with autumn hues are bright:
Bright—but of fading brightness!—soon is past
That dream-like glory of the painted wood;
And pitiless decay o'ertakes, as fast,
The pride of men, the beauteous, great, and good.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[Born, 1807.]

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW was born in the city of Portland, on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College in his fourteenth year, and took his bachelor's degree at that seminary in 1825. In the following spring he went to Europe, visited France, Spain, Italy, and Germany; studied at Gottingen; and, passing through England on his return, reached home in the summer of 1829. He was soon after appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and in 1831 was married. In 1835 he resigned his professorship, and went a second time to Europe, to study the languages and literature of the northern nations. He passed the summer in Denmark and Sweden; the autumn and winter in Germany—losing in that period his wife, who died suddenly at Heidelberg—and the following spring and summer in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in October, 1836, and immediately afterward entered upon his duties as Professor of the French and Spanish Languages in Harvard College, at Cambridge.

The earliest of LONGFELLOW's metrical compositions were written while he was an undergraduate at Brunswick, for "The United States Literary Gazette;" and from that period he has been known as a *poet*, and his effusions, improving as each year added to his scholarship and taste, have been extensively read and admired. While a professor in the college in which he was educated, he wrote several of the most elegant and judicious papers that have appeared in the "North American Review;" made his translation of *Coplas de Manrique*; and published "Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." In 1839 appeared his "Hyperion," one of the most beautiful prose compositions in our language; in 1840 the first collection of his poems, under the title of "Voices of the Night;" and in the beginning of the present year his "Ballads and Other Poems," embracing among other pieces "The Skeleton in Armour," a ballad in the style of the old Norse poetry, and "The Children of the Lord's Supper," translated from the Swedish of ESAIAS TEGNÉR, a venerable bishop of the Lutheran church, and the most illustrious poet of northern Europe. The genius of TEGNÉR had already been made known in this country by a learned and elaborate criticism, illustrated by translated passages of great beauty, of his "Frithiof's Saga," contributed by LONGFELLOW to the "North American Review," soon after he returned from his second visit to Europe. "The Children of the Lord's Supper" is little less celebrated than the author's great epic, and the English version is an exact reproduction of it, in form and in spirit. No translations from the continental languages into the English surpass those of LONGFELLOW, and it is questionable whether some of his versions from

the Spanish, German, and Swedish, have been equalled. The rendition of "The Children of the Lord's Supper" was the most difficult task he could have undertaken, as spondaic words, so necessary in the construction of hexameters, and so common in the Greek, Latin, and Swedish, are so rare in the English language.

"The Skeleton in Armour" is the longest and most unique of LONGFELLOW's original poems. The Copenhagen antiquaries attribute the erection of a round tower at Newport, in Rhode Island, to the Scandinavians of the twelfth century. A few years ago a skeleton in complete armour was exhumed in the vicinity of the tower. These facts are the groundwork of the story. In the first stanzas the poet addresses the skeleton:

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour dress'd,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapp'd not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"
Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem'd to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December!
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber:
"Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor, whimpering hound
Treibled to walk on."

And, proceeding with his "strange, eventful history," the spectre Norseman tells how he wooed a maiden, the daughter of a stern old prince, who laughs at his suit—

And, as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

The maiden flies with the Viking, however, and after long weeks of tempest at sea, they reach the new continent, where the hero builds

—the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

LONGFELLOW's works are eminently picturesque, and are distinguished for nicety of epithet, and elaborate, scholarly finish. He has feeling, a rich imagination, and a cultivated taste. He is one of the very small number of American poets who have "written for posterity."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars:
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,
That redest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if DIANA, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke ENDYMION with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dream'd not of her love.

Like DIAN'S kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumber'd
 To a holy, calm delight;
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlour-wall;
 Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more;
 He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
 Noble longings for the strife,—
 By the road-side fell and perish'd,
 Weary with the march of life!
 They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,—
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,—
 Spake with us on earth no more!
 And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.
 With a slow and noiseless footstep,
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.
 And she sits and gazes at me,
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
 Looking downward from the skies.
 Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.
 O, though oft depress'd and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!

THE BELEAGURED CITY.

I HAVE read in some old marvellous tale
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres pale
 Beleagued the walls of Prague.
 Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.
 White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flow'd between.
 No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace;
 The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
 As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
 Proclaim'd the morning prayer,
 The white pavilions rose and fell
 On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
 The troubled army fled;
 Up rose the glorious morning star,
 The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvellous heart of man,
 That strange and mystic scroll,
 That an army of phantoms vast and wan
 Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamp'd beside Life's rushing stream,
 In Fancy's misty light,
 Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
 Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
 The spectral camp is seen,
 And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
 In the army of the grave;
 No other challenge breaks the air,
 But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
 Entreats the soul to pray,
 The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
 The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
 The spectral camp is fled;
 Faith shineth as a morning star,
 Our ghastly fears are dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
 The darting swallows soar and sing,
 And from the stately elms I hear
 The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
 It seems an outlet from the sky,
 Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
 That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
 And even the nest beneath the eaves—
 There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
 The fulness of their first delight,
 And learn from the soft heavens above
 The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden! that read'st this simple rhyme,
 Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
 For, O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
 To some good angel leave the rest,
 For Time will teach thee soon the truth—
 There are no birds in last year's nest.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of wo,
A sound of wo!

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands, in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crown'd with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised LEAN,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thou decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie Eleyson!
Christe Eleyson!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

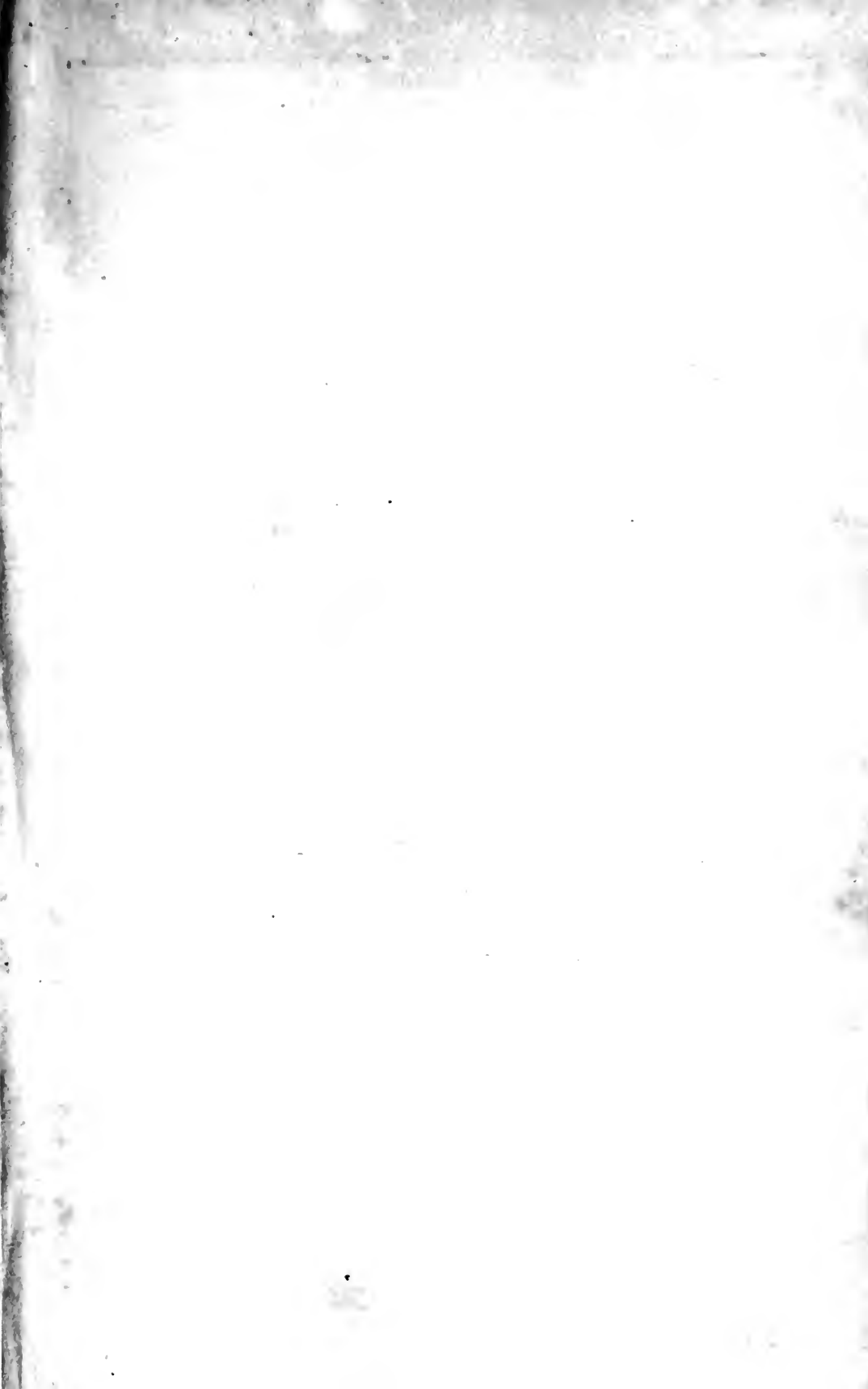
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.





T. Dally

J. Cheney

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint BERNARD
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star!
Excelsior!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many-number'd;—
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

[Born, 1807.]

THE author of "Guy Rivers," "Southern Passages and Pictures," etc., was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the spring of 1807. His mother died during his infancy, and his father soon after emigrated to one of the western territories, leaving him under the guardianship of a grandmother, who superintended his early education. When not more than nine or ten years old, he began to write verses; at fifteen he was a contributor to the poetical department of the gazettes printed near his home; and at eighteen he published his first volume, entitled "Lyrical and other Poems," which was followed in the next two years by "Early Lays," and "The Vision of Cortez and other Pieces," and in 1830, by "The Tricolor, or Three Days of Blood in Paris." In each of these four volumes there were poetical ideas, and occasionally well-finished verses; but they are worthy of little regard, except as indications of the early tendency of the author's mind.

When twenty-one years old, Mr. SIMMS was admitted to the bar, and began to practise his profession in his native district; but feeling a deep interest in the political questions which then agitated the country, he soon abandoned the courts, and purchased a daily gazette at Charleston, which he edited for several years, with industry, integrity, and ability.* It was, however, unsuccessful, and he lost by it all his property, as well as the prospective earnings of several years. His ardour was not lessened by this failure, and, confident of success, he determined to retrieve his fortune by authorship. He had been married at an early age; his wife, as well as his father, was now dead; and no domestic ties binding him to Charleston, he in the spring of 1832 visited for the first time the northern states. After travelling over the most interesting portions of the country, he paused at the rural village of Hingham, in Massachusetts, and there prepared for the press his principal poetical work, "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea," which was published at New York in the following winter. This is an imaginative story, in the dramatic form; its plot is exceedingly simple, but effectively managed, and it contains much beautiful imagery, and fine description. While a vessel glides over a summer sea, LEON, one of the principal characters, and his sister ISABEL, hear a benevolent spirit of the air warning them of the designs of a sea-god to lure them into peril.

Leo. Didst hear the strain it utter'd, ISABEL?

Isa. All, all! It spoke, methought, of peril near,
From rocks and wiles of the ocean: did it not?

Leon. It did, but idly! Here can lurk no rocks;
For, by the chart which now before me lies,

Thy own unpractised eye may well discern
The wide extent of the ocean—shoreless all.
The land, for many a league, to the eastward hangs,
And not a point beside it.

Isa. Wherefore, then,
Should come this voice of warning?

Leon. From the deep:
It hath its demons as the earth and air,
All tributaries to the master-fiend
That sets their springs in motion. This is one,
That, doubting to mislead us, plants this wile,
So to divert our course, that we may strike
The very rocks he fain would warn us from.

Isa. A subtle sprite: and, now I think of it,
Dost thou remember the old story told
By DIAZ ORTIZ, the lame mariner,
Of an adventure in the Indian Seas,
Where he made one with JOHN of Portugal,
Touching a woman of the ocean wave,
That swam beside the barque, and sang strange songs
Of riches in the waters; with a speech
So winning on the senses, that the crew
Grew all infected with the melody;
And, but for a good father of the church,
Who made the sign of the cross, and offer'd up
Befitting prayers, which drove the fiend away,
They had been tempted by her cunning voice
To leap into the ocean.

Leon. I do, I do!
And, at the time, I do remember me,
I made much mirth of the extravagant tale,
As a deceit of the reason: the old man
Being in his second childhood, and at fits
Wild, as you know, on other themes than this.

Isa. I never more shall mock at marvellous things,
Such strange conceits hath after-time found true,
That once were themes for jest. I shall not smile
At the most monstrous legend.

Leon. Nor will I:
To any tale of mighty wonderment
I shall bestow my ear, nor wonder more;
And every fancy that my childhood bred,
In vagrant dreams of frolic, I shall look
To have, without rebuke, my sense approve.
Thus, like a little island in the sea,
Girt in by perilous waters, and unknown
To all adventure, may be yon same cloud,
Specking, with fleecy bosom, the blue sky,
Lit by the rising moon. There we may dream,
And find no censure in an after-day—
Through the assembled faeries, perched on beams,
And riding on their way triumphantly.
There gather the coy spirits. Many a fay,
Roving the silver sands of that same isle,
Floating in azure ether, plumes her wing
Of ever-frolicsome fancy, and pursues—
While myriads, like herself, do watch the chase—
Some truant sylph, through the infinitude
Of their uncircumscribed and rich domain.
There sport they through the night, with mimicry
Of strife and battle; striking their tiny shields
And gathering into combat; meeting fierce,
With lip compress'd and spear aloft, and eye
Glaring with fight and desperate circumstance;
Then sudden—in a moment all their wrath
Mellow'd to friendly terms of courtesy—
Throwing aside the dread array, and link'd
Each in his foe's embrace. Then comes the dance,
The grateful route, the wild and musical pomp,

* The Charleston City Gazette, conducted by Mr. SIMMS, was, I believe, the first Journal in South Carolina that took ground against the principle of nullification.

The long procession o'er fantastic realms
Of cloud and moonbeam, through the enamour'd night,
Making it all one revel. Thus the eye,
Breathed on by fancy, with enlarged scope,
Through the protracted and deep hush of night
May note the fairies, coursing the lazy hours
In various changes, and without fatigue.
A fickle race, who tell their time by flowers,
And live on zephyrs, and have stars for lamps,
And night-dews for ambrosia; perch'd on beams,
Speeding through space, even with the scattering light
On which they feed and frolic.

Isa. A sweet dream:

And yet, since this same tale we laugh'd at once,
The story of old Oarix, is made sooth—
Perchance not all a dream. I would not doubt.

Leon. And yet there may be, dream'd in subtle guise
Of unsuspected art, some gay deceit
Of human conjuration mix'd with this.
Some cunning seaman having natural skill—
As, from the bonks, we learn may yet be done—
Hath 'yond our vessel's figure pitch'd his voice,
Leading us wantonly.

Isa. It is not so,
Or does my sense deceive? Look there: the wave
A perch beyond our barque. What dost thou see?

Leon. A marvellous shape, that with the billow curls,
In gambols of the deep, and yet is not
Its wonted burden; for beneath the waves
I mark a gracious form, though nothing clear
Of visage I discern. Again it speaks.

The ship is wrecked, and ATALANTIS, a fairy,
wandering along the beach with an attendant, NEA,
discovers the inanimate form of LEON clinging to
a spar.

But what is here,
Grasping a shaft, and lifelessly stretch'd out?

Nea. One of the creatures of that goodly barque—
Perchance the only one of many men,
That, from their distant homes, went forth in her,
And here have perish'd.

Atal. There is life in him—
And his heart swells beneath my hand, with pulse
Fifful and faint, returning now, now gone,
That much I fear it may not come again.
How very young he is—how beautiful!
Made, with a matchless sense of what is true,
In manly grace and chisell'd elegance;
And features, rounded in as nice a mould
As our own, NEA. There, his eye unfolds—
Stand away, girl, and let me look on him!
It cannot be, that such a form as this,
So lovely and compelling, ranks below
The creatures of our kingdom. He is one,
That, 'mongst them all, might well defy compare—
Outshining all that shine!

Nea. He looks as well,
In outward seeming, as our own, methinks—
And yet, he may be but a shaped thing,
Wanting in every show of that high sense
Which makes the standard of true excellence.

Atal. O, I am sure there is no want in him—
The spirit must be true, the sense be high,
The soul as far ascending, strong and bright,
As is the form he wears, and they should be
Pleased to inhabit—'twere a fitting home!
Breathe on him, NEA. Fan him with thy wing,
And so arouse him. I would have him speak,
And satisfy my doubt. Stay, yet a while—
Now, while his senses sleep, I'll place my lip
Upon his own—it is so beautiful!
Such lips should give forth music—such a sweet
Should have been got in heaven—the produce there
Of never-blighted gardens. [Kisses him.]

Leon. [starts.] Cling to me—

Am I not with thee now, my ISABEL? [Swoons again.]

Atal. O, gentle sounds—how sweetly did they fall
In broken murmurs, like a melody,
From lips, that waiting long on loving hearts,
Had learn'd to murmur like them. Wake again,
Sweet stranger! If my lips have wrought this spell,
And won thee back to life, though but to sigh,
And sleep again in death, they shall, once more,
Wake and restore thee.

Soon after the appearance of "Atalantis," Mr. SIMMS published, in the "American Quarterly," a review of Mrs. TROLLOPE's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which was reprinted, in several editions, in this country and in England; and in 1833 appeared his first romance, "Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal," parts of which had been printed several years before in a magazine conducted by him in Charleston. In the same year he published "The Book of My Lady," and, in the summer of 1834, "Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia," which was followed by "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "Pelayo," "Carl Werner," "The Damsel of Darien," "The Kinsman," "The History of South Carolina," "The Blind Heart," and numerous sketches, reviews, and miscellanies, in the periodicals. Several other works have been generally attributed to him; though the amount of his acknowledged writings seems to be as great as one man could have produced since he commenced his career as an author. His novels have been very popular, particularly in the southern states, the scenery and history of which, several of them are designed to illustrate. They exhibit considerable dramatic power, and some of the characters are drawn with great skill.

His "Southern Passages and Pictures" appeared in New York, in 1839, and he has since published "Florida," in five cantos, and many shorter poems. They are on a great variety of subjects, and in almost every measure. Among them are several very spirited ballads, founded on Indian traditions and on incidents in the war for independence. His style is free and melodious, his fancy fertile and inventive, and his imagery generally well chosen, though its range is limited; but sometimes his rhymes are imperfect, and his meaning not easily understood. He is strongly attached to his country, but his sympathies seem to me to be too local. The rivers, forests, savannas, and institutions of the south, he regards with feelings similar to those with which WHITTIER looks upon the mountains, lakes, and social systems of New England.

Mr. SIMMS is again married, and now resides in the vicinity of Charleston. He is in the meridian of life and energy, and is constantly writing and adding to his reputation. He is retiring in his habits, goes little into society, and keeps aloof from all controversies; finding happiness in the bosom of his family, among his books, and in correspondence and personal intercourse with his literary friends. He is a fine specimen of the true southern gentleman, and combines in himself the high qualities attributed to that character.

THE SLAIN EAGLE.

THE eye that mark'd thy flight with deadly aim,
 Had less of warmth and splendour than thine own;
 The form that did thee wrong could never claim
 The matchless vigour which thy wing hath shown;
 Yet art thou in thy pride of flight o'erthrown;
 And the far hills that echoed back thy scream,
 As from storm-gathering clouds thou sent'st it
 down,
 Shall see no more thy red-eyed glances stream
 For their far summits round, with strong and ter-
 rible gleam.

Lone and majestic monarch of the cloud!
 No more I see thee on the tall cliff's brow,
 When tempests meet, and from their watery shroud
 Pour their wild torrents on the plains below,
 Lifting thy fearless wing, still free to go,
 True in thy aim, undaunted in thy flight,
 As seeking still, yet scorning, every foe—
 Shrieking the while in consciousness of might,
 To thy own realm of high and undisputed light.

Thy thought was not of danger then—thy pride
 Left thee no fear. Thou hadst gone forth in storms,
 And thy strong pinions had been bravely tried
 Against their rush. Vainly their gathering forms
 Had striven against thy wing. Such conflict warms
 The nobler spirit; and thy joyful shriek
 Gave token that the strife itself had charms
 For the born warrior of the mountain peak,
 He of the giant brood, sharp fang, and bloody beak.

How didst thou then, in very mirth, spread far
 Thy pinions' strength!—with freedom that became
 Audacious license, with the winds at war,
 Striding the yielding clouds that girt thy frame,
 And, with a fearless rush that naught could tame,
 Defying earth—defying all that mars
 The flight of other wings of humbler name;
 For thee, the storm had impulse, but no bars
 To stop thy upward flight, thou pilgrim of the stars!

Morning above the hills, and from the ocean,
 Ne'er leap'd abroad into the fetterless blue
 With such a free and unrestrained motion,
 Nor shook from her ethereal wing the dew
 That else had clogg'd her flight and dimm'd her
 view,

With such calm effort as 'twas thine to wear—
 Bending with sunward course erect and true,
 When winds were piping high and lightnings near,
 Thy day-guide all withdrawn, through fathomless
 fields of air.

The moral of a chosen race wert thou,
 In such proud fight. From out the ranks of men—
 The million moilers, with earth-cumber'd brow,
 That slink, like coward tigers to their den,
 Each to his hiding-place and corner then—
 One mighty spirit watch'd thee in that hour,
 Nor turn'd his lifted heart to earth again;
 Within his soul there sprang a holy power,
 And he grew strong to sway, whom tempests made
 not cower.

Watching, he saw thy rising wing. In vain,
 From his superior dwelling, the fierce sun
 Shot forth his brazen arrows, to restrain
 The audacious pilgrim, who would gaze upon
 The secret splendours of his central throne;
 Proudly, he saw thee to that presence fly,
 And, Eblis-like, unaided and alone,
 His dazzling glories seek, his power defy,
 Raised to thy god's own face, meanwhile, thy
 rebel eye.

And thence he drew a hope, a hope to soar,
 Even with a wing like thine. His daring glance
 Sought, with as bold a vision, to explore
 The secret of his own deliverance—
 The secret of his wing—and to advance
 To sovereign sway like thine—to rule, to rise
 Above his race, and nobly to enhance
 Their empire as his own—to make the skies,
 The extended earth, far seas, and solemn stars, his
 prize.

He triumphs—and he perishes like thee!
 Scales the sun's heights, and mounts above the
 winds,
 Breaks down the gloomy barrier, and is free!
 The worm receives his winglet: he unbinds
 The captive thought, and in its centre finds
 New barriers, and a glory in his gaze;
 He mocks, as thou, the sun!—but scaly blinds
 Grow o'er his vision, till, beneath the daze,
 From his proud height he falls, amid the world's
 amaze.

And thou, brave bird! thy wing hath pierced the
 cloud,
 The storm had not a battlement for thee;
 But, with a spirit fetterless and proud,
 Thou hast soar'd on, majestically free,
 To worlds, perchance, which men shall never see!
 Where is thy spirit now? the wing that bore!
 Thou hast lost wing and all, save liberty!
 Death only could subdue—and that is o'er:
 Alas! the very form that slew thee should deplore!

A proud exemplar hath been lost the proud,
 And he who struck thee from thy fearless flight—
 Thy noble loneliness, that left the crowd,
 To seek, uncurb'd, that singleness of height
 Which glory aims at with unswerving sight—
 Had learn'd a nobler toil. No longer base
 With lowliest comrades, he had given his might,
 His life—that had been cast in vilest place—
 To raise his hopes and homes—to teach and lift
 his race.

'Tis he should mourn thy fate, for he hath lost
 The model of dominion. Not for him
 The mighty eminence, the gathering host
 That worships, the high glittering pomp that dim,
 The bursting homage and the hailing hymn:
 He dies—he hath no life, that, to a star,
 Rises from dust and sheds a holy gleam
 To light the struggling nations from afar,
 And show, to kindred souls, where fruits of glory
 are.

Exulting now, he clamours o'er his prey;
His secret shaft hath not been idly aped;
He lurk'd within the rocky cleft all day,
Till the proud bird rose sweeping o'er his head,
And thus he slew him! He should weep him dead,
Whom, living, he could love not—weep that he,
The noble lesson taught him, never read—
Exulting o'er the victim much more free
Than, in his lowly soul, he e'er can hope to be.

'Tis triumph for the base to overthrow
That which they reach not—the ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer beings of their kind:
In this their petty villany is blind;
They hate their benefactors—men who keep
Their names from degradation—men design'd
Their guides and guardians: well, if late they weep
The cruel shaft that struck such noble hearts so deep.

Around thy mountain dwelling the winds lie—
Thy wing is gone, thy eyry desolate;
O, who shall teach thy young ones when to fly,—
Who fill the absence of thy watchful mate?
Thou type of genius! bitter is thy fate,
A boor has sent the shaft that leaves them lone,
Thy clustering fellows, guardians of thy state—
Shaft from the reedy fen whence thou hast flown,
And feather from the bird thy own wing hath struck
down!

THE BROOKLET.

A LITTLE farther on, there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roof'd it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as, upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends
In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.

Beside its banks, through the whole livelong day,
Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
Nor cared to know him better, I have lain;
With thought unchid by harsher din than came
From the thick thrush, that, gliding through the
copse,

Hurried above me; or the timid fawn
That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink,
And saunter'd through its shade, cropping the
grass,

Even where I lay,—having a quiet mood,
And not disturbing, while surveying mine.

Thou smilest—and on thy lip a straying thought
Says I have trifled—calls my hours misspent,
And looks a solemn warning! A true thought,—
And so my errant mood were well rebuked!—
Yet there was pleasant sadness that became
Meetly the gentle heart and pliant sense,
In that same idlesse—gazing on that brook
So pebbly and so clear,—prattling away,
Like a young child, all thoughtless, till it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd, I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys,
And sit me down beside this little brook:
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries;
And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods,
A Sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,—none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring, in idlesse mood, on flower and tree,
And listening, as the voiceless leaves respire,—
When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless
Of merry elves, bespangled all with dew, [store
Fantastic creatures of the old time lore,—
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch,—the root of an old oak,
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy,—
Is mine—and so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the stream that idly plies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
While every sense, on earnest mission sent, [er;
Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flow—
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by,—
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, press'd
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,—
And, with awaken'd vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like—its sure and undisturb'd retreat,
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm—
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
The bending trees that overshadow my form;
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight -
With a most lofty discontent, to fly
Upward, from earth to sky.

TO THE BREEZE:
AFTER A PROTRACTED CALM AT SEA.

THOU hast been slow to bless us, gentle breeze;
Where hast thou been a lingerer, welcome friend?
Where, when the midnight gather'd to her brow
Her pale and crescent minister, wert thou?

On what far, sullen, solitary seas,
Piping the mariner's requiem, didst thou tend
The home-returning bark,
Curling the white foam o'er her lifted prow, [dark?
White, when the rolling waves around her all were

Gently, and with a breath
Of spicy odour from Sabæan vales,
Where subtle life defies and conquers death,
Fill'dst thou her yellow sails!
On, like some pleasant bird,
With glittering plumage and light-loving eye,
While the long pennant lay aloft unstirr'd,
And sails hung droopingly,
Camest thou with tidings of the land to cheer
The weary mariner.

How, when the ocean slept,
Making no sign;
And his dumb waters, of all life bereft,
Lay 'neath the sun-girt line;
His drapery of storm-clouds lifted high
In some far, foreign sky,
While a faint moaning o'er his bosom crept,
As the deep breathings of eternity,
Above the grave of the unburied time,
Claiming its clime—
How did the weary tar,
His form reclined along the burning deck,
Stretch his dim eye afar,
To hail the finger, and delusive speck,
Thy bending shadow, from some rocky steep,
Down-darting o'er the deep!
Born in the solemn night,
When the deep skies were bright,
With all their thousand watchers on the sight—
Thine was the music through the firmament
By the fond nature sent,
To hail the blessed birth,
To guide to lowly earth
The glorious glance, the holy wing of light!

Music to us no less,
Thou comest in our distress,
To cheer our pathway. It is clear, through thee,
O'er the broad wastes of sea.
How soothing to the heart that glides alone,
Unwatch'd and unremember'd, on the wave,
Perchance his grave!—
Should he there perish, to thy deeper moan
What lip shall add one tone?
I bless thee, gentle breeze!
Sweet minister to many a fond desire,
Thou bear'st me to my sire,
Thou, and these rolling seas!
What—O, thou God of this strong element!—
Are we, that it is sent,
Obedient to our fond and fervent hope?
But that its pinion on our path is bent,
We had been doom'd beyond desire to grope,

Where plummet's cast is vain, and human art,
Lacking all chart.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Nor in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place—and, as of old, high station keep.
Gone, gone!
O, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.
Vain, vain!
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark—
Howe'er the north
Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower—
He sees no more that perish'd light again!
And gloomier grows the hour [dark,
Which may not, through the thick and crowding
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze;
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways!
How stands he in amaze,
Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews—how chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!
And lone,
Where its first splendours shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars;
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die—
All their concerted springs of harmony,
Snapp'd rudely, and the generous music gone.
A strain—a mellow strain—
Of wailing sweetness, fill'd the earth and sky;
The stars lamenting in unborrow'd pain
That one of the selectest ones must die;
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever more the destiny,
The hope, heart-cherish'd, is the soonest lost;
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost:
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they bless'd?

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'Tis a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look;
 The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
 And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
 Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
 With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
 To penetrate the covert. Cypressess [length,
 Crowd on the dank, wet earth; and, stretch'd at
 The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
 Slumbers, half-buried in the sedgy grass.
 Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
 A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
 And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
 To apprehension, as they hear his cry,
 Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
 Following his guidance. Meety taught by these,
 And startled at our rapid, near approach,
 The steel-jaw'd monster, from his grassy bed,
 Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
 Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
 His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
 In silence, to the centre of the stream,
 Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
 That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
 Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
 Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
 Straightway goes down, so suddenly, that he,
 The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
 Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
 With the rank water of that turbid pond.
 Wondering and vex'd, the plumed citizen
 Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
 Seeking his kindred flowers:—but seeks in vain—
 Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
 Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
 That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs,
 That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
 That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
 In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,—
 Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
 The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
 Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on,
 And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
 For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet,
 Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

CHANGES OF HOME.

Well may we sing her beauties,
 This pleasant land of ours,
 Her sunny smiles, her golden fruits,
 And all her world of flowers;
 The young birds of her forest-groves,
 The blue folds of her sky,
 And all those airs of gentleness,
 That never seem to fly;
 They wind about our forms at noon,
 They woo us in the shade,
 When panting, from the summer's heats,
 The woodman seeks the glade;
 They win us with a song of love,
 They cheer us with a dream,
 That gilds our passing thoughts of life,
 As sunlight does the stream;

And well would they persuade us now,
 In moments all too dear,
 That, sinful though our hearts may be,
 We have our Eden here.

Ah, well has lavish nature,
 From out her boundless store,
 Spread wealth and loveliness around,
 On river, rock, and shore:
 No sweeter stream than Ashley glides—
 And, what of southern France?—
 She boasts no brighter fields than ours,
 Within her matron glance;
 Our skies look down in tenderness
 From out their realms of blue,
 The fairest of Italian climes
 May claim no softer hue;
 And let them sing of fruits of Spain,
 And let them boast the flowers,
 The Moors' own culture they may claim,
 No dearer sweet than ours—
 Perchance the dark-hair'd maiden
 Is a glory in your eye,
 But the blue-eyed Carolinian rules,
 When all the rest are nigh.

And none may say, it is not true,
 The burden of my lay,
 'Tis written, in the sight of all,
 In flower and fruit and ray;
 Look on the scene around us now,
 And say if sung amiss,
 The song that pictures to your eye
 A spot so fair as this:
 Gay springs the merry mocking-bird
 Around the cottage pale,—
 And, scarcely taught by hunter's aim,
 The rabbit down the vale;
 Each boon of kindly nature,
 Her buds, her blooms, her flowers,
 And, more than all, the maidens fair
 That fill this land of ours,
 Are still in rich perfection,
 As our fathers found them first,
 But our sons are gentle now no more,
 And all the land is cursed.

Wild thoughts are in our bosoms
 And a savage discontent;
 We love no more the life we led,
 The music, nor the scent;
 The merry dance delights us not,
 As in that better time,
 When, glad, in happy hands we met,
 With spirits like our clime.
 And all the social loveliness,
 And all the smile is gone,
 That link'd the spirits of our youth,
 And made our people one.
 They smile no more together,
 As in that earlier day,
 Our maidens sigh in loneliness,
 Who once were always gay;
 And though our skies are bright,
 And our sun looks down as then—
 Ah, me! the thought is sad I feel,
 We shall never smile again.

GEORGE LUNT.

[Born about 1807.]

MR. LUNT is a native of the pleasant village of Newburyport, near Boston, from which, for a long period, his ancestors and relatives "followed the sea." He was educated at Cambridge, and soon after leaving the university entered as a student the law-office of the present Chief Justice of Massachusetts. From the time of his admission to the bar he has pursued the practice of his profession in Newburyport. He has for several years represented the people of that town in the State Senate and House of Assembly, and has held various other honourable offices.

When he was about nineteen years of age, he

wrote "The Grave of Byron," a poem in the Spenserian measure, which has considerable merit; and, in 1839, appeared a collection of his later productions, of which the largest is a metrical essay entitled "Life," in which he has attempted to show, by reference to the condition of society in different ages, that Christianity is necessary to the developement of man's moral nature. His minor pieces please by their general vigour and sprightliness, and by that purity of thought which distinguishes the writings of all Christian bards. His versification is smooth, and his rhymes, with few exceptions, exact.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

COME thou with me! If thou hast worn away
All this most glorious summer in the crowd,
Amid the dust of cities, and the din,
While birds were carolling on every spray;
If, from gray dawn to solemn night's approach,
Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,
Toiling and panting for a little gold;
Drudging amid the very lees of life
For this accursed slave that makes men slaves;
Come thou with me into the pleasant fields:
Let Nature breathe on us and make us free!

For thou shalt hold communion, pure and high,
With the great Spirit of the Universe;
It shall pervade thy soul; it shall renew
The fancies of thy boyhood; thou shalt know
Tears, most unwonted tears dimming thine eyes;
Thou shalt forget, under the old brown oak,
That the good south wind and the liberal west
Have other tidings than the songs of birds,
Or the soft news wafted from fragrant flowers.
Look out on Nature's face, and what hath she
In common with thy feelings? That brown hill,
Upon whose sides, from the gray mountain-ash,
We gather'd crimson berries, look'd as brown
When the leaves fell twelve autumn suns ago;
This pleasant stream, with the well-shaded verge,
On whose fair surface have our buoyant limbs
So often play'd, caressing and caress'd;
Its verdant banks are green as then they were;
So went its bubbling murmur down the tide.
Yes, and the very trees, those ancient oaks,
The crimson-crested maple, feathery elm,
And fair, smooth ash, with leaves of graceful gold,
Look like familiar faces of old friends.
From their broad branches drop the wither'd leaves,
Drop, one by one, without a single breath,
Save when some eddying curl round the old roots
Twirls them about in merry sport a while.
They are not changed; their office is not done;

The first soft breeze of spring shall see them fresh
With sprouting twigs bursting from every branch,
As should fresh feelings from our wither'd hearts.
Scorn not the moral; for, while these have warm'd
To annual beauty, gladdening the fields
With new and ever-glorious garniture,
Thou hast grown worn and wasted, almost gray
Even in thy very summer. 'Tis for this
We have neglected nature! Wearing out
Our hearts and all our life's dearest charities
In the perpetual turmoil, when we need
To strengthen and to purify our minds
Amid the venerable woods; to hold
Chaste converse with the fountains and the winds!
So should we elevate our souls; so be
Ready to stand and act a nobler part
In the hard, heartless struggles of the world.

Day wanes; 'tis autumn eventide again;
And, sinking on the blue hills' breast, the sun
Spreads the large bounty of his level blaze,
Lengthening the shades of mountains and tall trees,
And throwing blacker shadows o'er the sheet
Of this dark stream, in whose unruffled tide
Waver the bank-shrub and the graceful elm,
As the gay branches and their trembling leaves
Catch the soft whisper of the coming air:
So doth it mirror every passing cloud,
And those which fill the chambers of the west
With such strange beauty, fairer than all thrones,
Blazon'd with orient gems and barbarous gold.
I see thy full heart gathering in thine eyes;
I see those eyes swelling with precious tears;
But, if thou couldst have look'd upon this scene
With a cold brow, and then turn'd back to thoughts
Of traffic in thy fellow's wretchedness,
Thou wert not fit to gaze upon the face
Of Nature's naked beauty; most unfit
To look on fairer things, the loveliness
Of earth's most lovely daughters, whose glad forms
And glancing eyes do kindle the great souls
Of better men to emulate pure thoughts,
And, in high action, all ennobling deeds.

But lo! the harvest moon! She climbs as fair
 Among the cluster'd jewels of the sky,
 As, mid the rosy bowers of paradise,
 Her soft light, trembling upon leaf and flower,
 Smiled o'er the slumbers of the first-born man.
 And, while her beauty is upon our hearts,
 Now let us seek our quiet home, that sleep
 May come without bad dreams; may come as light
 As to that yellow-headed cottage-boy,
 Whose serious musings, as he homeward drives
 His sober herd, are of the frosty dawn,
 And the ripe nuts which his own hand shall pluck.
 Then, when the bird, high-courier of the morn,
 Looks from his airy vantage over the world,
 And, by the music of his mounting flight,
 Tells many blessed things of gushing gold,
 Coming in floods o'er the eastern wave,
 Will we arise, and our pure orisons
 Shall keep us in the trials of the day.

JEWISH BATTLE-SONG.

Ho! Princes of Jacob! the strength and the stay
 Of the daughter of Zion,—now up, and array;
 Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone
 Like a pard in the desert she maketh her moan:
 Up, with war-horse and banner, with spear and
 with sword,

On the spoiler go down in the might of the Lord!

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon,
 With her children about her, like stars in night's
 noon,

When they came to her covert, these spoilers of
 Rome,

And are trampling her children and rifling her home:
 O, up, noble chiefs! would you leave her forlorn,
 To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn?

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold,
 With their iron-clad bosoms, and helmets of gold;
 But, gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be,
 Their avarice is broad as the grasp of the sea;
 They talk not of pity; the mercies they feel
 Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing steel.

Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to
 the earth,

When the bold stag of Naphtali bursts on their
 mirth!

Will they dare to deride and insult, when in wrath
 The lion of Judah glares wild in their path?
 O, say, will they mock us, when down on the plain
 The hoofs of our steeds thunder over their slain!

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and
 free,

And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;
 Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane,
 To whose lair ye have track'd him, whose whelps
 ye have slain;

But, dark mountain-archer! your sinews to-day
 Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

And the tribes are all gathering; the valleys ring out
 To the peal of the trumpet—the timbrel—the shout:

Lo, Zebulon comes; he remembers the day
 When they peril'd their lives to the death in the fray;
 And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills
 Like a mountain-swollen stream in the pride of
 its rills.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot-wheel,
 And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel;
 Like both shall he perish, if ye are but men,
 If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as then;
 He trusts in his buckler, his spear, and his sword;
 His strength is but weakness;—we trust in the
 Loud!

"PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD."

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,

Down Time's unquiet current hurl'd,

Thou passest on thy restless way,

Tumultuous and unstable world!

Thou passest on! Time hath not seen

Delay upon thy hurried path;

And prayers and tears alike have been

In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go

The loves of youth, the cares of age;

And smiles and tears, and joy and wo,

Are on thy history's troubled page!

There, every day, like yesterday,

Writes hopes that end in mockery;

But who shall tear the veil away

Before the abyss of things to be!

Thou passest on, and at thy side,

Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,

And o'er the dreams of human pride

His misty shroud forever spreads;

Where all thine iron hand hath traced

Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,

With records ages since effaced,—

Like them shall live, like them decay.

Thou passest on, with thee the vain,

Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze,

Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,

Who court thy love, and run thy ways:

But thou and I,—and be it so,—

Press onward to eternity;

Yet not together let us go

To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine;

Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own;

I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,

I bow not at thy slavish throne;

I see them pass without a sigh,—

They wake no swelling raptures now,

The fierce delights that fire thine eye,

The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world! I grieve

No more for all that thou hast riven;

Pass on, in God's name,—only leave

The things thou never yet hast given—

A heart at ease, a mind at home,

Affections fixed above thy sway,

Faith set upon a world to come,

And patience through life's little day.

HAMPTON BEACH.

AGAIN upon the sounding shore,
 And, O how bless'd, again alone!
 I could not bear to hear thy roar,
 Thy deep, thy long, majestic tone;
 I could not bear to think that one
 Could view with me thy swelling might,
 And, like a very stock or stone,
 Turn coldly from the glorious sight,
 And seek the idle world, to hate and fear and fight.

Thou art the same, eternal sea!
 The earth hath many shapes and forms,
 Of hill and valley, flower and tree;
 Fields that the fervid noontide warms,
 Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,
 Or bright with autumn's golden store;
 Thou coverest up thy face with storms,
 Or smilest serene,—but still thy roar
 And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

I see thy heaving waters roll,
 I hear thy stern, uplifted voice,
 And trumpet-like upon my soul
 Falls the deep music of that noise
 Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice;
 The ships, that on thy bosom play,
 Thou dashest them about like toys,
 And stranded navies are thy prey,
 Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the
 whirling spray.

As summer twilight, soft and calm,
 Or when in stormy grandeur drest,
 Peaks up to heaven the eternal psalm,
 That swells within thy boundless breast;
 Thy curling waters have no rest;
 But day and night the ceaseless throng
 Of waves that wait thy high behest,
 Speak out in utterance deep and strong,
 And loud the craggy beach howls back their
 savage song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath,—
 Terrible in thine hour of glee,
 When the strong winds, upon their path,
 Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously,
 And shout their chorus loud and free
 To the sad sea-bird's mournful wail,
 As, heaving with the heaving sea,
 The broken mast and shatter'd sail
 Tell of thy cruel strength the lamentable tale.

Ay, 'tis indeed a glorious sight
 To gaze upon thine ample face;
 An awful joy,—a deep delight!
 I see thy laughing waves embrace
 Each other in their frolic race;
 I sit above the flashing spray,
 That foams around this rocky base,
 And, as the bright blue waters play, [as they.
 Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance, are vain

This is thy lesson, mighty sea!
 Man calls the dimpled earth his own,
 The flowery vale, the golden lea;
 And on the wild, gray mountain-stone
 Claims nature's temple for his throne!

But where thy many voices sing
 Their endless song, the deep, deep tone
 Calls back his spirit's airy wing,
 He shrinks into himself, where God alone is king!

PILGRIM SONG.

OVER the mountain wave, see where they come;
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home;
 Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
 There their song peals along, deep-toned and free:
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom;
 Scotia hath heather-hills, sweet their perfume:
 Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
 Native land, native land—home far away!
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

Dim grew the forest-path: onward they trod;
 Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in God!
 Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song;
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along:
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast;
 Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they past!
 Green be their mossy graves! ours be their fame,
 While their song peals along, ever the same:
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home!"

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

THE freeman's glittering sword be blest,—

Forever blest the freeman's lyre,—

That rings upon the tyrant's crest;

This stirs the heart like living fire:

Well can he wield the shining brand,

Who battles for his native land;

But when his fingers sweep the chords,

That summon heroes to the fray,

They gather at the feast of swords,

Like mountain-eagles to their prey!

And mid the vales and swelling hills,

That sweetly bloom in Freedom's land,

A living spirit breathes and fills

The freeman's heart and nerves his hand;

For the bright soil that gave him birth,

The home of all he loves on earth,—

For this, when Freedom's trumpet calls,

He waves on high his sword of fire,—

For this, amidst his country's halls

Forever strikes the freeman's lyre!

His burning heart he may not lend

To serve a doting despot's sway,—

A suppliant knee he will not bend,

Before these things of "brass and clay."

When wrong and ruin call to war,

He knows the summons from afar;

On high his glittering sword he waves,

And myriads feel the freeman's fire,

While he, around their fathers' graves,

Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre!

BLOODY BROOK.*

By Bloody Brook, at break of day,
When glanced the morn on scene more fair?
Rich pearl-dew on the greensward lay,
And many a bright flower flourish'd there:
The holy forest, all around,
Was hush as summer's sabbath noon,
And through its arches breathed no sound
But Bloody Brook's low bubbling tune.

And, rich with every gallant hue,
The old trees stretch their leafy arms,
And o'er them all the morning threw
A tenderer glow of blushing charms;
And varying gold, and softest green,
And crimson like the summer rose,
And deeper, through the foliage screen,
The mellow purple lives and glows.

By night—alas, that fearful night!
How sinks my heart the tale to tell—
All, all was gone, that morning light
Saw blooming there so passing well:
Those cluster'd flowers, o'er all their pride
A thousand furious steps had trod,
And many a brave heart's ebbing tide
For pearly dew-drops stain'd the sod.

But, hark! that sound you scarce may hear,
Amidst the dry leaves scatter'd there,—
Is it the wild-wolf's step of fear?
Or fell snake, stealing to his lair?
Ah me, it is the wild-wolf's heart,
With more than wolfish vengeance warm;
Ah me, it is the serpent's art
Incarnate in the human form!

And now 'tis still! No sound to wake
The primal forest's awful shade;
And breathless lies the covert brake,
Where many an ambush'd form is laid:
I see the red man's gleaming eye;
Yet all so hush'd the gloom profound,
The summer birds flit heedless by,
And mocking nature smiles around.

Yet hark, again! a merry note
Comes pealing up the quiet stream;

* September 18th, 1674, Captain LATHROP, with a number of teams and eighty young men, the flower of Essex county, went to bring a quantity of grain from Deerfield; on their return they stopped to gather grapes at the place afterwards known as Bloody Brook. They were assailed by a body of Indians, amounting to seven or eight hundred, who were lying in wait for their approach. Seventy of their number were slain and afterwards buried in one grave: never had the country seen such a bloody hour. It is said that there was scarcely a family in Essex which did not feel the blow.

And nearer still the echoes float—
The rolling drum, the fife's loud scream!
Yet careless was their march, the while—
They deem no danger hovering near,
And oft the weary way beguile
With sportive laugh and friendly jeer.

Pride of their wild, romantic land,
In the first flush of manhood's day,
It was a bright and gallant band,
Which trod that morn the venturesome way.
Long was the toilsome march, and now
They pause along the shelter'd tide,
And pluck from many a cluster'd bough
The wild fruits by the pathway side.

How gay! Alas, that direful yell!
So loud, so wild, so shrill, so clear,
As if the very fiends of hell,
Burst from the wild-wood depths, were here!
The flame, the shot, the deadly gasp,
The shout, the shriek, the panting breath,
The struggle of that fearful clasp,
When man meets man for life or death!—

All, all were here! No manlier forms
Than theirs, the young, the brave, the fair;
No bolder hearts life's current warms
Than those that pour'd it nobly there!
In the dim forest's deep recess,
From hope, from friends, from succour far,
Fresh from home's smile and dear caress,
They stood to dare the unequal war!

Ah, gallant few! No generous foe
Had met you by that crimson tide;
Vain even despair's resistless blow—
As brave men do and die, they died!
Yet not in vain—a cry, that shook
The inmost forest's desert glooms,
Swell'd o'er their graves, until it broke
In storm around the red men's homes!

But beating hearts, far, far away,
Broke, at their story's fearful truth;
And maidens sweet, for many a day,
Wept o'er the vanish'd dreams of youth:
By the blue, distant ocean-tide,
Wept, years, long years, to hear them tell,
How, by the forest's lonely side
The flower of Essex fell!

And that sweet, nameless stream, whose flood
Grew dark with battle's ruddy stain,
Threw off the tinge of murder's blood,
And flow'd as bright and pure again:
But that wild day—its hour of fame—
Stamp'd deep its history's crimson tears,
Till Bloody Brook became a name
To stir the hearts of after years!

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

[Born, 1807. Died, 1833.]

FEW persons in private life, who have died so young, have been mourned by so many warm friends as was JONATHAN LAWRENCE. Devoted to a profession which engaged nearly all his time, and regardless of literary distinction, his productions would have been known only to his associates, had not a wiser appreciation of their merits withdrawn them from the obscurity to which his own low estimate had consigned them.

He was born in New York, in November, 1807, and, after the usual preparatory studies, entered Columbia College, at which he was graduated before he was fifteen years of age. He soon after became a student in the office of Mr. W. SLOSSON, an eminent lawyer, where he gained much regard by the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies, the premature ripeness of his judgment, and the undeviating purity and honourableness of his life. On being admitted to the bar, he entered into a partnership with Mr. SLOSSON, and daily added confirmation to the promise of his probational career, until he was suddenly called to a better life, in April, 1833.

The industry with which he attended to his professional duties did not prevent him from giving considerable attention to general literature; and in moments—to use his own language—

"Stolen from hours I should have tied
To musty volumes at my side,
Given to hours that sweetly woo'd
My heart from study's solitude,"—

he produced many poems and prose sketches of considerable merit. These, with one or two exceptions, were intended not for publication, but as tributes of private friendship, or as contributions to the exercises of a literary society—still in existence—of which he was for several years an active member. After his death, in compliance with a request by this society, his brother made a collection of his writings, of which a very small edition was printed, for private circulation. Their character is essentially meditative. Many of them are devotional, and all are distinguished for the purity of thought which guided the life of the man.

THOUGHTS OF A STUDENT.

MANY a sad, sweet thought have I,

Many a passing, sunny gleam,

Many a bright tear in mine eye,

Many a wild and wandering dream,

Stolen from hours I should have tied

To musty volumes by my side,

Given to hours that sweetly woo'd

My heart from study's solitude.

Oft, when the south wind's dancing free

Over the earth and in the sky,

And the flowers peep softly out to see

The frolic Spring as she wantons by;

When the breeze and beam like thieves come in,

To steal me away, I deem it sin

To slight their voice, and away I'm straying

Over the hills and vales a-Maying.

Then can I hear the earth rejoice,

Happier than man may ever be;

Every fountain hath then a voice,

That sings of its glad festivity;

For it hath burst the chains that bound

Its currents dead in the frozen ground,

And, flashing away in the sun, has gone

Singing, and singing, and singing on.

Autumn hath sunset hours, and then

Many a musing mood I cherish;

Many a hue of fancy, when

The hues of earth are about to perish;

Clouds are there, and brighter, I ween,

Hath real sunset never seen,

Sad as the faces of friends that die,

And beautiful as their memory.

Love hath its thoughts, we cannot keep,

Visions the mind may not control,

Waking, as fancy does in sleep,

The secret transports of the soul;

Faces and forms are strangely mingled,

Till one by one they're slowly singled,

To the voice, and lip, and eye of her

I worship like an idolater.

Many a big, proud tear have I,

When from my sweet and roaming track,

From the green earth and misty sky,

And spring, and love, I hurry back;

Then what a dismal, dreary gloom

Settles upon my loathed room,

Darker to every thought and sense

Than if they had never travell'd thence.

Yet, I have other thoughts, that cheer

The toilsome day and lonely night,

And many a scene and hope appear,

And almost make me gay and bright.

Honour and fame that I would win,

Though every toil that yet hath been

Were doubly borne, and not an hour

Were brightly hued by Fancy's power.

And, though I sometimes sigh to think
 Of earth and heaven, and wind and sea,
 And know that the cup which others drink
 Shall never be brim'd by me;
 That many a joy must be untasted,
 And many a glorious breeze be wasted,
 Yet would not, if I dared, repine,
 That toil, and study, and care are mine.

SEA-SONG.

OVER the far blue ocean-wave,
 On the wild winds I flee,
 Yet every thought of my constant heart
 Is winging, love, to thee;
 For each foaming leap of our gallant ship
 Had barb'd a pang for me,
 Had not thy form, through sun and storm,
 Been my only memory.

O, the sea-mew's wings are fleet and fast,
 As he dips in the dancing spray;
 But fleetier and faster the thoughts, I ween,
 Of dear ones far away!
 And lovelier, too, than yon rainbow's hue,
 As it lights the tinted sea,
 Are the daylight dreams and sunny gleams
 Of the heart that throbs for thee.

And when moon and stars are asleep on the waves,
 Their dancing tops among,
 And the sailor is guiling the long watch-hour
 By the music of his song;
 When our sail is white in the dark midnight,
 And its shadow is on the sea,
 O, never knew hall such festival
 As my fond heart holds with thee!

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 "Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
 array'd,
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall
 fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
 thine eye,
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And, O! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

TO MAY.

COME, gentle May!
 Come with thy robe of flowers,
 Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;
 Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
 From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
 The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May!
 For, at the bidding of thy magic wand,
 Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,
 In all their green and glorious array
 They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail
 Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!
 Come with thy train, that high
 On some fresh branch pour out their melody;
 Or, carolling thy praise the livelong day,
 Sit perch'd in some lone glen, on echo calling,
 Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May!
 Come with thy laughing beam,
 What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,
 Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,
 Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower
 Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, holy May!
 When, sunk behind the cold and western hill,
 His light hath ceased to play on leaf and rill,
 And twilight's footsteps hasten his decay;
 Come with thy musings, and my heart shall be
 Like a pure temple consecrate to thee.

Come, beautiful May!
 Like youth and loveliness,
 Like her I love; O, come in thy full dress,
 The drapery of dark winter cast away;
 To the bright eye and the glad heart appear
 Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year.

Yet, lovely May!
 Teach her whose eyes shall rest upon this rhyme
 To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,
 The heartless pomp that beckons to betray,
 And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year,
 Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May!
 Let thy fond votary see,
 As fade thy beauties, all the vanity
 Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though
 decay
 In his short winter bury beauty's frame,
 In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,
 Another spring shall bloom, eternal and the same.

LOUISA J. HALL.

[Born about 1807.]

OF the life of LOUISA J. PARK, now Mrs. HALL, I have been able to learn but few particulars. I believe she was born and educated in Boston, and that she belongs to a highly respectable family. In 1841 she was married to Mr. HALL, a clergyman of Providence, and now resides in that city. Her reputation as an author rests principally on "Miriam," a dramatic poem, published in 1837.

The story of "Miriam" is simple, the characters well drawn and sustained, and the incidents happily invented, though not always in keeping with the situations and qualities of the actors. THRASENO, a Christian exile from Judea, dwells with his family in Rome. He has two children, EUPHAS, a clergyman of Providence, and now resides in that city. Her reputation as an author rests principally on "Miriam," a dramatic poem, published in 1837.

as MIRIAM is declaring to PAULUS her determination, they are interrupted by EUPHAS, who suddenly returns to inform his sister that the funeral party had been surprised by a band of Roman soldiers, some slain, and others, among whom was their father, borne to prison. The indignation of EUPHAS is excited by finding PAULUS with MIRIAM, and, by the aid of a body of Christians, armed for the emergency, he seizes him as a hostage, and goes to the palace of PISO to claim the liberation of THRASENO. MIRIAM, who had fainted during this scene, on her recovery follows him on his hopeless errand; and we are next introduced to the palace, where the young Christian is urging, on the ground of humanity, the release of his father, in a manner finely contrasted with the contemptuous fierceness of the hardhearted magistrate. The scene which follows, is that in which MIRIAM first meets PISO. The tyrant promises to restore THRASENO to his children, but they receive at their home only his dead body. PAULUS rejects his parent and his religion; and while a dirge is sung over the martyr, the soul of his lamented and suffering daughter ascends to heaven.

A SCENE FROM "MIRIAM."

EUPHAS AND PISO, IN THE HALL OF A ROMAN PALACE.

Euphas. Let me but die
First of thy victims—

Piso. Would that among them—
Where is the sorceress? I fain would see
The beauty that hath witch'd Rome's noblest youth.

Euphas. Hers is a face thou never wilt behold.

Piso. I will: on her shall fall my worst revenge;
And I will know what foul and magic arts—

[Miriam glides in. A pause.]

Beautiful shadow! in this hour of wrath,
What dost thou here? In life thou wert too meek,
Too gentle for a lover stern as I.
And, since I saw thee last, my days have been
Deep steep'd in sin and blood! What seekest thou?
I have grown old in strife, and hast thou come,
With thy dark eyes and their soul-searching glance,
To look me into peace? It cannot be.
Go back, fair spirit, to thine own dim realms!
He whose young love thou didst reject on earth,
May tremble at this visitation strange,
But never can know peace or virtue more!
Thou wert a Christian, and a Christian dog
Did win thy precious love. I have good cause
To hate and scorn the whole detested race;
And till I meet that man, whom most of all
My soul abhors, will I go on and slay!
Fade, vanish, shadow bright! In vain that look!
That sweet, sad look! My lot is cast in blood!

Miriam. O, say not so!

Piso. The voice that won me first!

O, what a tide of recollections rush
Upon my drowning soul! my own wild love—
Thy scorn—the long, long days of blood and guilt
That since have left their footprints on my fate!
The dark, dark nights of fever'd agony,
When, mid the strife and struggling of my dreams,
The gods sent thee at times to hover round,
Bringing the memory of those peaceful days
When I beheld thee first! But never yet
Before my waking eyes hast thou appear'd
Distinct and visible as now! Spirit!
What wouldst thou have?

Miriam. O, man of guilt and wo!
Thine own dark phantasies are busy now,
Lending unearthly seeming to a thing
Of earth, as thou art!

Piso. How! Art thou not she?
I know that face! I never yet beheld
One like to it among earth's loveliest.
Why dost thou wear that semblance, if thou art
A thing of mortal mould? O, better meet
The wailing ghosts of those whose blood doth clog
My midnight dreams, than that half-pitying eye!

Miriam. Thou art a wretched man! and I do feel
Pity even for the suffering guilt hath brought.
But from the quiet grave I have not come,
Nor from the shadowy confines of the world
Where spirits dwell, to haunt thy midnight hour.
The disembodied should be passionless,
And wear not eyes that swim in earth-born tears,
As mine do now. Look up, thou conscience-struck!

Piso. Off! off! She touch'd me with her damp,
cold hand!

But 'twas a hand of flesh and blood! Away!
Come thou not near me till I study thee.

Miriam. Why are thine eyes so fix'd and wild?
thy lips

Convulsed and ghastly white? Thine own dark
Vexing thy soul, have clad me in a form [sins,
Thou dar'st not look upon—I know not why.
But I must speak to thee. Mid thy remorse,
And the unwonted terrors of thy soul,
I must be heard, for God hath sent me here.

Piso. Who, who hath sent thee here?

Miriam. The Christian's God,
The God thou knowest not.

Piso. Thou art of earth!

I see the rose-tint on thy pallid cheek,
Which was not there at first; it kindles fast!
Say on. Although I dare not meet that eye,
I hear thee.

Miriam. He hath given me strength,
And led me safely through the broad, lone streets,
Even at the midnight hour! My heart sunk not;
My noiseless foot paced on unfaltering
Through the long colonnades, where stood aloft
Pale gods and goddesses on either hand,
Bending their sightless eyes on me! by cool fountains,
Waking with ceaseless plash the midnight air!
Through moonlit squares, where, ever and anon,
Flash'd from some dusky nook the red torchlight,
Flung on my path by passing reveller.
And He hath brought me here before thy face;
And it was He who smote thee even now
With a strange, nameless fear.

Piso. Girl! name it not.

I deem'd I look'd on one whose bright young face
First glanced upon me mid the shining leaves
Of a green bower in sunny Palestine,
In my youth's prime! I knew the dust.
The grave's corroding dust, had soil'd
That spotless brow long since. A shadow fell
Upon the soul that never yet knew fear.
But it is past. Earth holds not what I dread;
And what the gods did make me, am I now.
What seekest thou?

Euphas. MIRIAM! go thou hence.
Why shouldst thou die?

Miriam. Brother!

Piso. Ha! is this so?
Now, by the gods!—Bar, bar the gates, ye slaves!
If they escape me now—Why, this is good!
I had not dream'd of hap so glorious.
His sister! she that beguiled my son!

Miriam. Peace!

Name not, with tongue unhallow'd, love like ours.
Piso. Thou art her image; and the mystery
Confounds my purposes. Take other form,
Foul sorceress, and I will baffle thee!

Miriam. I have no other form than this God gave;
And he already hath stretch'd forth his hand,
And touch'd it for the grave.

Piso. It is most strange.
Is not the air around her full of spells?
Give me the son thou hast seduced!

Miriam. Piso!

Thy son hath seen me, loved me, and hath won
A heart too prone to worship noble things,
Although of earth; and he, alas! was earth's!
I strove, I pray'd in vain! In all things else
I might have stirr'd his soul's best purposes;
But for the pure and cheering faith of Christ,
There was no entrance in that iron soul.
And I—amid such hopes, despair arose,
And laid a withering hand upon my heart.
I feel it yet! We parted! Ay, this night
We met to meet no more.

Euphas. Sister! my tears—
They choke my words—else—

Miriam. EUPHAS, thou wert wroth
When there was little cause; I loved thee more.
Thy very frowns in such a holy cause
Were beautiful. The scorn of virtuous youth,
Looking on fancied sin, is noble.

Piso. Maid!

Hath then my son withstood thy witchery,
And on this ground ye parted?

Miriam. It is so.
Alas! that I rejoice to say it.

Piso. Nay,
Well thou may'st, for it hath wrought his pardon.
That he had loved thee would have been a sin
Too full of degradation—infamy,
Had not these cold and aged eyes themselves
Beheld thee in thy loveliness! And yet, bold girl!
Think not thy Jewish beauty is the spell
That works on one grown old in deeds of blood.
I have look'd calmly on when eyes as bright
Were drown'd in tears of bitter agony,
When forms as full of grace and pride, perchance,
Were writhing in the sharpness of their pain,
And cheeks as fair were mangled—

Euphas. Tyrant! cease.
Wert thou a fiend, such brutal boasts as these
Were not for ears like hers!

Miriam. I tremble not.
He spake of pardon for his guiltless son,
And that includeth life for those I love.
What need I more?

Euphas. Let us go hence. *Piso!*
Bid thou thy myrmidons unbar the gates,
That shut our friends from light and air.

Piso. Not yet,
My haughty boy, for we have much to say
Ere you two pretty birds go free. Chafe not!
Ye are caged close, and can but flutter here
Till I am satisfied.

Miriam. How! hast thou changed—

Piso. Nay; but I must detain ye till I ask—

Miriam. Detain us if thou wilt. But look—

Piso. At what?

Miriam. There, through yon western arch! the
moon sinks low.

The mists already tinge her orb with blood.
Methinks I feel the breeze of morn e'en now.
Know'st thou the hour!

Piso. I do: but one thing more
I fain would know; for, after this wild night,
Let me no more behold you. Why didst thou,
Bold, dark-hair'd boy, wear in those pleading eyes,
When thou didst name thy boon, an earnest look

That fell familiar on my soul! And thou,
The lofty calm, and, O! most beautiful!
Why are not only that soul-searching glance,
But e'en thy features and thy silver voice
So like to hers I loved long years ago,
Beneath Judea's palms? Whence do ye come?
Miriam. For me, I bear my own dear mother's
Her eye, her form, her very voice are mine. [brow;
So, in his tears, my father oft hath said.
We lived beneath Judea's shady palms,
Until that saint-like mother faded, droop'd,
And died. Then hither came we o'er the waves,
And till this night have worshipp'd faithfully
The one, true, living God, in secret peace.

Piso. Thou art her child! I could not harm
thee now.

O wonderful! that things so long forgot—
A love I thought so crush'd and trodden down,
E'en by the iron tread of passion wild—
Ambition, pride, and, worst of all, revenge—
Revenge, that hath shed seas of Christian blood!
To think this heart was once so waxen soft,
And then congeal'd so hard, that naught of all
Which hath been since could ever have the power
To wear away the image of that girl—
That fair, young Christian girl! 'T was a wild love!
But I was young, a soldier in strange lands,
And she, in very gentleness, said nay
So timidly, I hoped—until, ye gods!
She loved another! Yet I slew him not!
I fled! O, had I met him since!

Euphas. Sister!

The hours wear on.

Piso. Ye shall go forth in joy—
And take with you yon prisoners. Send my son,
Him whom *she* did not bear—home to these arms,
And go ye out of Rome with all your train.
I will shed blood no more; for I have known
What sort of peace deep-glutt'd vengeance brings.
My son is brave, but of a gentler mind
Than I have been. His eyes shall never more
Be grieved with sight of sinless blood pour'd forth
From tortured veins. Go forth, ye gentle two!
Children of her who might perhaps have pour'd
Her own meek spirit o'er my nature stern,
Since the bare image of her buried charms,
Soft gleaming from your youthful brows, hath power
To stir my spirit thus! But go ye forth!
Ye leave an alter'd and a milder man
Than him ye sought. Tell *PAULUS* this,
To quicken his young steps.

Miriam. Now may the peace
That follows just and worthy deeds be thine!
And may deep truths be born, mid thy remorse,
In the recesses of thy soul, to make
That soul e'en yet a shrine of holiness. [men,
Euphas. *Piso!* how shall we pass yon steelclad
Keeping stern vigil round the dungeon-gate!

Piso. Take ye my well-known ring—and here—
the list—

Ay, this is it, methinks: show these—great gods!
Euphas. What is there on yon scroll which
shakes him thus?

Miriam. A name at which he points with stiff-
ening hand,

And eyeballs full of wrath! Alas! alas!
I guess too well. My brother, droop thou not.
Piso. Your father, did ye say? Was it his life
Ye came to beg!

Miriam. His life: but not alone
The life so dear to us; for he hath friends
Sharing his fetters and his final doom.

Piso. Little reck I of them. Tell me his name!
[A pause.

Speak, boy! or I will tear thee piecemeal!

Miriam. Stay!
Stern son of violence! the name thou askest
Is—*THRASENO!*

Piso. Did I not know it, girl?
Now, by the gods! had I not been entranced,
I sooner had conjectured this. Foul name!
Thus do I tear thee out—and even thus
Rend with my teeth. O, rage! she wedded him,
And ever since that hated name hath been
The voice of serpents in mine ear! But now—
Why go ye not? Here is your list! and all,
Ay, every one whose name is here set down,
Will my good guard release to you!

Miriam. *Piso!*
In mercy mock us not! children of her
Whom thou didst love—

Piso. Ay, maid! but ye are his
Whom I do hate! That chord is broken now—
Its music hush'd! Is she not in her grave,
And he within my grasp?

Miriam. Where is thy peace,
Thy penitence?

Piso. Fled all; a moonbeam brief
Upon a stormy sea. That magic name
Hath roused the wild, loud winds again. Begone!
Save whom ye may.

Miriam. *Piso!* I go not hence
Until my father's name be on this scroll.

Piso. Take root, then, where thou art! for, by
I swear— [dark Styx,

Miriam. Nay, swear thou not till I am heard.
Hast thou forgot thy son?

Piso. No! let him die,
So that I have my long-deferr'd revenge!
Thy lip grows pale! Art thou not answer'd now?

Miriam. Deep horrors fall upon me! Can it be,
Such demon spirits dwell on earth?

Piso. Maiden!
While thou art safe, go hence; for, in his might.
The tiger wakes within me!

Miriam. Be it so.
He can but rend me where I stand. And here,
Living or dying, will I raise my voice
In a firm hope! The God that brought me here
Is round me in the silent air. On me
Falleth the influence of an unseen Eye!
And, in the strength of secret, earnest prayer,
This awful consciousness doth nerve my frame.
Thou man of evil and ungovern'd soul!
My father thou mayst slay! Flames will not fall
From heaven to scorch and wither thee! The earth
Will ope not underneath thy feet! and peace,
Mock, hollow, seeming peace, may shadow still
Thy home and hearth! But deep within thy breast
A fierce, consuming fire shall ever dwell.

Each night shall ope a gulf of horrid dreams
To swallow up thy soul. The livelong day
That soul shall yearn for peace and quietness,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,
And know that even in death is no repose!
And this shall be thy life! Then a dark hour
Will surely come—

Piso. Maiden, be warn'd! All this
I know. It moves me not.

Miriam. Nay, one thing more
Thou knowest not. There is on all this earth—
Full as it is of young and gentle hearts—
One man alone that loves a wretch like thee:
And he, thou sayst, must die! All other eyes
Do greet thee with a cold or wrathful look,
Or, in the baseness of their fear, shun thine;
And he whose loving glance alone spake peace,
Thou sayst must die in youth! Thou know'st not
The deep and bitter sense of loneliness, [yet
The throes and achings of a childless heart,
Which yet will all be thine! Thou know'st not yet
What 'tis to wander mid thy spacious halls,
And find them desolate! wildly to start
From thy deep musings at the distant sound
Of voice or step like his, and sink back sick—
Ay! sick at heart—with dark remembrances!
When, in his bright and joyous infancy,
His laughing eyes amid thick curls sought thine,
And his soft arms were twined around thy neck,
And his twin rosebud lips just lisp'd thy name—
Yet feel in agony 'tis but a dream!
Thou know'st not yet what 'tis to lead the van
Of armies hurrying on to victory,
Yet, in the pomp and glory of that hour,
Sadly to miss the well-known snowy plume,
Whereon thine eyes were ever proudly fix'd
In battle-field! to sit, at deep midnight,
Alone within thy tent, all shuddering,
When, as the curtain'd door lets in the breeze,
Thy fancy conjures up the gleaming arms
And bright, young hero-face of him who once
Had been most welcome there! and, worst of all—

Piso. It is enough! The gift of prophecy
Is on thee, maid! A power that is not thine
Looks out from that dilated, awful form—
Those eyes, deep-flashing with unearthly light—
And stills my soul. My PAULUS must not die!
And yet, to give up thus the boon—

Miriam. What boon!
A boon of blood! To him, the good, old man,
Death is not terrible, but only seems
A dark, short passage to a land of light,
Where, mid high ecstasy, he shall behold
The unshrouded glories of his Maker's face,
And learn all mysteries, and gaze at last
Upon the ascended prince, and never more
Know grief or pain, or part from those he loves!
Yet will his blood cry loudly from the dust,
And bring deep vengeance on his murderer!

Piso. My PAULUS must not die! Let me revolve;
Maiden! thy words have sunk into my soul;
Yet would I ponder ere I thus lay down
A purpose cherish'd in my inmost heart,
That which hath been my dream by night, by day
My life's sole aim. Have I not deeply sworn,

Long years ere thou wert born, that, should the gods
E'er give him to my rage—and yet I pause!
Shall Christian vipers sting mine only son,
And I not crush them into nothingness!
Am I so pinion'd, vain, and powerless?
Work, busy brain! thy cunning must not fail.

[Retires.]

PRAYER.

WITHIN these mighty walls of sceptred Rome
A thousand temples rise unto her gods,
Bearing their lofty domes unto the skies, [shrines
Graced with the proudest pomp of earth; their
Glittering with gems, their stately colonnades,
Their dreams of genius wrought into bright forms,
Instinct with grace and godlike majesty,
Their ever-smoking altars, white-robed priests,
And all the pride of gorgeous sacrifice. [ascend
And yet these things are naught. Rome's prayers
To greet the unconscious skies, in the blue void
Lost like the floating breath of frankincense,
And find no hearing or acceptance there.
And yet there is an Eye that ever marks
Where its own people pay their simple vows,
Though to the rocks, the caves, the wilderness,
Scourged by a stern and ever-watchful foe!
There is an Ear that hears the voice of prayer
Rising from lonely spots where Christians meet,
Although it stir not more the sleeping air
Than the soft waterfall, or forest-breeze.
Think'st thou, my father, this benignant God
Will close his ear, and turn in wrath away
From the poor, sinful creature of his hand,
Who breathes in solitude her humble prayer?
Think'st thou he will not hear me, should I kneel
Here in the dust beneath his starry sky,
And strive to raise my voiceless thoughts to HIM,
Making an altar of my broken heart?

MIRIAM TO PAULUS.

EVER from that hour, when first
My spirit knew that time was wholly lost,
And to its superstitions wedded fast,
Shrouded in darkness, blind to every beam
Streaming from Zion's hill athwart the night
That broods in horror o'er a heathen world,
E'en from that hour my shuddering soul beheld
A dark and fathomless abyss yawn wide
Between us two! and o'er it gleam'd alone
One pale, dim-twinkling star! the lingering hope
That grace, descending from the Throne of Light,
Might fall in gentle dew upon that heart,
And melt it into humble piety.
Alas! that hope hath faded! and I see
The fatal gulf of separation still
Between us, love, and stretching on for aye
Beyond the grave, in which I feel that soon
This clay with all its sorrows shall lie down.
Union for us is none, in yonder sky:
Then how on earth!—so in my inmost soul,
Nurtured with midnight tears, with blighted hopes,
With silent watchings and incessant prayers,
A holy resolution hath ta'en root,
And in its might at last springs proudly up.
We part, my PAULUS! not in hate, but love,
Yielding unto a stern necessity.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

[Born about 1807.]

THE history of a woman of genius, more than that of a man possessing the same intellectual qualities, is usually unmarked by events of the kind which interest the general readers of biography. Her life is but a succession of thoughts and emotions, and he who would understand these must study her writings.

MISS MANLEY, now Mrs. EMBURY, is a native of the city of New York, where her father has been for many years an eminent physician. She was educated in the best schools of that city, and, at twenty, was married to Mr. EMBURY, now of Brooklyn, a gentleman of liberal fortune and high attainments. At an early age she began to contribute to the periodicals, under the signature of "IANTHE," and soon after her marriage appeared

a collection of her writings, entitled "Guido, and other Poems." "Guido" is a story of passion, gracefully told, and some of the "Sketches from History," in the same volume, exhibit considerable dramatic and descriptive power. They are, however, much inferior to her later works, which are carefully finished and more original in their ideas and illustrations. She has a rich fancy, and much skill in the use of language, and her subjects are well chosen.

She has written several admirable prose works, of which "Constance Latimer, the Blind Girl," is the most popular. Her contributions to the literary journals, in prose and verse, would form a number of volumes. They are all distinguished for delicate thought, pure sentiment, and elegant diction.

AUTUMN EVENING.

"And ISAAC went out in the field to meditate at eventide."

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtain'd tents of night,
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And man awakes to labour and to care,
Then hie thee forth: go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest-sheaves to bind.

Go forth at noontide hour,
Beneath the heat and burden of the day
Pursue the labours of thine onward way,
Nor murmur if thou miss life's morning flower;
Where'er the footsteps of mankind are found
Thou mayst discern some spot of hallow'd ground,
Where duty blossoms even as the rose,
Though sharp and stinging thorns the beauteous
bud enclose.

Go forth at eventide,
When sounds of toil no more the soft air fill,
When e'en the hum of insect life is still,
And the bird's song on evening's breeze has died;
Go forth, as did the patriarch of old, [told,
And commune with thy heart's deep thoughts un-
Fathom thy spirit's hidden depths, and learn
The mysteries of life, the fires that inly burn.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of summer, when the trees
Yield their frail honours to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed;
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds,
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,
To meditate alone,—alone to watch and pray.

Go forth at eventide,
Commune with thine own bosom, and be still,—
Check the wild impulses of wayward will,
And learn the nothingness of human pride;
Morn is the time to act, noon to endure;
But, O! if thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with God.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

O! for one draught of those sweet waters now
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
O! that I could but bathe my fever'd brow
To wash away the dust of worldly strife!
And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary, and my spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts,
Where once, with Hope, I dream'd the hours
away,
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!
Vain are such wishes! I no more may tread
With lingering step and slow the green hill-side;
Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
And I must onward, whatso'er betide;
The pleasant nooks of youth are pass'd for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveller on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
Glitters with fragments of each ruin'd shrine,
Where once my spirit worshipp'd, when, with sweet
And passionless devotion, it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's wrath!

Daily they droop by nature's swift decay:

What though the setting sun still lights my path?

Morn's dewy freshness long has pass'd away.

O! give me back life's newly-budded flowers,
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth! my youth!—O, give me back my youth!

Not the unfurrow'd brow and blooming cheek;

But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,

And youth's unworldly feelings,—these I seek;

Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?

Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

HEIR of that name

Which shook with sudden terror the far earth—
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,

When kings and princes round thy cradle came,
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thy hand—
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land!

How were the schemes

Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,

Thou victim of a parent's lofty state!

What glorious visions fill'd thy father's dreams,
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,
And deem'd himself the RUDOLPH of his race!

Scarce had thine eyes

Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow
crown'd

With Rome's imperial diadem:—the prize
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now

The sword that flash'd as with a meteor-light,
And led on half the world to stirring fight;

Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow?
Alas! when foil'd on his last battle-plain,
Its shatter'd fragments forged thy father's chain.

Far worse *thy* fate

Than that which doom'd him to the barren rock;
Through half the universe was felt the shock,

When down he toppled from his high estate;
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy!

Hadst no such dreams to cheat the lagging hours;
Thy chains still gall'd, though wreathed with
fairest flowers;

Thou hadst no images of by-gone joy,
No visions of anticipated fame,
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she,

Whose proudest title was NAPOLEON's wife?
She who first gave, and should have watch'd thy
Trebbling a mother's tenderness for thee, [life,
Despoiled heir of empire? On her breast
Did thy young head repose in its unrest?

No! round her heart

Children of humbler, happier lineage twined:

Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind

Of pageants where she bore a heartless part;
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest!

Child of Ambition's martyr:—life had been

To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene

Of doubt and dread and suffering at the best;
For thou wert one whose path, in these dark times,
Would lead to sorrows—it may be to crimes.

Thou art at rest!

The idle sword hath worn its sheath away;

The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay;

And they, who with vain tyranny comprést
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,
And fling ambition's purple o'er thy bier!

PEACE.

O! SEEK her not in marble halls of pride,

Where gushing fountains fling their silver tide,

Their wealth of freshness toward the summersky;

The echoes of a palace are too loud,—

They but give back the footsteps of the crowd

That throng about some idol throned on high,

Whose ermined robe and pomp of rich array

But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.

Nor seek her form in poverty's low vale, [pale,
Where, touch'd by want, the bright cheek waxes

And the heart faints, with sordid cares oppress,

Where pining discontent has left its trace

Deep and abiding in each haggard face. [nest:

Not there,—not there Peace builds her halcyon

Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering dome,

And misery frights her from the poor man's home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister, where the sage

Ponders the mystery of some time-stain'd page,

Delving, with feeble hand, the classic mine;

O! who can tell the restless hope of fame,

The bitter yearnings for a deathless name, [twine!

That round the student's heart, like serpents,

Ambition's fever burns within his breast,

Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,

Where the low-whisper'd music of the heart

Is all unheard amid the clang of gold;

O! never yet did Peace her chaplet twine

To lay upon base mammon's sordid shrine,

Where earth's most precious things are bought
and sold;

Thrown on *that* pile, the pearl of price would be
Despised, because unfit for merchandry.

Go! hie thee to God's altar,—kneeling there,

List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer

That swells around thee in the sacred fane;

Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,

When grateful praises on the still air float,

And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain;

There learn that Peace, sweet Peace is ever found

In her *eternal* home, on *holy ground*.

MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE was no beauty on thy brow,
 No softness in thine eye;
 Thy cheek wore not the rose's glow,
 Thy lip the ruby's dye;
 The charms that make a woman's pride
 Had never been thine own—
 For Heaven to thee those gifts denied
 In which earth's bright ones shone.

But higher, holier spells were thine,
 For mental wealth was given,
 Till thou wert as a sacred shrine
 Where men might worship Heaven.
 Yes, woman as thou wert, thy word
 Could make the tyrant start,
 And thy tongue's witchery has stirr'd
 Ambition's iron heart.

The charm of eloquence,—the skill
 To wake each secret string,
 And from the bosom's chords, at will,
 Life's mournful music bring;
 The o'ermastering strength of mind, which sways
 The haughty and the free,
 Whose might earth's mightiest one obeys,—
 These,—these were given to thee.

Thou hadst a prophet's eye to pierce
 The depths of man's dark soul,
 For thou couldst tell of passions fierce
 O'er which its wild waves roll;
 And all too deeply hadst thou learn'd
 The lore of woman's heart,—
 The thoughts in thine own breast that burn'd
 Taught thee that mournful part.

Thine never was a woman's dower
 Of tenderness and love,
 Thou, who couldst chain the eagle's power,
 Couldst never tame the dove;
 O! Love is not for such as thee:
 The gentle and the mild,
 The beautiful thus blest may be,
 But never Fame's proud child.

When mid the halls of state, alone,
 In queenly pride of place,
 The majesty of mind thy throne,
 Thy sceptre mental grace;
 Then was thy glory felt, and thou
 Didst triumph in that hour
 When men could turn from beauty's brow
 In tribute to thy power.

And yet a woman's heart was thine,
 No dream of fame could fill
 The bosom which must vainly pine
 For sweet Affection still;
 And, O! what pangs thy spirit wrung
 E'en in thine hour of pride,
 When all could list Love's wooing tongue
 Save thee, bright Glory's bride.

CORINNA! thine own hand has traced
 Thy melancholy fate,
 Though by earth's noblest triumphs graced,
 Bliss waits not on the great:
 Only in lowly places sleep
 Life's flowers of sweet perfume,
 And they who climb Fame's mountain-steep
 Must mourn their own high doom.

/ BALLAD.

THE maiden sat at her busy wheel,
 Her heart was light and free,
 And ever in cheerful song broke forth
 Her bosom's harmless glee.
 Her song was in mockery of Love,
 And oft I heard her say,
 "The gather'd rose, and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

I look'd on the maiden's rosy cheek,
 And her lip so full and bright,
 And I sigh'd to think that the traitor, Love,
 Should conquer a heart so light:
 But she thought not of future days of wo,
 While she carol'd in tones so gay;
 "The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

A year pass'd on, and again I stood
 By the humble cottage-door;
 The maid sat at her busy wheel,
 But her look was blithe no more;
 The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
 And with sighs I heard her say,
 "The gather'd rose and the stolen heart
 Can charm but for a day."

O! well I knew what had dimm'd her eye,
 And made her cheek so pale;
 The maid had forgotten her early song,
 While she listen'd to Love's soft tale.
 She had tasted the sweets of his poison'd cup,
 It had wasted her life away:
 And the stolen heart, like the gather'd rose,
 Had charm'd but for a day.

SONNET.

HE who has travell'd through some weary day,
 And reach'd at summer eve a green hill-side,
 Whence he can see, now veil'd in twilight gray,
 The dreary path through which he lately hied,
 While o'er his onward road the setting sun
 Sheds its sweet beam on every wayside flower;
 Forgets his labours ere the goal be won,
 And in his heart enjoys the quiet hour:
 Father and mother,—be it so with you!
 While memory's pleasant twilight shades be past,
 May hope illumine the way ye still pursue,
 And each new scene seem brighter than the last;
 Thus, wending on toward sunset, may ye find
 Life's lengthening shadows ever cast behind.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[Born, 1808.]

THE ancestors of WHITTIER settled at an early period in the town of Haverhill, on the banks of the Merrimack River, in Massachusetts. They were Quakers, and some of them suffered from the "sharp laws" which the fierce Independents enacted against these "devil-driven heretics," as they are styled in the "Magnalia" of COTTON MATHER. The poet was born in the year 1808, on the spot inhabited by his family for four or five generations; and until he was eighteen years of age, his time was principally passed in the district schools, and in aiding his father on the farm. His nineteenth year was spent at a Latin school, and in 1828 he went to Boston to conduct "The American Manufacturer," a gazette established to advocate a protective tariff. He had previously won some reputation as a writer by various contributions, in prose and verse, to the newspapers printed in his native town, and in Newburyport, and the ability with which he managed the "Manufacturer," now made his name familiar throughout the country. In 1830 he went to Hartford, in Connecticut, to take charge of the "New England Weekly Review." He remained here about two years, during which he was an ardent politician, of what was then called the National Republican school, and devoted but little attention to literature. He published, however, in this period his "Legends of New England," a collection of poems and prose sketches, founded on events in the early history of the country; wrote the memoir of his friend BRAINARD, prefixed to the collection of his writings printed in 1830; and several poems which appeared in the "Weekly Review."

In 1831, WHITTIER returned to Haverhill, where he was for five or six years engaged in agricultural pursuits. He represented that town in the legislature in the sessions of 1835 and 1836, and declined a reelection in 1837. "Mogg Megone," his longest poem, was first published in 1836. He regarded the story of the hero only as a framework for sketches of the scenery and of the primitive settlers of Massachusetts and the adjacent states. In portraying the Indian character, he followed as closely as was practicable the rough but natural delineations of CHURCH, MAYHEW, CHARLEVOIX, and ROGER WILLIAMS, and therefore discarded much of the romance which more modern writers have thrown around the red-man's life. In this, as well as in some of his minor poems, and in the "Legends of New England," he has depicted with honesty the intolerant spirit and the superstitions of the early colonists. That he would willingly do injustice to their memories, none who know him or his works will be easily persuaded. He is himself a son of New England, and in the following lines, from "Moll Pitcher,"

has well expressed his feelings toward her and her founders:

"Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have link'd with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
O! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-arm'd trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!
O! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green, luxuriant ivy climb;
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade;
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!"

In 1836 WHITTIER was elected one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and much of his time since then has been passed in its service. Many of his best poems relate to slavery. His productions are all distinguished for manly vigour of thought and language, and they breathe the true spirit of liberty.

MOGG MEGONE.

PART I.

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall, in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
All lonely and sternly, save MOGG MEGONE?*

How close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its pathway hewing.
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splinter'd points of the crags are seen,
With the water howling and vex'd between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

But MOGG MEGONE never trembled yet,
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.
He is watchful: each form, in the moonlight dim,
Of rock and tree, is seen of him:
He listens; each sound from afar is caught,
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb;
But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet—
And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough
Of the gray beech, whose naked root
Coils like a serpent at his foot,
Falls, checker'd, on the Indian's brow.
His head is bare, save only where
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,
Reserved for him, who'er he be,
More mighty than MEGONE in strife,
When, breast to breast, and knee to knee,
Above the fallen warrior's life
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

MEGONE hath his knife, and hatchet, and gun,
And his gaudy and tassell'd blanket on:
His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,
And magic words on its polish'd blade—
'T was the gift of CASTINE† to MOGG MEGONE,
For a scalp or twain from the Yengeese torn:
His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,
And MONOCAWANDO's wives had strung
The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine
On the polish'd breech, and broad, bright line
Of beaded wampum around it hung.

* MOGG MEGONE, or HEGONE, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year, and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco river. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent, in the treaty signed in 1676.

† Baron de ST. CASTINE came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great MONOCAWANDO—the most powerful sachem of the east. His castle was plundered by Governor ANDROS, during his reckless administration; and the enraged baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

What seeks MEGONE? His foes are near—
Gray JOCELYN's* eye is never sleeping,
And the garrison-lights are burning clear,
Where PHILLIP's men their watch are keeping.
Let him his way through the dank river-fog,
Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the rocks,
For the eyes and the ears which are watching for
MOGG
Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts—there's a rustle among the leaves:
Another—the click of his gun is heard!—
A footstep—is it the step of CLEAVES,
With Indian blood on his English sword?
Steals HARMON down from the sands of York,
With hand of iron and foot of cork?
Has SCAMMAN, versed in Indian wile,
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?†
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,
How lights the eye of MOGG MEGONE.
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow—
"Boon welcome, JOHNNY BONYTHON!"
Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
And quick, keen glances to and fro,
The hunted outlaw, BONYTHON!‡
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
With blanket-garb and buskin'd knee,
And naught of English fashion on;
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

"Hush—let the sachem's voice be weak,
The water-rat shall hear him speak—
The owl shall whoop in the white man's ear
That MOGG MEGONE, with his scalps, is here!"
He pauses—dark, o'er cheek and brow,
A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:
"Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land
Which stretches away upon either hand,
As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer's day,
From the leaping brook to the Saco river—
And the fair-hair'd girl thou has sought of me
Shall sit in the sachem's wigwam, and be
The wife of MOGG MEGONE forever."
There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance,

* The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

† Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur DE MONTS and DE CHAMPLAIN, in 1603.

‡ JOHN BONYTHON, son of RICHARD BONYTHON, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the colony. JOHN proved to be a "degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that for some offence he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. GIBSON, the minister, and MARY, his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged "JOHN BONYTHON outlawed, and incapable of any of his majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." [Court Records of the Province, 1645.] In 1651, he bid defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco;
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobomako."

A moment's trace of powerful feeling—
Of love, or triumph, or both, perchance,
Over his proud, calm features stealing.
"The words of my father are very good;
He shall have the land, and water, and wood;
And he who harms the Sagamore **JOHN**
Shall feel the knife of **MOGO MEGONE**; [breast,
But the fawn of the Yengeese shall sleep on my
And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my nest."

"But, father!"—and the Indian's hand
Falls gently on the white man's arm,
And, with a smile as shrewdly bland
As the deep voice is slow and calm—
"Where is my father's singing-bird—
The sunny eye, and sunset hair?
I know I have my father's word,
And that his word is good and fair:
But, will my father tell me where
MEGONE shall go and look for his bride?—
For he sees her not by her father's side."

The dark, stern eye of **BONTYON**
Flashes over the features of **MOGO MEGONE**,
In one of those glances which search within;
But the stolid calm of the Indian alone
Remains where the trace of emotion has been.
"Does the sachem doubt? Let him go with me,
And the eyes of the sachem his bride shall see."
Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,
And watchful eyes, and whispers soft,
The twain are stealing through the wood,
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,
Whose deep and solemn roar, behind,
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl
Of the wolf, the hills among?—
Or the hooting of the owl,

On his leafy cradle swung?—
Quickly glancing, to and fro,
Listening to each sound they go:
Round the columns of the pine,

Indistinct, in shadow, seeming
Like some old and pillar'd shrine,
With the soft and white moonshine
Round the foliage-tracery shed

Of each column's branching head,
For its lamps of worship gleaming!
And the sounds awaken'd there,
In the pine-leaves, fine and small,
Soft and sweetly musical,

By the fingers of the air,
For the anthem's dying fall
Lingering round some temple's wall!

Is not Nature's worship thus
Ceaseless ever, going on?

Hath it not a voice for us
In the thunder, or the tone
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,
Speaking to the unseal'd ear
Words of blended love and fear,
Of the mighty soul of all!

Naught had the twain of thoughts like these,
As they wound along through the crowded trees,
Where never had rung the axeman's stroke
On the gnarl'd trunk of the rough-bark'd oak;

Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,
Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,
Turning aside the wild grape-vine,
And lightly crossing the quaking bog,
Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,
And out of whose pools the ghostly fog
Creeps into the chill moonshine!

Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard
The preaching of the Holy Word:
Sanchekantacket's isle of sand
Was once his father's hunting-land,
Where zealous **HIACOOMES*** stood—
The wild apostle of the wood,
Shook from his soul the fear of harm,
And trampled on the Pawwaw's charm;
Until the wizard's curses hung
Suspended on his palsying tongue,
And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,
Trembled before the forest **PAUL**!

A cottage, hidden in the wood,—
Red through its seams a light is glowing,
On rock, and bough, and tree-trunk rude,
A narrow lustre throwing.
"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands:
"Hold, **RETURN**—'tis I, the sagamore!"
Quick, at the summons, hasty hands
Unclose the bolted door;
And on the outlaw's daughter shine
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,
Some creature born of Solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude,
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.
Her dark-brown cheek has caught its stain
More from the sunshine than the rain;
Yet, where her long, fair hair is parting,
A pure, white brow into light is starting,
And, where the folds of her mantle sever,
Are a neck and bosom as white as ever
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.
But, in the convulsive quiver and grip
Of the muscles around her bloodless lip
There is something painful and sad to see;
And her eye has a glance more sternly wild
Than even that of a forest-child
In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.

O, seldom, in hall or court, are seen
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,
As freely and smiling she welcomes them there,
Her outlaw'd sire and **MOGO MEGONE**:
"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?
And, Sachem, say—does **SCAMMAN** wear,
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"
Careless and light is the maiden's tone,
But a fearful meaning lurks within
Her glance, as it questions the eye of **MEGONE**,—
An awful meaning of guilt and sin!—
The Indian hath open'd his blanket, and there
Hangs a human scalp by its long, damp hair!

* **HIACOOMES**, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard.

Now, God have mercy!—that maiden's fingers
Are touching the scalp where the blood still lingers,
Turning up to the light its soft, brown hair!

What an evil triumph her eye reveals!
What a baleful smile on her pale face steals!

Is the soul of a fiend in a form so fair?

Nay—traces of feeling are visible now,
In that quivering lip and that writhing brow!
But who shall measure the thoughts within,
Of hatred and love, of passion and sin!

Does not the eye of her mind glance back
On the gloom and guilt of her stormy track?—

The traitor's lip by her kisses met—
The traitor's hand by her fond tears wet—

The trustless hopes on his promise built—
The gust of passion—the hell of guilt!—
The warm embrace, when her tresses fair
Mingled themselves with that scalp's brown hair,
And idly and fondly her small hand play'd,
In dalliance sweet, with its light and shade!

And what are those tears which her wild eyes dim,
But tears of sorrow and love for him!—
For him, who drugg'd her cup with shame—
With a curse for her heart, and a blight for her name?
For him, whom her vengeance hath track'd so long,
Feeding its torch with the thought of wrong!

O! woman wrong'd can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood may;

But, when the mockery of Fate

Hath left Revenge its chosen way,
And the fell curse, which years have nursed,
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst—
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain—
Still lingers something of the spell

Which bound her to the traitor's bosom,—
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,

Some flowers of old affection blossom;
And, while her hand is nerved to strike,
She weeps above her victim, like
The Roman, when his dagger gave
His CESAR to a bloody grave!

JOHN BONYTHON's eyebrows together are drawn

With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn—
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!

Is this the time to be playing the fool—
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,

Like a love-sick girl at school?—
Curse on it!—an Indian can see and hear:
Away, and prepare our evening cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching now
Her tearful eye and her varying brow—
With a serpent-eye, which kindles and burns

Like a fiery star in the upper air:
On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns:—

"Has my old white father a scalp to spare?

For his young one loves the pale brown hair
Of the scalp of a Yengeese dog, far more

Than MOGE MEGONE, or his wigwam floor:—

Go—MOGE is wise; he will keep his land—
And Sagamore John, when he feels with his hand,
Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone,
The lip is clench'd, the tears are still.

GOD pity thee, RUTH BONYTHON!

With what a strength of will
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,
As with an iron hand, repress'd!
And how, upon that nameless woe,
Quick as the pulse can come and go,
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet
The bosom heaves, the eye is wet;
Has thy dark spirit power to stay
The heart's own current on its way?

And whence that baleful strength of guile,
Which, over that still working brow
And tearful eye and cheek, can throw

The ghastly mockery of a smile?

"Is the sachem angry—angry with RUTH
Because she cries with an ache in her tooth,
Which would make a sagamore jump and cry.
And look about with a woman's eye?
No—RUTH will sit in the sachem's door,
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,
And broil his fish and tender fawn,
And weave his wampum, and grind his corn,—
For she loves the brave and the wise, and none
Are braver and wiser than MOGE MEGONE!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:

With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,
He sits upon the wigwam floor,

And watches RUTH go by,
Intent upon her household care;
And, ever and anon, the while,
Or on the maiden, or her fare,
Which smokes in grateful promise there,
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, MOGE MEGONE! what dreams are thine,

But those which love's own fancies dress,
The sum of Indian happiness!—

A wigwam, where the warm sunshine
Looks in among the groves of pine:
A stream, where, round thy light canoe,
The trout and salmon dart in view:
And the fair girl, before thee now,
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,
Or plying, in the dews of morn,
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,
Or offering up, at eve, to thee
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of BONYTHON
Venison and suckatash have gone:
For long these dwellers of the wood
Have felt the gnawing want of food.
But untasted of RUTH is the frugal cheer,
With head averted, yet ready ear,
She stands by the side of her austere sire,
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire

With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls
On the cottage-roof and its black log-walls,
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore BONYTHON's hunting-flask
The fire-water burns at the lip of MEGONE:
"Will the sachem hear what his father shall ask?
Will he make his mark, that it may be known,
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land
From the sachem's own to his father's hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,
 As he rises the white man's bidding to do:
 "Wuttamuttata—weekan! * Mogg is wise,
 For the water he drinks is strong and new:
 Mogg's heart is great! will he shut his hand,
 When his father asks for a little land!"
 With unsteady fingers the Indian has drawn
 On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow:
 "Boon water, boon water, Sagamore Joun!
 Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"
 He drinks yet deeper, he mutters low,
 He reels on his bearskin to and fro,
 His head falls down on his naked breast,
 He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.
 "Humph—drunk as a beast!" and BONYTHON's
 Is darker than ever with evil thought: [brow
 "The fool has sign'd his warrant; but how
 And when shall the deed be wrought?
 Speak, RUTH! why, what the devil is there,
 To fix thy gaze in that empty air!
 Speak, RUTH! by my soul, if I thought that tear,
 Which shames thyself and our purpose here,
 Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,
 Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,
 And whose beastly soul is in SATAN's keeping,
 This—this!" he dashes his hand upon
 The rattling stock of his loaded gun,
 "Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"
 "Father!" the eye of BONYTHON
 Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,
 Hollow and deep, as it were spoken
 By the unmoving tongue of death,
 Or from some statue's lips had broken,
 A sound without a breath!
 "Father! my life I value less
 Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
 And how it ends it matters not,
 By heart-break or by rifle-shot:
 But spare a while the scoff and threat,
 Our business is not finish'd yet."
 "True, true, my girl; I only meant
 To draw up again the bow unbent.
 Harm thee, my RUTH! I only sought
 To frighten off thy gloomy thought;
 Come, let's be friends." He seeks to clasp
 His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.
 RUTH startles from her father's grasp
 As if each nerve and muscle felt,
 Instinctively, the touch of guilt,
 Through all their hidden sympathies.
 He points her to the sleeping Mogg:
 "What shall be done with yonder dog?
 SCAMMAN is dead, and revenge is thine,
 The deed is sign'd, and the land is mine;
 And this drunken fool is of use no more,
 Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,
 'Twere Christian mercy to finish him, RUTH,
 Now, while he lies, like a beast, on our floor,
 If not for thine, at least for his sake,
 Rather than let the poor dog awake,

* *Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "it is sweet."
 Vide ROGER WILLIAMS's *Key to the Indian Language* "in
 that part of America called New England." London,
 1643, p. 35.

To drain my flask, and claim as his bride
 Such a forest devil to run by his side—
 Such a *Wetuomanit** as thou wouldst make!"
 He laughs at his jest. Hush, what is there?
 The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,
 With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!
 "Wagh! Mogg will have the pale-face's hair!
 For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help
 The hair to pull, and the skin to peel—
 Let him cry like a woman, and twist like an eel,
 The great Captain SCAMMAN must lose his scalp!
 And RUTH, when she sees it, shall dance with
 His eyes are fix'd, but his lips draw in, [Mogg!"
 With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,
 And he sinks again, like a senseless log.
 RUTH does not speak, she does not stir,
 But she gazes down on the murderer,
 Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell
 Too much for her ear, of that deed of hell.
 She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,
 And the dark fingers clutching the bear-skin bed!
 What thoughts of horror and madness whirl
 Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!
 JOHN BONYTHON lifts his gun to his eye,
 Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,
 But he drops it again: "Some one may be nigh,
 And I would not that even the wolves should
 He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt, [hear."
 Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt:—
 Kneeling down on one knee by the Indian's side,
 From his throat he opens the blanket wide,
 And twice or thrice he feebly essays
 A trembling hand with the knife to raise.
 "I cannot," he mutters: "did he not save
 My life from a cold and wintry grave,
 When the storm came down from Agioochook,
 And the north-wind howl'd, and the tree-tops shook,
 And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,
 Till my knees grew weak, and I could not go,
 And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,
 And my heart's-blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!
 I cannot strike him, RUTH BONYTHON!
 In the devil's name, tell me, what's to be done?"
 O! when the soul, once pure and high,
 Is stricken down from virtue's sky,
 As, with the downcast star of morn,
 Some gems of light are with it drawn,
 And, through its night of darkness, play
 Some tokens of its primal day:
 Some lofty feelings linger still,
 The strength to dare, the nerve to meet
 Whatever threatens with defeat
 Its all-indomitable will!
 But lack the meef mind and heart,
 Though eager for the gains of crime,
 Oft, at their chosen place and time,
 The strength to bear their evil part;
 And, shielded by their very vice,
 Escape from crime by cowardice.
 RUTH starts erect, with bloodshot eye,
 And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
 Showing their lock'd embrace beneath,
 In the red fire-light: "Mogg must die!"

* *Wetuomanit*—a house-god or demon.
 2 E

Give me the knife!" The outlaw turns,
 Shuddering in heart and limb, away;
 But fitfully there the hearth-fire burns,
 And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.
 A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
 Are dimly pictured, in light and shade,
 Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!
 Again, and again, he sees it fall—
 That shadowy arm—down the lighted wall!
 He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by!
 The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—
 "RUTH—daughter RUTH!" the outlaw shrieks;
 But no sound comes back—he is standing alone
 By the mangled corse of MOGG MEGONE!

PART II.

'T is morning over Norridgewock—
 On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
 Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirr'd
 At intervals by breeze and bird,
 And wearing all the hues which glow
 In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
 That glorious picture of the air,
 Which summer's light-robed angel forms
 On the dark ground of fading storms,
 With pencil dipp'd in sunbeams there—
 And, stretching out, on either hand,
 O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
 Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
 The aching and the dazzled eye
 Rests, gladden'd, on the calm blue sky—
 Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
 The oak, upon the windy hill,
 Its dark green burden upward heaves—
 The hemlock broods above its rill,
 Its cone-like foliage darker still,
 While the white birch's graceful stem
 And the rough walnut bough receives
 The sun upon their crowded leaves,
 Each colour'd like a topaz gem;
 And the tall maple wears with them
 The coronal which autumn gives,
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
 The hectic of a dying year!

The hermit priest who lingers now
 On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,
 The gray and thunder-smitten pile
 Which marks afar the Desert Isle,*
 While gazing on the scene below,
 May half-forget the dreams of home,
 That nightly with his slumbers come;
 The tranquil skies of sunny France,
 The peasant's harvest-song and dance,
 The vines around the hill-sides wreathing,
 The soft airs midst their clusters breathing,
 The wings which dipp'd, the stars which shone
 Within thy bosom, blue Garonne!
 And round the abbey's shadow'd wall,
 At morning spring and even-fall,
 Sweet voices in the still air singing
 The chant of many a holy hymn,
 The solemn bell of vespers ringing,

* Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

And hallow'd torchlight falling dim
 On pictured saint and seraphim!
 For here beneath him lies unroll'd,
 Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,
 A vision gorgeous as the dream
 Of the beatified may seem,
 When, as his church's legends say,
 Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,
 The rapt enthusiast soars away
 Unto a brighter world than this;
 A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale—
 A moment's lifting of the veil!
 Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
 Penobscot's cluster'd wigwams lay;
 And gently from that Indian town
 The verdant hill-side slopes adown,
 To where the sparkling waters play
 Upon the yellow sands below;
 And shooting round the winding shores
 Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
 Slumbering to ocean's lullaby—
 With birchen boat and glancing oars,
 The red men to their fishing go;
 While from their planting-ground is borne
 The treasure of the golden corn,
 By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
 Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
 The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
 Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
 Watching the huskers, with a smile
 For each full ear which swells the pile;
 And the old chief, who never more
 May bend the bow or pull the oar,
 Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
 Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
 The arrow-head from flint and bone.
 Beneath the westward-turning eye
 A thousand wooded islands lie—
 Gems of the waters!—with each hue
 Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
 Each bears aloft its tuft of trees,
 Touch'd by the pencil of the frost,
 And, with the motion of each breeze,
 A moment seen—a moment lost—
 Changing and blent, confused and toss'd,
 The brighter with the darker cross'd,
 Their thousand tints of beauty glow
 Down in the restless waves below,
 And tremble in the sunny skies,
 As if, from waving bough to bough,
 Flitted the birds of paradise.
 There sleep Placentia's group—and there
 Pere BRETEAUX marks the hour of prayer;
 And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
 On which the father's hut is seen,
 The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
 And peers the hemlock boughs between,
 Half-trembling, as he seeks to look
 Upon the Jesuit's cross and book.*

* Father HENNEPIN, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Pere JEROME LALLAMANT, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

There, gloomily, against the sky
 The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
 And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
 Lifts its gray turrets in the air—
 Seen from afar, like some strong-hold
 Built by the ocean-kings of old;
 And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
 Swells in the north vast Katadin:
 And, wandering from its marshy feet,
 The broad Penobscot comes to meet
 And mingle with his own bright bay.
 Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,
 Arch'd over by the ancient woods,
 Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
 Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
 Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide
 The beauty of thy azure tide,
 And with their falling timbers block
 Thy broken currents, Kennebeck!
 Gazes the white man on the wreck
 Of the down-trodden Norridgewock—
 In one lone village hemm'd at length,
 In battle shorn of half their strength,
 Turn'd, like the panther in his lair,
 With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,
 For one last struggle of despair,
 Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!

Unreap'd, upon the planting lands,
 The scant, neglected harvest stands:
 No shout is there, no dance, no song:
 The aspect of the very child
 Scowls with a meaning sad and wild,
 Of bitterness and wrong.
 The almost infant Norridgewock
 Essays to lift the tomahawk;
 And plucks his father's knife away,
 To mimic, in his frightful play,
 The scalping of an English foe:
 Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,
 Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while
 Some bough or sapling meets his blow.
 The fisher, as he drops his line,
 Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver
 Along the margin of the river,
 Looks up and down the rippling tide,
 And grasps the firelock at his side.
 For BOMAZEEN from Tacconock
 Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,
 With tidings that MOULTON and HARMON of York
 Far up the river have come;
 They have left their boats—they have enter'd the
 wood,
 And filled the depths of the solitude
 With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill which slopes to meet
 The flowing river, and bathe its feet—
 The bare-wash'd rock, and the drooping grass,
 And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
 Built up in that wild by unskill'd hands;
 Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
 For the holy sign of the cross is there:

And should he chance at that place to be,
 Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallow'd day,
 When prayers are made, and masses are said,
 Some for the living and some for the dead,
 Well might that traveller start to see
 The tall, dark forms, that take their way
 From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
 And the forest-paths, to that chapel-door;
 And marvel to mark the naked knees
 And the dusky foreheads bending there,
 And, stretching his long, thin arms over these,
 In blessing and in prayer,
 Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
 In his coarse, white vesture, FATHER RALLE!*

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,
 The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,
 Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,
 Which a stranger is telling him.
 That stranger's garb is soil'd and torn,
 And wet with dew, and loosely worn;
 Her fair, neglected hair falls down
 O'er cheeks with storm and sunshine brown;
 Yet still, in that disorder'd face,
 The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace
 Those elements of former grace,
 Which, half-effaced, seem scarcely less,
 Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low
 That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears—
 While through her clasped fingers flow,
 From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,
 Her penitential tears—
 She tells the story of the wo
 And evil of her years.

"O, father, bear with me; my heart
 Is sick and death-like, and my brain
 Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
 Whose scorching links will never part,
 And never cool again.
 Bear with me while I speak—but turn
 Away that gentle eye, the while—
 The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
 Beneath its holy smile;
 For half I fancy I can see
 My mother's sainted look in thee.

"My dear, lost mother! sad and pale,
 Mournfully sinking day by day,
 And with a hold on life as frail
 As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,

* Pere RALLE, or RASLER, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits to the savages in North America was in 1611.

RALLE, or RASLER, established himself sometime about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and, perhaps, not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

Hang feebly on their parent spray,
And tremble in the gale;
Yet watching o'er my childishness
With patient fondness—not the less
For all the agony which kept
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept;
And checking every tear and groan
That haply might have waked my own;
And bearing still, without offence,
My idle words and petulance;

Reproving with a tear—and, while
The tooth of pain was keenly preying
Upon her very heart, repaying

My brief repentance with a smile.

"O, in her meek, forgiving eye
There was a brightness not of mirth—
A light, whose clear intensity
Was borrowed not of earth.

Along her cheek a deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed;

And yet, each fatal token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave.

'Twas like the hue which autumn gives
To yonder changed and dying leaves,
Breathed over by his frosty breath;
Scarce can the gazer feel that this
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,
The mocking-smile of Death!

"Sweet were the tales she used to tell,
When summer's eve was dear to us,
And, fading from the darkening dell,
The glory of the sunset fell

On giant Agamemnon,—
Even as an altar, lighting up
The gray rocks of its rugged top,—
When, sitting by our cottage wall,
The murmur of the Saco's fall,

And the south wind's expiring sighs
Came, softly blending, on my ear,
With the low tones I loved to hear:—

Tales of the pure, the good, the wise,
The holy men and maids of old,
In the all-sacred pages told;—

Of RACHEL, stoop'd at Haran's fountains,
Amid her father's thirsty flock,
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming
As the bright angels of his dreaming,

On PADAN-ARAM's holy rock;
Of gentle RUTH—and her who kept
Her awful vigil on the mountains,
By ISRAEL's virgin daughters wept;
Of MIRIAM, with her maidens, singing
The song for grateful Israel meet,
While every crimson wave was bringing
The spoils of Egypt at her feet;

Of her—SAMARIA's humble daughter,
Who paused to hear, beside her well,
Lessons of love and truth which fell
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water;

And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,
The Promised One, so long foretold
By holy seer and bard of old,

Reveal'd before her wondering eyes!

"Slowly she faded. Day by day
Her step grew weaker in our hall,
And fainter, at each even-fall,

Her sad voice died away.
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,
Sat Resignation's holy smile:
And even my father check'd his tread,
And hush'd his voice, beside her bed:
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke
Of her meek eye's imploring look,
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,

And, in his stern and gloomy eye,
At times, a few unwonted tears
Wet the dark lashes, which for years
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

"Calm as a child to slumber soothed,
As if an angel's hand had smoothed
The still, white features into rest,
Silent and cold, without a breath

To stir the drapery on her breast,
Pain, with its keen and poison'd pang,
The horror of the mortal pang,
The suffering look her brow had worn,
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone—
She slept at last in death!

"O, tell me, father, can the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living's head

Their blessing or their curse?
For, O, last night she stood by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland tree!"

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe—
"Jesu! what was it my daughter saw?"

"She came to me last night.
The dried leaves did not feel her tread;
She stood by me in the wan moonlight,
In the white robes of the dead!
Pale, and very mournfully
She bent her light form over me.
I heard no sound—I felt no breath
Breathe o'er me from that face of death:
Its blue eyes rested on my own,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone;
Yet, in their fix'd, unchanging gaze,
Something, which spoke of early days—
A sadness in their quiet glare,
As if love's smile were frozen there—
Came o'er me with an icy thrill;
O God! I feel its presence still!"

The Jesuit makes the holy sign—
"How pass'd the vision, daughter mine?"

"All dimly in the wan moonshine,
As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,
And scatter, and melt into the light—
So scattering—melting on my sight,
The pale, cold vision pass'd;
But those sad eyes were fix'd on mine
Mournfully to the last."

"God help thee, daughter, tell me why
That spirit pass'd before thine eye!"

"Father, I know not, save it be
That deeds of mine have summon'd her

From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.

Ah, wo for me! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood
Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in every thing beside;

And when, alas, I needed most
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

"My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife;
And—God forgive him!—left his child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild;
To love the red man's dwelling-place,
The birch boat on his shaded floods,
The wild excitement of the chase
Sweeping the ancient woods,
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore
Of the still lakes, the clear stream, where

The idle fisher sets his wear,
Or angles in the shade, far more
Than that restraining awe I felt
Beneath my gentle mother's care,
When nightly at her knee I knelt,
With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood
Of uncheck'd freedom pass'd.
Amid the ancient solitude

Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
And waters glancing bright and fast,
A soften'd voice was in my ear,
Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine
The hunter lifts his head to hear,
Now far and faint, now full and near—
The murmur of the wind-swept pine.

A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye
Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake
Both fear and love—to awe and charm;

'T was as the wizard rattlesnake,
Whose evil glances lure to harm—
Whose cold and small and glittering eye,
And brilliant coil, and changing dye,
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,
With drooping wing and cry of fear,
Yet powerless all to turn away,
A conscious, but a willing prey!

"The world that I had known went by
As a vain shadow.—On my eye

There rose a new and dreamful one.
'T was like the cloudy realms which lie,
Shadowy and brief, on autumn's sky,
Before the setting sun.

O, father, scarce to God above
With deeper trust, with stronger love,
No human heart was ever lent,
No human knee was ever bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,
Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.
The shrine was cold, at which I knelt;
The idol of that shrine was gone.

An humbled thing of shame and guilt,
Outcast, and spurn'd and lone,
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,
With withering heart and burning brain,
And tears that fell like fiery rain,
I pass'd a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it check'd the tear—
In heart and soul it wrought a change;—
My father's voice was in my ear;
It whisper'd of revenge!

A new and fiercer feeling swept
Each lingering tenderness away;
And tiger passions, which had slept
In childhood's better day,
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length
In all their own demoniac strength.

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Of crime the cheated instrument,
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilderness
He tracked his victim; and, at last,
Just when the tide of hate had pass'd,
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,
Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power
I saw the buried past uprise,
And gather, in a single hour,

Its ghost-like memories!
And then I felt—alas! too late—
That underneath the mask of hate,
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown
O'er feelings which they might not own,
The heart's wild love had known no change;

And still, that deep and hidden love,
With its first fondness, wept above
The victim of its own revenge!
There lay the fearful scalp, and there
The blood was on its pale-brown hair!
I thought not of the victim's scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,
The characters of sin and shame

On heart and forehead drawn;
I only saw that victim's smile—
The still, green places where we met—
The moon-lit branches, dewy wet;

I only felt, I only heard,
The greeting and the parting word—
The smile, the embrace, the tone, which made
An Eden of the forest shade.

"And O, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate, and deep,
I saw that Indian murderer lie

Before me, in his drunken sleep!
What though for me the deed was done,
And words of mine had sped him on!
Yet, when he murmur'd, as he slept,
The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept
O'er brain and bosom like a flood.

And, father, with this hand of mine"—

"Ha! what didst thou?" the Jesuit cries,
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,
And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,
With the other he makes the holy sign—
"I smote him as I would a worm;—
With heart as steel'd—with nerves as firm:
He never woke again!"

"Woman of sin and blood and shame,
Speak—I would know that victim's name."
"Father," she gasp'd, "a chieftain, known
As Saco's sachem—MOGGE MEGONE!"

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,
What keen desires, what cherish'd schemes,
What hopes, that time may not recall,
Are darken'd by that chieftain's fall!
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,
And, round his own, the church's foe,
To light the avenging fire?
Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,
For thine and for the church's sake?
Who summon to the scene
Of conquest and unsparing strife,
And vengeance, dearer than his life,
The fiery-soul'd CASTINE!*

Three backward steps the Jesuit takes—
His long, thin frame, as ague shakes—
Hate, fearful hate, is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear—
"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,
Check'd midway in the fearful chase,
When bursts, upon its eye and ear,
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,
Between it and its hiding-place;
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.
"Save me, O holy man!"—her cry
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,
Thrilling with mortal agony;
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into his own;—
"Off, woman of sin!—nay, touch not me
With those fingers of blood;—begone!"
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,

* The character of RALLÉ has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the history of Saco and Biddeford, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated RALLÉ, the French Jesuit."—p. 215.

With a keener wo be riven,
For its weak and sinful trust
In the strength of human dust;
And its anguish thrill afresh,
For each vain reliance given
To the failing arm of flesh.

PART III.

Gloomily against the wall
Leans thy working forehead, RALLÉ!
Ill thy troubled musings fit
The holy quiet of a breast
With the Dove of Peace, at rest,
Sweetly brooding over it.
Thoughts are thine which have no part
With the meek and pure of heart,
Undisturb'd by outward things,
Resting in the heavenly shade,
By the overspreading wings
Of the Blessed Spirit made.
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
Sweep thy heated brain along—
Fading hopes, for whose success
It were sin to breathe a prayer;
Thoughts which Heaven may never bless—
Fears which darken to despair.
Hoary priest! thy dream is done
Of a hundred red tribes won
To the pale of "Holy Church;"
And the heretic o'erthrown,
And his name no longer known,
And thy weary brethren turning,
Joyful, from their years of mourning,
"Twixt the altar and the porch.

Hark! what sudden sound is heard
In the wood and in the sky,
Shriller than the scream of bird—
Than the trumpet's clang more high?
Every wolf-cave of the hills—
Forest-arch and mountain-gorge,
Rock and dell and river-verge—
With an answering echo thrills.
Well does the Jesuit know that cry,
Which summons the Norridgewock to die,
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.
He listens, and hears the rangers come,
With loud hurra, and jar of drum,
And hurrying feet, (for the chase is hot,)
And the short, sharp sound of the rifle-shot,
And taunt and menace—answered well
By the Indians' mocking cry and yell,
The bark of dogs, the squaw's mad scream,
The dash of paddles along the stream,
The whistle of shot, as it cuts the leaves
Of the maples around the church's eaves,
And the gride of hatches, at random thrown
On wigwam-log and tree and stone.

Black with the grime of paint and dust,
Spotted and streak'd with human gore,
A grim and naked head is thrust
Within the chapel-door.
"Ha—BOMAZEEN!—In God's name say,
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"

Silent, the Indian points his hand
 To where, across the echoing glen,
 Sweep HARMON'S dreaded ranger-band,
 And MOULTON with his men.
 "Where are thy warriors, BOMAZEEN?
 "Where are DE ROUVILLE* and CASTINE,
 "And where the braves of Sawga's queen?"
 "Let my father find the winter snow
 Which the sun drank up long moons ago!
 Under the falls of Tacconock,
 The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;
 CASTINE with his wives lies closely hid
 Like a fox in the woods of Pennaquid!
 On Sawga's banks the man of war
 Sits in his wigwam like a squaw—
 SQUANDO has fled, and MOGO MEGONE,
 Struck by the knife of Sagamore JOHN,
 Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,
 Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,
 Like swift cloud-shadows, each other chase.
 One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,
 For a last vain struggle for cherish'd life—
 The next, he hurls the blade away,
 And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;
 Over his beads his fingers stray,
 And he kisses the cross and calls aloud
 On the Virgin and her Son;
 For terrible thoughts his memory crowd
 Of evil seen and done—
 Of scalps brought home by his savage flock
 From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock,
 In the church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
 As scowling on the priest he looks:
 "Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?†
 Let my father look upon BOMAZEEN—
 My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,
 But mine is so hard that it does not thaw.
 Let my father ask his GOD to make
 A dance and a feast for a great sagamore,
 When he journeys across the western lake
 With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's shore.
 Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessascen!
 Let my father die like BOMAZEEN!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,
 And through each window in the walls,
 Round the priest and warrior pours
 The deadly shower of English balls.
 Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;
 While at his side the Norridgewock,
 With failing breath, essays to mock
 And menace yet the hated foe—
 Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro

* HERTZEL DE ROUVILLE was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says, that upon examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

† Cowesass?—tawhich wessaseen? Are you afraid?—why fear you?

Exultingly before their eyes—
 Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,
 The mighty sachem dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!
 Death to the Babylonish dog!
 Down with the beast of Rome!"
 With shouts like these, around the dead,
 Unconscious on their bloody bed,
 The rangers crowding come.
 Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear
 The unfeeling taunt, the brutal jeer;
 Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,
 The symbol of your Saviour's death;
 Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal,
 And trample, as a thing accursed,
 The cross he cherish'd, in the dust:
 The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,
 With callous heart and hand of strife,
 How like a fiend may man be made,
 Plying the foul and monstrous trade
 Whose harvest-field is human life,
 Whose sickle is the reeking sword!
 Quenching, with reckless hand, in blood,
 Sparks kindled by the breath of God;
 Urging the deathless soul, unshriven
 Of open guilt or secret sin,
 Before the bar of that pure heaven
 The holy only enter in!
 O! by the widow's sore distress,
 The orphan's wailing wretchedness,
 By Virtue struggling in the accursed
 Embraces of polluting Lust,
 By the fell discord of the pit,
 And the pain'd souls that people it,
 And by the blessed peace which fills
 The paradise of God forever,
 Resting on all its holy hills,
 And flowing with its crystal river—
 Let Christian hands no longer bear
 In triumph on his crimson car
 The foul and idol god of war;
 No more the purple wreaths prepare
 To bind amid his snaky hair;
 Nor Christian bards his glories tell,
 Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.
 Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,
 Glimpses on the soldier's sight,
 A thing of human shape, I ween,
 For a moment only seen,
 With its loose hair backward streaming,
 And its eyeballs madly gleaming,
 Shrieking, like a soul in pain,
 From the world of light and breath,
 Hurrying to its place again,
 Spectre-like it vanisheth!

Wretched girl! one eye alone
 Notes the way which thou hast gone.
 That great Eye which slumbers never,
 Watching o'er a lost world ever,
 Tracks thee over vale and mountain,
 By the gushing forest-fountain,
 Plucking from the vine its fruit,
 Searching for the ground-nut's root,

Peering in the she-wolf's den,
 Wading through the marshy fen,
 Where the sluggish water-snake
 Basks beside the sunny brake,
 Coiling in his slimy bed,
 Smooth and cold against thy tread,—
 Purposeless, thy mazy way
 Threading through the lingering day,
 And, at night, securely sleeping
 Where the dogwood's dew is weeping!
 Still, though earth and man discard thee,
 Dost thy heavenly Father guard thee,—
 He who spared the guilty CAIN,
 Even when a brother's blood,
 Crying in the ear of God,
 Gave the earth its primal stain,—
 He whose mercy ever liveth,
 Who repenting guilt forgiveth,
 And the broken heart receiveth,—
 Wanderer of the wilderness,
 Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,
 He regardeth thy distress,
 And careth for his sinful child!

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
 Like torrents gush the summer rills;
 Through winter's moss and dry, dead leaves
 The bladed grass revives and lives,
 Pushes the mouldering waste away,
 And glimpses to the April day.
 In kindly shower and sunshine bud
 The branches of the dull, gray wood;
 Out from its sunn'd and shelter'd nooks
 The blue eye of the violet looks;
 The south-west wind is warmly blowing,
 And odours from the springing grass,
 The sweet birch, and the sassafras,
 Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood
 Where rolls the Kennebec his flood;
 The warriors of the wilderness,
 Painted, and in their battle-dress,
 And with them one whose bearded cheek
 And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
 A wanderer from the shores of France.
 A few long locks of scattering snow
 Beneath a batter'd morion flow,
 And, from the rivets of the vest
 Which girds in steel his ample breast,
 The slanted sunbeams glance.
 In the harsh outlines of his face
 Passion and sin have left their trace;
 Yet, save worn brow, and thin gray hair,
 No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen;
 Nor years in broil and battle spent,
 Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
 The lordly frame of old CASTINE.

No purpose now of strife and blood
 Urges the hoary veteran on:
 The fire of conquest, and the mood
 Of chivalry have gone.

A mournful task is his—to lay
 Within the earth the bones of those

Who perish'd in that fearful day,
 When Norridgewock became the prey
 Of all-unsparing foes.
 Sad are thy musing thoughts, CASTINE,
 Of the old warrior BOMAZEEN,
 So prompt to summon at thy call
 Of need, the gleaming tomahawks
 Of the now wasted Norridgewocks;
 And him, the dearest loved of all,
 Thy bosom-friend, the martyr'd RALLE!

Hark! from the foremost of the band
 Suddenly bursts the Indian yell;
 For now on the very spot they stand
 Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.
 No wigwam smoke is curling there,
 The very earth is scorched and bare;
 And they pause, and listen to catch a sound
 Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
 Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;
 And, here and there, on the blacken'd ground,
 White bones are glistening in the sun.
 And where the house of prayer arose,
 And the holy hymn at daylight's close,
 And the aged priest stood up to bless
 The children of the wilderness,

There is naught save ashes, sodden and dank;
 And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,
 Tether'd to tree, and stump, and rock,
 Rotting along the river bank!

Blessed MARY! who is she
 Leaning against that maple tree?
 The sun upon her face burns hot,
 But the fix'd eyelid moveth not;
 The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear
 From the dry bough above her ear;
 Dashing from rock and root its spray,
 Close at her feet the river rushes;
 The blackbird's wing against her brushes,
 And sweetly, through the hazel bushes,
 The robin's mellow music gushes:

God save her; will she sleep away!

CASTINE hath bent him over the sleeper:
 "Wake, daughter, wake!" but she stirs no limb:
 The eye that looks on him is fix'd and dim;
 And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,
 Until the angel's oath is said,
 And the final blast of the trumpet gone forth
 To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.
 RUTH BONITHON is dead!

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

MARY G—, aged 18, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance on the sick.

"BRING out your dead!" the midnight street
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet;
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,
 Her coffin and her pall.
 "What! only one!" the brutal hackman said,
 As, with an oath, he spurn'd away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
 As roll'd that dead-cart slowly by,
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
 The dying turn'd him to the wall,
 To hear it and to die!
 Onward it roll'd; while oft the driver stay'd,
 And hoarsely clamour'd, "Ho! bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place:
 "Toss in your load!" and it was done.
 With quick hand and averted face,
 Hastily to the grave's embrace
 They cast them, one by one—
 Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,
 Together trodden in the churchyard dust.

And thou, young martyr! thou wast there:
 No white-robed sisters round thee trod,
 Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
 Rose through the damp and noisome air,
 Giving thee to thy God;
 Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallow'd taper gave
 Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer, there shall be,
 In every heart of kindly feeling,
 A rite as holy paid to thee
 As if beneath the convent-tree
 Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
 At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
 Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
 Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,
 Enduring, with a martyr's might,
 Through weary day and wakeful night,
 Far more than words may tell:
 Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,
 Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where many hearts were failing, where
 The throngful street grew foul with death,
 O, high-soul'd martyr! thou wast there,
 Inhaling from the loathsome air
 Poison with every breath;
 Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
 From the wrung dying and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
 Its light through vapours, damp, confined,
 Hush'd as a seraph's fell thy tread,
 A new ELECTRA by the bed
 Of suffering humankind!
 Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
 To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
 And holy mysteries of Heaven!
 How turn'd to thee each glazing eye,
 In mute and awful sympathy,
 As thy low prayers were given;
 And the o'erhovering spoiler wore, the while,
 An angel's features, a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task! and worthy one
 Who, turning from the world, as thou,
 Ere being's pathway had begun
 To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
 Had sealed her early vow,

Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
 Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
 Could be for thee a meet reward;
 Thine is a treasure far more dear:
 Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
 Of living mortal heard
 The joys prepared, the promised bliss above,
 The holy-presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
 A nobler name than thine shall be.
 The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
 The lofty energies of thought,
 The fire of poesy—
 These have but frail and fading honours; thine
 Shall time unto eternity consign.

Yea: and when thrones shall crumble down,
 And human pride and grandeur fall—
 The herald's pride of long renown,
 The mitre and the kingly crown—
 Perishing glories all!
 The pure devotion of thy generous heart
 Shall live in heaven, of which it was a part!

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes:
 You may trace his footsteps now
 On the naked woods and the blasted fields,
 And the brown hill's wither'd brow.
 He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees,
 While their pleasant green came forth,
 And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
 Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes
 From the frozen Labrador:
 From the icy bridge or the northern seas,
 Which the white bear wanders o'er:
 Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
 And the luckless forms below,
 In the sunless cold of the atmosphere,
 Into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
 And the quiet lake shall feel
 The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
 And ring to the skater's heel;
 And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
 Or sang to the leaning grass,
 Shall bow again to their winter chain,
 And in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
 Let us meet him as we may,
 And turn with the light of the parlour-fire
 His evil power away;
 And gather closer the circle round,
 When that firelight dances high,
 And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
 As his sounding wing goes by!

THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.*

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
 The sacred cypress tree about,
 And from the wrinkled brows of age
 Their failing eyes look'd out.
 Gray age and sickness waiting there,
 Through weary night and lingering day,
 Grim as the idols at their side,
 And motionless as they.
 Unheeded, in the boughs above,
 The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;
 Unseen of them the island's flowers
 Bloom'd brightly at their feet.
 O'er them the tropic storm swept,
 The thunder crash'd on rock and hill,
 The lightning wrapp'd them like a cloud,—
 Yet there they waited still!
 What was the world without to them?
 The Moslem's sunset call—the dance
 Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam
 Of battle-flag and lance!
 They waited for that falling leaf
 Of which the wandering Jogees sing,
 Which lends once more to wintry age
 The greenness of its spring.
 O! if these poor and blinded ones
 In trustful patience wait to feel
 O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
 A youthful freshness steal:
 Shall we, who sit beneath that tree
 Whose healing leaves of life are shed
 In answer to the breath of prayer,
 Upon the waiting head:
 Not to restore our failing forms,
 Nor build the spirit's broken shrine,
 But on the fainting soul to shed
 A light and life divine:
 Shall we grow weary at our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay,—
 Impatient of our Father's time,
 And his appointed way!
 Or shall the stir of outward things
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
 When on the heathen watcher's ear
 Their powerless murmurs die?
 Alas! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison-cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.
 We gird us bravely to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong;
 And in the ear of pride and power
 Our warning voice is strong.

* IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the inhabitants, the leaves of which were said to fall only at long and uncertain periods; and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored at once to youth and vigour. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent under the tree, patiently waiting the fall of a leaf.

Easier to smite with PETER's sword,
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer;
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
 Our souls can do and dare.

But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save;
 And murmur for Abana's banks,
 And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O! Thou who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake thy weary ones again,
 Who slumber'd in that fearful hour,
 Forgetful of thy pain:

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with thee!

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.*

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
 As 'twere a living thing;
 The homage of its waves is given
 In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
 As bends the human knee,
 A beautiful and tireless band,
 The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
 Which in the deep have birth,
 And chant their awful hymns about
 The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
 From every mountain-shrine,
 From every flower and dewy cup
 That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
 Like the white wing of prayer;
 They lean above the ancient hills,
 As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
 O'er breezy hill and glen,
 As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
 On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
 E'en as repentant love;
 Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
 They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
 The blue and wavy air
 Is glorious with the spirit-march
 Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
 The many stars are given,
 As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
 The altar-fires of Heaven!

* "It hath beene as it were especially rendered unto mee, and made plaine and legible to my understandinge, that a great worshipping is going on among the thyngs of God."—GRALT.

THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.*

Around Sebago's lonely lake

There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet upon her tardy wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odours from the springing grass,
The sweet birch, and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scatter'd everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughter'd chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Group'd darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the April air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coil'd and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tassell'd garb of skins array'd,
And girdled with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is press'd
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarr'd and naked breast.*

†Tis done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen tree stands up unbent—
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

O! long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head—
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break
Forever round that lonely lake
A solemn under-tone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lull'd on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers flow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever press'd—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath bless'd?

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!†
Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peel'd, and hunted, and reviled!
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's Gon, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known—
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who, from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan—
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man!

* POLAN, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Casco bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot river to his mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

* The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

† The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present."—WILLIAMSON'S *History of Maine*.

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of HIS sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O, dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and
Thy river, O, Kishon, is sweeping along; [strong,
Where the Canaanite strove with ЯЕВОВАH in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern ZEBULON
came,

And NAPHTHALI's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of JABIN roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the LORD was ABINOAM's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which
rang

To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at HIS feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where HIS blessings were heard and his lessons
were taught,

Where the blind were restored and the healing
was wrought.

O, here with HIS flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills HE toil'd over in grief, are the same—
The founts where HE drank by the way-side still
flow,

And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on
his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet, [feet;
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?

Were my spirit but tuned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of HIM!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, HE moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves
of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where HE stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bow'd him to
bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

PENTUCKET.*

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of Heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough—
The milk-maid caroll'd by her cow—

* The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventy years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of DE CHALLIONS, and HERTEL DE ROUVILLE, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which, at that time, contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them HERTEL DE ROUVILLE. The minister of the place, BENJAMIN ROLFE, was killed by a shot through his own door.

From cottage door and household hearth
 Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
 At length the murmur died away,
 And silence on that village lay.—
 So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
 Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
 Undreaming of the fiery fate
 Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
 The Merrimack along his bed.
 Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
 Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
 Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
 As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
 Yet on the still air crept a sound—
 No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
 No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
 Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
 Which downward from the hill-side beat ?
 What forms were those which darkly stood
 Just on the margin of the wood ?—
 Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
 Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?
 No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glow'd,
 Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
 Wild from their native wilderness,
 With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
 Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
 Then smote the Indian tomahawk
 On crashing door and shattering lock—
 Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
 The shrill death-scream of stricken men—
 Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
 And childhood's cry arose in vain—
 Bursting through roof and window came,
 Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame ;
 And blended fire and moonlight glared
 Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
 The river-willows, wet with dew.
 No sound of combat fill'd the air,
 No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there :
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;
 And on the green sward many a stain,
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
 Pentucket, on thy fated head !

E'en now, the villager can tell
 Where ROLFE beside his hearth-stone fell,
 Still show the door of wasting oak
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
 And point the curious stranger where
 DE ROUVILLE's corse lay grim and bare—
 Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
 And still, within the churchyard ground,
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies
 The victims of that sacrifice.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY, OF BOSTON.

GONE before us, O, our brother,
 To the spirit-land !
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Who shall offer youth and beauty
 On the wasting shrine
 Of a stern and lofty duty,
 With a faith like thine ?

O ! thy gentle smile of greeting
 Who again shall see !
 Who, amidst the solemn meeting,
 Gaze again on thee ?—
 Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
 Wear so calm a brow ?
 Who, with evil men before us,
 So serene as thou !

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
 Brother of our love !
 Autumn's faded earth around thee,
 And its storms above !
 Evermore that turf lie lightly,
 And, with future showers,
 O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
 Blow the summer-flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
 Not a silvery streak ;
 Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
 On thy fair, young cheek ;
 Eyes of light and lips of roses,
 Such as HYLAS wore—
 Over all that curtain closes,
 Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping
 Round that grave of thine,
 Mournfully, like JAZER weeping
 Over Sibmah's vine*—
 Will the pleasant memories, swelling
 Gentle hearts, of thee,
 In the spirit's distant dwelling
 All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,
 From its journeyings, back ;
 If the immortal ever traces
 O'er its mortal track ;
 Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
 Sometimes on our way,
 And, in hours of sadness, greet us
 As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
 In the spirit-land !
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Unto Truth and Freedom giving
 All thy early powers,
 Be thy virtues with the living,
 And thy spirit ours !

* "O, vine of Sibmah ! I will weep for thee with the weeping of JAZER !" —Jeremiah xlviii. 32.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him—through his dungeon-grate,
 Feebly and cold, the morning light
 Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
 As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
 His hand upholds his drooping head—
 His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
 Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
 And yet the winter's breath is chill:
 And o'er his half-clad person goes
 The frequent ague-thrill!

Silent—save ever and anon,
 A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
 Forces apart the painful grip
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
 O, sad and crushing is the fate
 Of old age chain'd and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
 A murderer shares his prison-bed,
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
 Gleam on him fierce and red;
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
 Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
 Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
 Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
 Not so: his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
 For this he shares a felon's cell—
 The fittest earthly type of hell!
 For this—the boon for which he pour'd
 His young blood on the invader's sword,
 And counted light the fearful cost—
 His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
 Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
 On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
 And Saratoga's plain?
 Look forth, thou man of many scars,
 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
 It must be joy, in sooth, to see
 Yon monument* uprear'd to thee—
 Piled granite and a prison-cell—
 The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banner out;
 Shout "Freedom!" till your lispings ones
 Give back their cradle-shout:
 Let boasted eloquence declaim
 Of honour, liberty, and fame;
 Still let the poet's strain be heard,
 With "glory" for each second word,

* Bunker Hill Monument.

And every thing with breath agree
 To praise "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
 That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
 And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind, and fall—
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer?
 Think ye his dim and failing eye
 Is kindled at your pageantry?
 Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
 What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
 Unworthy freemen, let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human kind!
 Open the prisoner's living tomb,
 And usher from its brooding gloom
 The victims of your savage code,
 To the free sun and air of God!
 No longer dare as crime to brand
 The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE MERRIMACK.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
 The sunset rays thy valley fill;
 Pour'd slantwise down the long defile,
 Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
 I see the winding Powow fold
 The green hill in its belt of gold,
 And, following down its wavy line,
 Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
 There's not a tree upon thy side,
 Nor rock, which thy returning tide
 As yet hath left abrupt and stark
 Above thy evening water-mark;
 No calm cove with its rocky hem,
 No isle whose emerald swells begem
 Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
 Bow'd to the freshening ocean-gale;
 No small boat with its busy oars,
 Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
 Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
 Or rigid poplar colonnade,
 But lies distinct and full in sight,
 Beneath this gush of sunset light.
 Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,
 Stretching its length of foam afar,
 And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
 And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
 Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
 Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;
 And o'er these woods and waters broke
 The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
 As brightly on the voyager's eye,
 Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
 Breaking the dull, continuous wood,
 The Merrimack roll'd down his flood;
 Mingling that clear, pellucid brook
 Which channels vast Agiochook—
 When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
 The frozen fountains of the rock,

And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of Heaven,'
Tributes from vale and mountain side—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
St. GEORGE'S crimson cross unroll'd.
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her—the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The distant voice of twilight bells.
From ocean's bosom, white and thin
The mist comes slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapour swin,
While yonder lonely coast-light set
Within its wave-wash'd minaret,
Half-quench'd, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!
Vale of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson roll'd his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning palisade;
Look'd down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The setting sun, his axle red
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed;
The autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child look'd back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And seen amidst the curtain'd gloom
And quiet of my lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before me pass;
As, in AGRIPPA'S magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remember'd groves in greenness grew;
And while the gazer lean'd to trace,
More near, some old familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown—
A phantom and a dream alone!

ST. JOHN.*

"To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!"

Cried the lord of Acadia,
Sir CHARLES of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From his bed in the ocean,
Stream'd up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had pass'd,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour† had look'd
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remember'd her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell.

But the men of Mouhegan,‡
Of Papists abhorr'd,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

* The fierce rivalry of the two French officers, left by the death of RAZILLA in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE, inheriting from his father the title of Lord DE LA TOUR, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John's river, was a Protestant; DE AULNEY CHARNISY, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition, conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparring. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: "*Father, forgive them.*" LA TOUR received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by DE AULNEY, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo., 1647. Lady LA TOUR defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, DE AULNEY stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady LA TOUR languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.

† The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

‡ The isle of Mouhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine. At this island Captain SMITH obtained, in 1614, eleven thousand beaver skins and forty thousand dry fish.

And the prayers of the elders
 Had follow'd his way,
 As homeward he glided,
 Down Pentecost Bay.
 O! well sped *LA TOUR*!
 For, in peril and pain,
 His lady kept watch
 For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
 The morning sun shone,
 On the plane trees which shaded
 The shores of St. John.
 "Now, why from yon battlements
 Speaks not my love!
 Why waves there no banner
 My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck
ST. ESTIENNE gazed about,
 On fire-wasted dwellings,
 And silent redoubt;
 From the low, shatter'd walls
 Which the flame had o'errun,
 There floated no banner,
 There thunder'd no gun!

But, beneath the low arch
 Of its doorway there stood
 A pale priest of Rome,
 In his cloak and his hood.
 With the bound of a lion,
LA TOUR sprang to land,
 On the throat of the Papist
 He fasten'd his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman,
 Of scarlet and sin!
 What wolf has been prowling
 My castle within?"
 From the grasp of the soldier
 The Jesuit broke,
 Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
 He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
 Has ravaged thy hall,
 But the men of *DE AULNEY*,
 With fire, steel, and ball!
 On an errand of mercy
 I hitherward came,
 While the walls of thy castle
 Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels
 Were moor'd in the bay,
 Grim sea-lions, roaring
 Aloud for their prey."
 "But what of my lady?"
 Cried *CHARLES* of Estienne:
 "On the shot-crumbled turret
 Thy lady was seen.

"Half-veil'd in the smoke-cloud,
 Her hand grasp'd thy pennon,
 While her dark tresses sway'd
 In the hot breath of cannon!
 But wo to the heretic,
 Evermore wo!
 When the son of the church
 And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell,
 In the path of the ball,
DE AULNEY swept over
 The breach of the wall!
 Steel to steel, gun to gun,
 One moment—and then
 Alone stood the victor,
 Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,
 Thy lady alone
 Saw the cross and the lilies
 Float over St. John."
 "Let the dastard look to it!"
 Cried fiery *ESTIENNE*,
 "Were *DE AULNEY* King *LOUIS*,
 I'd free her again!"

"Alas, for thy lady!
 No service from thee
 Is needed by her
 Whom the Lord hath set free:
 Nine days, in stern silence,
 Her thralldom she bore,
 But the tenth morning came,
 And Death open'd her door!"

As if suddenly smitten
LA TOUR stagger'd back;
 His hand grasp'd his sword-belt,
 His forehead grew black.
 He sprang on the deck
 Of his shallop again:
 "We cruise now for vengeance!
 Give way!" cried *ESTIENNE*.

"Massachusetts shall hear
 Of the Huguenot's wrong,
 And from island and creek-side
 Her fishers shall throng!
 Pentagoet shall rue
 What its Papists have done,
 When its palisades echo
 The Puritan's gun!"

O! the loveliest of heavens
 Hung tenderly o'er him
 There were waves in the sunshine,
 And green isles before him:
 But a pale hand was beckoning
 The Huguenot on;
 And in blackness and ashes
 Behind was St. John!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Born, 1809.]

DOCTOR HOLMES is a son of the late Reverend ABIEL HOLMES, D. D., and was born at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1809. He received his early education at the Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated he commenced the study of the law, but relinquished it after one year's application, for the more congenial pursuit of medicine, to which he devoted himself with much ardour and industry. For the more successful prosecution of his studies, he visited Europe in the spring of 1833, passing the principal portion of his residence abroad at Paris, where he attended the hospitals, acquired an intimate knowledge of the language, and became personally acquainted with many of the most eminent physicians of France.

He returned to Boston near the close of the year 1835, and in the following spring commenced the practice of medicine in that city. In the autumn of the same year he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, which was received with extraordinary and well-merited applause. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical institution connected with Dartmouth College; but, on being married, two years afterward, he resigned that office, and has since devoted himself entirely to the duties of his profession.

The earlier poems of Doctor HOLMES appeared in "The Collegian."* They were little less distinguished for correct and melodious versification than his more recent and most elaborate compositions. They attracted attention by their humour and originality, and were widely circulated and republished in contemporary periodicals. But a small portion of them have been printed under his proper signature.

In 1831 a small volume appeared in Boston, entitled "Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," and composed of metrical pieces, chiefly satirical, written by Doctor HOLMES and ERES SARGENT. It embraced many of our author's best humorous verses, afterward included in the edition of his acknowledged works. His principal production, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge. It is in the heroic measure, and in its versification it is not surpassed by any poem written in this country.

* "The Collegian" was a monthly miscellany published in 1830, by the undergraduates at Cambridge. Among the editors were HOLMES, the late WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, who will long be remembered for his admirable lectures on the great poets and orators of England, and JOHN O. SAROENT, who distinguished himself as an able political writer in the long contest which resulted in the election of General HARRISON to the presidency, and is now engaged in the successful practice of the law in the city of New York.

It relates to the nature and developments of poetry, which he regards as only *expression*. He says:

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage, roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant, listening to the warbling bird,
The mother, smiling at its half-formed word;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-check'd reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne;"
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn;
The Jewell'd beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silver'd hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unembalm'd, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs!

The poet, he contends, is

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel, more fitly can express.

In another part of the essay he gives the following fine description of the different English measures:—

Poets, like painters, their machinery claim,
And verse bestows the varnish and the frame;
Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the rack'd axle of Art's rattling car,
Fits like Mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word;
From Saxon lips ANACREON'S numbers glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide,
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achæa's plain;
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
While waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal in the verse of GRAY,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!

For several years the attention of Doctor HOLMES, as I have before remarked, has been devoted to his professional business. He has obtained two or three prizes for dissertations on medical questions, and as a physician and as a lecturer on physiological subjects, he has become eminently popular in the city in which he resides. As a poet he has won an enduring reputation. He possesses a rich vein of humour, with learning and originality, and great skill as an artist.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,
 Beneath the loftier spire,
 Is shadow'd when the sunset hour
 Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;
 It sinks beyond the distant eye,
 Long ere the glittering vane,
 High wheeling in the western sky,
 Has faded o'er the plain.

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
 Their vigil on the green ;
 One seems to guard, and one to weep,
 The dead that lie between ;
 And both roll out, so full and near,
 Their music's mingling waves,
 They shake the grass, whose pennon'd spear
 Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
 Whose seeds the winds have strown
 So thick beneath the line he reads,
 They shade the sculptured stone ;
 The child unveils his cluster'd brow,
 And ponders for a while
 The graven willow's pendent bough,
 Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?
 These were the mourner's share ;
 The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
 Thrubb'd through the beating air ;
 The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
 The shelving sand that slid,
 And, far beneath, with hollow tone
 Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
 Then slowly disappears ;
 The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
 Earth hides his date and years ;
 But, long before the once-loved name
 Is sunk or worn away,
 No lip the silent dust may claim,
 That press'd the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
 See where our sires laid down
 Their smiling babes, their cherish'd brides,
 The patriarchs of the town ;
 Hast thou a tear for buried love ?
 A sigh for transient power ?
 All that a century left above,
 Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
 The sabre's thirsting edge,
 The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
 The bayonet's rending wedge,—
 Here scatter'd death ; yet seek the spot,
 No trace thine eye can see,
 No altar,—and they need it not
 Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
 In many a chisell'd square,

The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
 Of honour'd names were there ;
 Alas ! for every tear is dried
 Those blazon'd tablets knew,
 Save when the icy marble's side
 Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillar'd stone,*
 The empty urn of pride ;
 There stands the goblet and the sun,—
 What need of more beside !
 Where lives the memory of the dead ?
 Who made their tomb a toy ?
 Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?
 Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
 Ye ever-roaming girls ;
 The breath that bids the blossom fall
 May lift your floating curls,
 To sweep the simple lines that tell
 An exile's† date and doom ;
 And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
 They wreath the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
 Beneath this turf who lies,
 Once beaming as the summer's morn,
 That closed her gentle eyes ;
 If sinless angels love as we,
 Who stood thy grave beside,
 Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
 The daughter, sister, bride !

I wander'd to thy buried mound,
 When earth was hid, below
 The level of the glaring ground,
 Choked to its gates with snow,
 And when with summer's flowery waves
 The lake of verdure roll'd,
 As if a sultan's white-robed slaves
 Had scatter'd pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
 That lifts this trembling tone,
 Its breath of love may almost bear,
 To kiss thy funeral-stone ;
 And, now thy smiles have pass'd away,
 For all the joy they gave,
 May sweetest dews and warmest ray
 Lie on thine early grave !

When damps beneath, and storms above,
 Have bow'd these fragile towers,
 Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
 Shall swing its orient flowers ;
 And I would ask no mouldering bust,
 If o'er this humble line,
 Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
 Might call a tear on mine.

* The tomb of the VASSALL family is marked by a free-stone tablet, supported by five pillars, and bearing nothing but the sculptured reliefs of the goblet and the sun,—*Vas-Sol*,—which designated a powerful family, now almost forgotten.

† The exile referred to in this stanza was a native of Honfleur, in Normandy.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

If sometimes in the dark-blue eye,
Or in the deep-red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms this heart of mine,
Yet something colder in the blood,
And calmer in the brain,
Have whisper'd that my youth's bright flood
Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,
Or Arno's yellow stream,
Each star of memory could awake,
As in my first young dream,
I know that when mine eye shall greet
The hill-sides bleak and bare,
That gird my home, it will not meet
My childhood's sunsets there.

O, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burn'd on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this?
Was that flush'd cheek as now?
Where that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive!

Alas! the morning dew is gone,
Gone ere the full of day;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
Its wreaths all torn away;
Happy if still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine!

LA GRISETTE.

Al, CLEMENCE! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had pass'd,
I said, "We meet again,"—
I dream'd not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.
The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak;
Their gentler sighs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek;
The trailing of thy long, loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all return'd, more sweet, more fair;
O, had we met again!
I walk'd where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watch'd where GENEVIEVE was laid,
I knelt by MARR's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices pray'd;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose* of Notre Dame,
I wander'd through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And wither'd, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Pere-la-Chaise!

THE TREADMILL SONG.

THE stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man,
And stir your solid pegs;
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider-legs;
What though you're awkward at the trade!
There's time enough to learn,—
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
So faster, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends:—
It's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here;
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear;
He's lost them both; don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the farther eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport,—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now, hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!

* Circular-stained windows are called roses.

DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear, departed, cherish'd days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,—
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore,
 Where life's young fountains gleam—
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wilder rolls the sea;
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we?

THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the bless'd Paphian queen,
 Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
 By every name I cut on bark
 Before my morning-star grew dark;
 By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
 By all that thrills the beating heart;
 The bright, black eye, the melting blue,—
 I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;
 I saw a row of twenty beams;
 From every beam a rope was hung,
 In every rope a lover swung.
 I ask'd the hue of every eye
 That bade each luckless lover die;
 Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
 And ten accused the darker hue.

I ask'd a matron, which she deem'd
 With fairest light of beauty beam'd;
 She answer'd, some thought both were fair—
 Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
 I might have liked her judgment well,
 But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
 And all her girls, nor small nor few,
 Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I ask'd a maiden; back she flung
 The locks that round her forehead hung,
 And turn'd her eye, a glorious one,
 Bright as a diamond in the sun,
 On me, until, beneath its rays,
 I felt as if my hair would blaze;
 She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
 She look'd at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
 Nor heeds the colouring of his screen;
 And when his random arrows fly,
 The victim falls, but knows not why.
 Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
 The shaft upon the string is set;
 Look not beneath his azure veil,
 Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
 The chain that bound him to the stake,
 And both, with but a single ray,
 Can melt our very hearts away;
 And both, when balanced, hardly seem
 To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
 But that is dearest, all the while,
 That wears for us the sweetest smile.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE Sun stepp'd down from his golden throne,
 And lay in the silent sea,
 And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
 For a sleepy thing was she;
 What is the Lily dreaming of?
 Why crisp the waters blue?
 See, see, she is lifting her varnish'd lid!
 Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
 In the lap of the breathless tide;
 The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
 That would lie by the Rose's side;
 He would love her better than all the rest,
 And he would be fond and true;
 But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
 And look'd at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
 How fast will thy summer glide,
 And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
 Or flourish a blooming bride?
 "O, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
 And he lives on earth," said she;
 "But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
 And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
 And ruffle the silver sea?
 Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
 To smile on a thing like thee?
 O, no! fair Lily, he will not send
 One ray from his far-off throne;
 The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
 And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
 Nor a drop of evening dew,
 Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
 Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
 That he has not cheer'd with his fickle smile,
 And warm'd with his faithless beam,—
 And will he be true to a pallid flower,
 That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,
 But turn'd to the skies afar,
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray
 That shot from the rising star;
 The cloud came over the darken'd sky,
 And over the waters wide;
 She look'd in vain through the beating rain,
 And sank in the stormy tide.

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse ;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains ;
 A fellow jumps from out a bush
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
 In such a lonely spot ;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot ;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
 Some filthy creature begs
 You'll hear about the cannon-ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And says it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed,
 Poor, little, lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread,—
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear
 The semblance of a tune,
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a crack'd bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come,
 There's something like a human voice,
 And something like a drum ;
 You sit, in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be
 A very dismal place ;
 Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once,
 Is alter'd in the face ;
 Their discords sting through BURNS and MOORE,
 Like hedgehogs dress'd in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody,
 And break the legs of Time.

But, hark ! the air again is still,
 The music all is ground,
 And silence, like a poultice, comes
 To heal the blows of sound ;

It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
 A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves
 A fracture in your jaw,
 And pay the owner of the bear,
 That stunn'd you with his paw,
 And buy the lobster, that has had
 Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
 Put on your fiercest frown,
 And talk about a constable
 To turn them out of town ;
 Then close your sentence with an oath,
 And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
 Not big enough for that,
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,
 Because you are a flat,
 Go very quietly and drop
 A button in the hat !

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a look is but a ray
 Reflected in a certain way ;
 A word, whatever tone it wear,
 Is but a trembling wave of air ;
 A touch, obedience to a clause
 In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
 In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;
 The clouds by day, the stars by night,
 Inweave their floating locks of light ;
 The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
 Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !
 How wide the world that girds them round !
 Like mountain-streams we meet and part,
 Each living in the other's heart,
 Our course unknown, our hope to be
 Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean coils and heavens in vain,
 Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;
 And love and hope do but obey
 Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
 Which lights and leads the tide it charms,
 To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,
 That links our sunset with our dawn ;
 In mist and shade life's morning rose,
 And clouds are round it at its close ;
 But, ah ! no twilight beam ascends
 To whisper where that evening ends.

O ! in the hour when I shall feel
 Those shadows round my senses steal,
 When gentle eyes are weeping o'er
 The clay that feels their tears no more,
 Then let thy spirit with me be,
 Or some sweet angel, likeliest thee !

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name MARY, maiden fair?
 Such should, methinks, its music be;
 The sweetest name that mortals bear,
 Were best befitting thee;
 And she to whom it once was given,
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.
 I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
 I look upon thy folded hair;
 Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
 Our hearts are in the snare;
 And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
 Must start not if her captive sing.
 So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
 To all but thee unseen, unknown;
 When evening shades thy silent walls,
 Then read it all alone;
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,
 Forget, despise, but not reveal!

THE LAST READER.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,
 And read my own sweet songs;
 Though naught they may to others be,
 Each humble line prolongs
 A tone that might have pass'd away,
 But for that scarce-remember'd lay.
 I keep them like a lock or leaf,
 That some dear girl has given;
 Frail record of an hour, as brief
 As sunset clouds in heaven,
 But spreading purple twilight still
 High over memory's shadow'd hill.
 They lie upon my pathway bleak,
 Those flowers that once ran wild,
 As on a father's care-worn cheek
 The ringlets of his child;
 The golden mingling with the gray,
 And stealing half its snows away.
 What care I though the dust is spread
 Around these yellow leaves,
 Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
 Oblivion's insect weaves;
 Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
 It still reflects my morning's beam.
 And therefore love I such a smile
 On these neglected songs,
 Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
 My opening bosom wrongs;
 For who would trample, at my side,
 A few pale buds, my garden's pride?
 It may be that my scanty ore
 Long years have wash'd away,
 And where were golden sands before,
 Is naught but common clay;
 Still something sparkles in the sun,
 For Memory to look back upon.
 And when my name no more is heard,
 My lyre no more is known,

Still let me, like a winter's bird,
 In silence and alone,
 Fold over them the weary wing
 Once flashing through the dews of spring.
 Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
 My youth in its decline,
 And riot in the rosy lap
 Of thoughts that once were mine,
 And give the worm my little store,
 When the last reader reads no more!

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
 As he pass'd by the door,
 And again
 The pavement-stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.
 They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the crier on his round
 Through the town.
 But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 So forlorn;
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."
 The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has press'd
 In their bloom,
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.
 My grandmamma has said—
 Poor old lady! she is dead
 Long ago—
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.
 And now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.
 I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here,
 But the old three-corner'd hat,
 And the breeches—and all that,
 Are so queer!
 And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring—
 Let them smile as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLD IRONSIDES.*

Ax, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquer'd knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly-whisper'd tone
 Is far, far sweeter unto me,
 Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
 Or breathe along the sea;
 But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
 Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair, blue skies,
 And naught but empty air I see;
 But when I turn me to thine eyes,
 It seemeth unto me
 Ten thousand angels spread their wings
 Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
 That ever western breeze hath fann'd,
 But thou shalt have the tender flower,
 So I may take thy hand;
 That little hand to me doth yield
 More joy than all the broider'd field.

O, lady! there be many things
 That seem right fair, below, above;
 But sure not one among them all
 Is half so sweet as love;—
 Let us not pay our vows alone,
 But join two altars both in one.

* Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, as unfit for service.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, erashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves!
 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
 With heap'd and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells;
 And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
 The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,
 She thunders foaming by!
 When seas are silent and serene,
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm;
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrow'd sail;
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scoop'd and strain'd,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath has stain'd
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast;
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast!
 An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire;
 Sleep on—and when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 O, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day!

ALBERT PIKE.

[Born, 1809.]

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, on the twenty-ninth day of December, 1809. When he was about four years old, his parents removed to Newburyport. His father, he informs me, "was a journeyman shoemaker, who worked hard, paid his taxes, and gave all his children the benefit of an education." The youth of the poet was passed principally in attending the district-schools at Newburyport, and an academy at Framingham, until he was sixteen years of age, when, after a rigid and triumphant examination, he was admitted to Harvard College. Not being able to pay the expenses of a residence at Cambridge, however, he soon after became an assistant teacher in the grammar-school at Newburyport, and, at the end of a year, its principal. He was induced to resign this office after a short time, and in the winter which followed was the preceptor of an academy at Fairhaven. He returned to Newburyport in the spring, on foot, and for one year taught there a private school. During all this time he had been a diligent student, intending to enter the university, *in advance*; but in the spring of 1831 he changed his plans, and started on his travels to the west and south.

He went first to Niagara, and then, through Cleveland, Cincinnati, Nashville, and Paducah, much of the way on foot, to Saint Louis. He left that city in August, with a company of forty persons, among whom were two young men besides himself from Newburyport, for Mexico; and after much fatigue and privation, arrived at Santa Fe on the twenty-eighth of November. Here he remained nearly a year, passing a part of the time as a clerk in a store, and the residue in selling merchandise through the country. Near the close of September, 1832, he left Taos, with a trapping-party; travelled around the sources of Red River to the head waters of the Brazos; separated from the company, with four others, and came into Arkansas.—travelling the last five hundred miles on foot, and reaching Fort Smith, in November, "without a rag of clothing, a dollar in money, or knowing a person in the territory."

Near this place he spent the winter in teaching a few children, and in the following July he went further down the country, and opened a school under more favourable auspices; but after a few weeks, being attacked by a fever, was compelled to abandon it. He had in the mean time written several poems for a newspaper printed at Little Rock, which pleased the editor so much that he sent for him to go there and become his partner. The proposition was gladly accepted, and in October he crossed the Arkansas and landed at Little Rock, paying his last cent for the ferriage of a poor old soldier, who had known his father in New England.

Here commenced a new era in the life of PIKE.

From this time his efforts appear to have been crowned with success. The "Arkansas Advocate" was edited by him until the autumn of 1834, when it became his property. Soon after his arrival at his new home he began to devote his leisure to the study of the law, and he was now admitted to the bar. He continued both to write for his paper and to practise in the courts, until the summer of 1836, when he sold his printing establishment; and since then he has successfully pursued his profession. He was married at Little Rock, in November, 1834.

About this time he published at Boston a volume of prose sketches and poems, among which are an interesting account of his journeys over the prairies, and some fine poetry, written at Santa Fe and among the mountains and forests of Mexico. In the preface to it, he says: "What I have written has been a transcript of my own feelings—too much so, perhaps, for the purposes of fame. Writing has always been to me a communion with my own soul. These poems were composed in desertion and loneliness, and sometimes in places of fear and danger. My only sources of thought and imagery have been my own mind, and Nature, who has appeared to me generally in desolate guise and utter dreariness, and not unfrequently in sublimity."

His "Hymns to the Gods," published afterward, were composed at an early age, in Fairhaven, and principally while he was surrounded by pupils, in the school-room. They are bold, spirited, scholarly and imaginative, and their diction is appropriate and poetical, though in some instances marred by imperfect and double rhymes. Of his minor pieces, "Spring" and "To the Mocking-bird," are the best. I have heard praise bestowed on "Ariel," a poem much longer than these, published in 1835, but as it appeared in a periodical which had but a brief existence, I have not been able to obtain a copy of it. In "Fantasma," in which, I suppose, he intended to shadow forth his own "eventful history," he speaks of one who

"Was young,
And had not known the bent of his own mind,
Until the mighty spell of COLERIDGE woke
Its hidden powers,"

and in some of his poems there is a cast of thought similar to that which pervades many of the works of this poet, though nothing that amounts to imitation. His early struggles, and subsequent wanderings and observations furnished him with the subjects, thoughts, and imagery of many of his pieces, and they therefore leave on the mind an impression of nature and truth. He still writes occasionally for the literary magazines, but none of his later poems seem to be equal to those which I have quoted in this work.

HYMNS TO THE GODS.

NO. I.—TO NEPTUNE.

Gon of the mighty deep! wherever now
The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow—
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-wing'd
and wild,

Trample the storm-vex'd waters round them piled,
Swift as the lightning-flashes, that reveal
The quick gyrations of each brazen wheel;
While round and under thee, with hideous roar,
The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore,
Thundering, like antique Chaos in his spasms,
In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms,
Fluctuates endlessly; while, through the gloom,
Their glossy sides and thick manes fleck'd with foam,
Career thy steeds, neighing with frantic glee
In fierce response to the tumultuous sea,—
Whether thy coursers now career below,
Where, amid storm-wrecks, hoary sea-plants grow,
Broad-leaved, and fanning with a ceaseless motion
The pale, cold tenants of the abysmal ocean—
O, come! our altars waiting for thee stand,
Smoking with incense on the level strand!

Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam
Upon some quiet plain; no wind-toss'd foam
Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely
They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea,
Fanning the waves with slowly-floating manes,
Like mist in sunlight; haply, silver strains
From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring,
And green-robed sea-gods unto thee, their king,
Chant, loud in praise: APOLLO now doth gaze
With loving looks upon thee, and his rays
Light up thy steeds' wild eyes: a pleasant warmth
Is felt upon the sea, where fierce, cold storm
Has just been rushing, and the noisy winds,
That *Æolus* now within their prison binds,
Flying with misty wings: perhaps, below
Thou liest in green caves, where bright things glow
With myriad colours—many a monster cumbers
The sand a-near thee, while old *Tartar* slumbers
As idly as his wont, and bright eyes peep
Upon thee every way, as thou dost sleep.

Perhaps thou liest on some Indian isle,
Under a waving tree, where many a mile
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands
Heap'd up in many shapes by naiads' hands,
And, blushing as the waves come rippling on,
Shaking the sunlight from them as they run
And curl upon the beach—like molten gold
Thick-set with jewellery most rare and old—
And sea-nymphs sit, and, with small, delicate shells,
Make thee sweet melody: as in deep dells
We hear, of summer nights, by fairies made,
The while they dance within some quiet shade,
Sounding their silver flutes most low and sweet,
In strange but beautiful tunes, that their light feet
May dance upon the bright and misty dew
In better time: all wanton airs that blew
But lately over spice trees, now are here,
Waving their wings, all odour-laden, near
The bright and laughing sea. O, wilt thou rise,
And come with them to our new sacrifice!

NO. II.—TO APOLLO.

Bright-hair'd APOLLO!—thou who ever art
A blessing to the world—whose mighty heart
Forever pours out love, and light, and life:
Thou, at whose glance all things of earth are rife
With happiness; to whom, in early spring,
Bright flowers raise up their heads, where'er they
On the steep mountain-side, or in the vale [cling
Are nestled calmly. Thou at whom the pale
And weary earth looks up, when winter flees,
With patient gaze: thou for whom wind-stripp'd trees
Put on fresh leaves, and drink deep of the light
That glitters in thine eye: thou in whose bright
And hottest rays the eagle fills his eye
With quenchless fire, and far, far up on high
Screams out his joy to thee: by all the names
That thou dost bear—whether thy godhead claims
PHŒBUS, or *SOL*, or golden-hair'd *APOLLO*,
Cynthian or Pythian—if thou dost follow
The fleeing night, O, hear
Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near!

O, most high poet! thou whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain and deep dell:
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for a poet's theme most meet:
Thou who dost make the poet's eye perceive
Great beauty everywhere—in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the war
Of its unnumber'd waters; on the shore
Of pleasant streams, upon the jagged cliff
Of savage mountain, where the black clouds drift
Full of strange lightning; or upon the brow
Of silent night, that solemnly and slow
Comes on the earth; O, thou! whose influence
Touches all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, tinges with thine own heart
Each thing thou meetest; thou who ever art
Living in beauty—nay, who art, in truth,
Beauty imbodied—hear, while all our youth
With earnest calling cry!

Answer our hymn, and come to us, most high!

O, thou! who strikest oft thy golden lyre
In strange disguise, and with a wondrous fire
Sweepst its strings upon the sunny glade,
While dances to thee many a village maid,
Decking her hair with wild flowers, or a wreath
Of thine own laurel, while, reclined beneath
Some ancient oak, with smiles at thy good heart,
As though thou wert of this our world a part,
Thou lookest on them in the darkening wood,
While fauns come forth, and, with their dances rude,
Flit round among the trees with merry leap.
Like thy god, *PAN*; and from fir thickets deep
Come up the satyrs, joining the wild crew,
And capering for thy pleasure: from each yew,
And oak, and beech, the wood-nymphs oft peep out
To see the revelry, while merry shout
And noisy laughter rings about the wood,
And thy lyre cheers the darken'd solitude—
O, come! while we do sound
Our flutes and pleasant-pealing lyres around!

O, most high prophet!—thou that showest men
Deep-hidden knowledge: thou that from its den

Bringest futurity, that it comes by
 In visible shape, passing before the eye
 Shrouded in visions: thou in whose high power
 Are health and sickness: thou who oft dost shower
 Great plagues upon the nations, with hot breath
 Scorching away their souls, and sending death
 Like fiery mist amid them; or again,
 Like the sweet breeze that comes with summer rain,
 Touching the soul with joy, thou sendest out
 Bright health among the people, who about
 With dewy feet and fanning wings doth step,
 And touch each poor, pale cheek with startling lip,
 Filling it with rich blood, that leaps anew
 Out from the shrivell'd heart, and courses through
 The long-forsaken veins!—O, thou, whose name
 Is sung by all, let us, too, dare to claim
 Thy holy presence here!

Hear us, bright god, and come in beauty near!

O, thou, the lover of the springing bow!
 Who ever in the gloomy woods dost throw
 Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight
 Of those thine arrows that with midday light
 Thou proudly pointest; thou from whom grim bears
 And lordly lions flee, with strange, wild fears,
 And hide among the mountains: thou whose cry
 Sounds often in the woods, where whirl and fly
 The time-worn leaves—when, with a merry train,
 BACCHUS is on the hills, and on the plain
 The full-arm'd CERES—when upon the sea
 The brine-gods sound their horns, and merrily
 The whole earth rings with pleasure: then thy voice
 Stills into silence every stirring noise,
 With utmost sweetness pealing on the hills,
 And in the echo of the dancing rills,
 And o'er the sea, and on the busy plain,
 And on the air, until all voices wane

Before its influence—

O, come, great god, be ever our defence!

By that most gloomy day, when with a cry
 Young HYACINTH fell down, and his dark eye
 Was fill'd with dimming blood—when on a bed
 Of his own flowers he laid his wounded head,
 Breathing deep sighs; by those heart-cherish'd eyes
 Of long-loved HYACINTH—by all the sighs
 That thou, O, young APOLLO, then didst pour
 On every gloomy hill and desolate shore,
 Weeping at thy great soul, and making dull
 Thy ever-quenchless eye, till men were full
 Of strange forebodings for thy lustre dimm'd,
 And many a chant in many a fane was hymn'd
 Unto the pale-eyed sun; the satyrs stay'd
 Long time in the dull woods, then on the glade
 They came and look'd for thee; and all in vain
 Poor DIAN sought thy love, and did complain
 For want of light and life;—by all thy grief,
 O, bright APOLLO! hear, and give relief

To us who cry to thee—

O, come, and let us now thy glory see!

NO. III.—TO VENUS.

O, thou, most lovely and most beautiful!
 Whether thy doves now lovingly do lull

Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon
 Some dreamy south wind: whether thou hast gone
 Upon the heaven now, or if thou art
 Within some floating cloud, and on its heart
 Pourest rich-tinted joy; whether thy wheels
 Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields,
 And brushing off the dew from bending grass,
 Leaving the poor green blades to look, alas!
 With dim eyes at the moon—(ah! so dost thou
 Full oft quench brightness!)—VENUS, whether now
 Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing
 Of thy fair doves is wet, while sea-maids bring
 Sweet odours for thee—(ah! how foolish they!

They have not felt thy smart!)

They know not, while in ocean-caves they play,
 How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, O, VENUS! hear our song—
 Kind goddess, hear! for unto thee belong
 All pleasant offerings: bright doves coo to thee,
 The while they twine their necks with quiet glee
 Among the morning leaves; thine are all sounds
 Of pleasure on the earth; and where abounds
 Most happiness, for thee we ever look;
 Among the leaves, in dimly-lighted nook,
 Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave
 Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave
 Thy beaming brow, and ruffle the white wings
 Of thy tired doves; and where his love-song sings,
 With lightsome eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird,
 With notes that never but by thee are heard—
 O, in such scene, most bright, thou liest now,

And, with half-open eye,

Drinkest in beauty—O, most fair, that thou

Wouldst hear our cry!

O, thou, through whom all things upon the earth
 Grow brighter: thou for whom even laughing mirth
 Lengthens his note; thou whom the joyous bird
 Singeth continuously; whose name is heard
 In every pleasant sound: at whose warm glance
 All things look brighter: for whom wine doth dance
 More merrily within the brimming vase,
 To meet thy lip: thou, at whose quiet pace
 Joy leaps on faster, with a louder laugh,
 And Sorrow tosses to the sea his staff,
 And pushes back the hair from his dim eyes,
 To look again upon forgotten skies;
 While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
 Yea, unto thee his wither'd hand doth hold,
 Fill'd with that heart-blood: thou, to whose high

All things are made to bow, [might
 Come thou to us, and turn thy looks of light
 Upon us now!

O, hear, great goddess! thou whom all obey;
 At whose desire rough satyrs leave their play,
 And gather wild-flowers, decking the bright hair
 Of her they love, and oft blackberries bear
 To shame them at her eyes: O, thou! to whom
 They leap in awkward mood, within the gloom
 Of darkening oak trees, or at lightsome noon
 Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune [power
 Of wondrous languishment: thou whose great
 Brings up the sea-maids from each ocean-bower,
 With many an idle song, to sing to thee,
 And bright locks flowing half above the sea,

And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves
They spied their lovers—(so among the waves
Small bubbles flit, mocking the kindly sun,
With little, laughing brightness)—
O, come, and ere our festival be done,
Our new loves bless!

O, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears
Bedew the pitying woods!—by those great fears
That haunted thee when thy beloved lay
With dark eyes drown'd in death—by that dull day
When poor *ADONIS* fell, with many a moan,
Among the leaves, and sadly and alone
Breathed out his spirit—O, do thou look on
All maidens who, for too great love, grow wan,
And pity them: come to us when night brings
Her first faint stars, and let us hear the wings
Of thy most beauteous and bright-eyed doves
Stirring the breathless air; let all thy loves
Be flying round thy car, with pleasant songs
Moving upon their lips: come! each maid longs
For thy fair presence—goddess of rich love!

Come on the odorous air;
And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
All love-sick care!

Lo, we have many kinds of incense here
To offer thee, and sunny wine and clear,
Fit for young *BACCHUS*: flowers we have here too,
That we have gather'd when the morning dew
Was moist upon them; myrtle-wreaths we bear,
To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair,
And shade thy temples too; 'tis now the time
Of all fair beauty: thou who lovest the clime
Of our dear *CYPRUS*, where sweet flowers blow
With honey in their cups, and with a glow
Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads
To be refresh'd with the transparent beads
Of silver dew: behold, this April night,
Our altars burn for thee; lo, on the light
We pour out incense from each golden vase;

O, goddess, hear our words!
And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace,
Thy white-wing'd birds.

NO. IV.—TO DIANA.

Most graceful goddess!—whether now thou art
Hunting the dun deer in the silent heart
Of some old, quiet wood, or on the side
Of some high mountain, and, most eager-eyed,
Dashing upon the chase, with bended bow
And arrow at the string, and with a glow
Of wondrous beauty on thy cheek, and feet
Like thine own silver moon—yea, and as fleet
As her best beams—and quiver at the back,
Rattling to all thy steppings; if some track
In distant *THESSALY* thou followest up,
Brushing the dews from many a flower-cup
And quiet leaf, and listening to the bay
Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they,
Strong-limb'd and swift, leap on with eager bounds,
And with their long, deep note each hill resounds,
Making thee music:—goddess, hear our cry,
And let us worship thee, while far and high
Goes up thy brother—while his light is full
Upon the earth; for, when the night-winds lull

The world to sleep, then to the lightless sky
DIAN must go, with silver robes of dew,
And sunward eye.

Perhaps thou liest on some shady spot
Among the trees, while frighten'd beasts hear not
The deep bay of thy hounds; but, dropping down
Upon green grass, and leaves all sere and brown,
Thou pillowest thy delicate head upon
Some ancient mossy root, where wood-winds run
Wildly about thee, and thy fair nymphs point
Thy death-wing'd arrows, or thy hair anoint
With *LYDIAN* odours, and thy strong hounds lie
Lazily on the earth, and watch thine eye,
And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream.
Perchance, in some deep-bosom'd, shaded stream
Thou bathest now, where even thy brother sun
Cannot look on thee—where dark shades and dun
Fall on the water, making it most cool,
Like winds from the broad sea, or like some pool
In deep, dark cavern: hanging branches dip
Their locks into the stream, or slowly drip
With tear-drops of rich dew: before no eyes
But those of fitting wind-gods, each nymph hies
Into the deep, cool, running stream, and there
Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast,
O queen, most fair!

By all thine hours of pleasure—when thou wast
Upon tall *LATMOS*, moveless, still, and lost
In boundless pleasure, ever gazing on
Thy bright-eyed youth, whether the unseen sun
Was lighting the deep sea, or at mid-noon
Careering through the sky—by every tune
And voice of joy that thrill'd about the chords
Of thy deep heart, when thou didst hear his words
In that cool, shady grot, where thou hadst brought
And placed *ENDYMION*; where fair hands had taught
All beauty to shine forth; where thy fair maids
Had brought up shells for thee, and from the glades
All sunny flowers, with precious stones and gems
Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems
Of many sea-gods; birds were there, that sang
Ever most sweetly; living waters rang
Their changes to all time, to soothe the soul
Of thy *ENDYMION*; pleasant breezes stole
With light feet through the cave, that they might
His dewy lips:—O, by those hours of bliss [kiss
That thou didst then enjoy, come to us, fair
And beautiful *DIANA*—take us now
Under thy care!

NO. IV.—TO MERCURY.

O, winged messenger! if thy light feet
Are in the star-paved halls where high gods meet,
Where the rich nectar thou dost take and sip
At idly-pleasant leisure, while thy lip
Utters rich eloquence, until thy foe,
JUNO herself, doth her long hate forego,
And hangs upon thine accents; *VENUS* smiles,
And aims her looks at thee with winning wiles;
And wise *MINERVA*'s cup stands idly by
The while thou speakest. Whether up on high
Thou wing'st thy way—or dost but now unfurl
Thy pinions like the eagle, while a whirl

Of air takes place about thee—if thy wings
Are over the broad sea, where Afric flings
His hot breath on the waters; by the shore
Of Araby the blest, or in the roar
Of crashing northern ice—O, turn, and urge
Thy winged course to us! Leave the rough surge,
Or icy mountain-height, or city proud,
Or haughty temple, or dim wood down bow'd
With weaken'd age,
And come to us, thou young and mighty sage!

Thou who invisibly dost ever stand
Near each high orator; and, hand in hand
With the gold-robed Apollo, touch the tongue
Of every poet; on whom men have hung
With strange enchantment, when in dark disguise
Thou hast descended from cloud-curtain'd skies,
And lifted up thy voice, to teach bold men
Thy world-arousing art: O, thou! that, when
The ocean was untrack'd, didst teach them send
Great ships upon it: thou who dost extend
In storm a calm protection to the hopes
Of the fair merchant: thou who on the slopes
Of Mount Cyllene first madest sound the lyre
And many-toned harp with childish fire,
And thine own beauty sounding in the caves
A strange, new tune, unlike the ruder staves
That PAN had utter'd—while each wondering
nymph

Came out from tree and mountain, and pure lymph
Of mountain-stream, to drink each rolling note
That o'er the listening woods did run and float
With fine, clear tone,

Like silver trumpets o'er still waters blown:

O, matchless artist! thou of wondrous skill,
Who didst in ages past the wide earth fill
With every usefulness: thou who dost teach
Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach,
And rob him of his sleep for many a night,
Getting thee curses: O, mischievous sprite!
Thou Rogue-god MERCURY! ever glad to cheat
All gods and men; with mute and noiseless feet
Going in search of mischief; now to steal
The fiery spear of MARS, now clog the wheel
Of bright APOLLO's car, that it may crawl
Most slowly upward: thou whom wrestlers call,
Whether they strive upon the level green
At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen
Of ancient oak, or at the sacred games
In fierce contest: thou whom each then names
In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is
drawn

For the last struggle: thou whom on the lawn
The victor praises, making unto thee
Offering for his proud honours—let us be
Under thy care:

O, winged messenger, hear, hear our prayer!

NO. VI.—TO BACCHUS.

Where art thou, BACCHUS? On the vine-spread hills
Of some rich country, where the red wine fills
The cluster'd grapes—staining thy lips all red
With generous liquor—pouring on thy head
The odorous wine, and ever holding up
Unto the smiling sun thy brimming cup,

And filling it with light! Or doth thy car,
Under the blaze of the far northern star,
Roll over Thracia's hills, while all around
Are shouting Bacchanals, and every sound
Of merry revelry, while distant men
Start at thy noisings! Or in shady glen
Reclimest thou, beneath green ivy leaves,
And idlest off the day, while each Faun weaves
Green garlands for thee, sipping the rich bowl
That thou hast given him—while the loud roll
Of thy all-conquering wheels is heard no more,
And thy strong tigers have lain down before
Thy grape-stain'd feet!

O, BACCHUS! come and meet

Thy worshippers, the while, with merry lore
Of ancient song, thy godhead they do greet!

O, thou who lovest pleasure! at whose heart
Rich wine is always felt; who hast a part
In all air-swellings mirth; who in the dance
Of merry maidens join'st, where the glance
Of bright black eyes, or white and twinkling feet
Of joyous fair ones, doth thy quick eyes greet
Upon some summer-green: Maker of joy
To all care-troubled men! who dost destroy
The piercing pangs of grief; for whom the maids
Weave ivy garlands, and in pleasant glades
Hang up thy image, and with beaming looks
Go dancing round, while shepherds with their crooks
Join the glad company, and pass about,
With merry laugh and many a gleesome shout,
Staining with rich, dark grapes each little cheek
They most do love; and then, with sudden freak,
Taking the willing hand, and dancing on
About the green mound: O, thou merry son
Of lofty JOVE!

Where thou dost rove

Among the grape-vines, come, ere day is done,
And let us too thy sunny influence prove!

Where art thou, conqueror! before whom fell
The jewell'd kings of Ind, when the strong swell
Of thy great multitudes came on them, and
Thou hadst thy thyrsus in thy red, right hand,
Shaking it over them, till every soul
Grew faint as with wild lightning; when the roll
Of thy great chariot-wheels was on the neck
Of many a conqueror; when thou didst check
Thy tigers and thy lynxes at the shore
Of the broad ocean, and didst still the roar,
Pouring a sparkling and most pleasant wine
Into its waters; when the dashing brine
Toss'd up new odours, and a pleasant scent
Upon its breath, and many who were spent
With weary sickness, breathed of life anew,
When wine-inspired breezes on them blew;—
BACCHUS! who bringest all men to thy feet!
Wine-god! with brow of light, and smiles most
Make this our earth [sweet!
A sharer in thy mirth—

Let us rejoice thy wine-dew'd hair to greet,
And chant to thee, who gavest young Joy his
birth.

Come to our ceremony! lo, we rear
An altar of bright turf unto thee here,

And crown it with the vine and pleasant leaf
 Of clinging ivy: Come, and drive sad Grief
 Far from us! lo, we pour thy turf upon
 Full cups of wine, bidding the westerling sun
 Fill the good air with odour; see, a mist
 Is rising from the sun-touch'd wine!—(ah! hie!—
 Alas! 'twas not his cry!)—with all thy train
 Of laughing Satyrs, pouring out a strain
 Of utmost shrillness on the noisy pipe—
 O, come!—with eye and lip of beauty, ripe
 And wondrous rare—O! let us hear thy wheels
 Coming upon the hills, while twilight steals
 Upon us quietly—while the dark night
 Is hinder'd from her course by the fierce light
 Of thy wild tigers' eyes;—O! let us see
 The revelry of thy wild company,
 With all thy train;
 And, ere night comes again,
 We'll pass o'er many a hill and vale with thee,
 Raising to thee a loudly-joyous strain.

NO. VII.—TO SOMNUS.

O, thou, the leaden-eyed! with drooping lid
 Hanging upon thy sight, and eye half-hid
 By matted hair: that, with a constant train
 Of empty dreams, all shadowless and vain
 As the dim wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave
 With poppies at the mouth, which night-winds wave,
 Sending their breathings downward—on thy bed,
 Thine only throne, with darkness overspread,
 And curtains black as are the eyes of night:
 Thou, who dost come at time of waning light
 And sleep among the woods, where night doth hide
 And tremble at the sun, and shadows glide
 Among the waving tree-tops; if now there
 Thou sleepest in a current of cool air,
 Within some nook, amid thick flowers and moss,
 Gray-colour'd as thine eyes, while thy dreams toss
 Their fantasies about the silent earth,
 In waywardness of mirth—
 O, come! and hear the hymn that we are chanting
 Amid the star-light through the thick leaves slanting.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams
 O'ershaded by broad oaks, with scatter'd gleams
 From the few stars upon them; of the shore
 Of the broad sea, with silence hovering o'er;
 The great moon hanging out her lamps to gild
 The murmuring waves with hues all pure and mild,
 Where thou dost lie upon the sounding sands,
 While winds come dancing on from southern lands
 With dreams upon their backs, and unseen waves
 Of odours in their hands: thou, in the caves
 Of the star-lighted clouds, on summer eves
 Reclining lazily, while Silence leaves
 Her influence about thee: in the sea
 That liest, hearing the monotony
 Of waves far-off above thee, like the wings
 Of passing dreams, while the great ocean swings
 His bulk above thy sand-supported head—
 (As chain'd upon his bed
 Some giant, with an idleness of motion
 So swings the still and sleep-enthral'd ocean.)
 Thou who dost bless the weary with thy touch,
 And makest Agony relax his clutch

Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart;
 Pale Disappointment lose her constant smart,
 And Sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep
 Her life away, and gain new cheer in sleep:
 Thou who dost bless the birds, in every place
 Where they have sung their songs with wondrous
 grace

Throughout the day, and now, with drooping wing,
 Amid the leaves receive thy welcoming:—
 Come with thy crowd of dreams, O, thou! to whom
 All noise is most abhorr'd, and in this gloom,
 Beneath the shaded brightness of the sky,
 Where are no sounds but as the winds go by,—
 Here touch our eyes, great SOMNUS! with thy wand;
 Ah! here thou art, with touch most mild and bland,
 And we forget our hymn, and sink away;
 And here, until broad day
 Come up into the sky, with fire-steeds leaping,
 Will we recline, beneath the vine-leaves sleeping.

NO. VIII.—TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
 When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
 Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
 And wonders at the sun; each dull, gray glade
 Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole,
 Where they had lain enchain'd and dull of soul,
 The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee
 Among the springing leaves; and, fast and free,
 The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
 And through their grassy banks leapingly run,
 When thou hast touch'd them: thou who ever art
 The goddess of all beauty: thou whose heart
 Is ever in the sunny meads and fields;
 To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
 Her waving treasures: thou that in thy car,
 With winged dragons, when the morning star
 Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
 Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze;—
 O, pour thy light
 Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
 And grant to us all plenty and good ease!

O, thou, the goddess of the rustling corn!
 Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
 Pile up their baskets with the full-ear'd wheat;
 While maidens come, with little dancing feet,
 And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
 Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
 To garland thy full baskets: at whose side,
 Among the sheaves of wheat, doth BACCHUS ride
 With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
 All wine-stain'd from the warm and sunny south:
 Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
 While in his car ye ride among the vines,
 And with the other hand he gathers up
 The rich, full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
 Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
 And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine
 So it may gaze with richer love and light [eye,
 Upon his beaming brow: If thy swift flight
 Be on some hill

Of vine-hung Thrace—O, come, while night is
 still,
 And greet with heaping arms our gladden'd sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
 Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
 The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
 Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
 With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
 Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
 Like silver shining through a tint of red,
 And soon the queened moon her love will shed,
 Like pearl-mist, on the earth and on the sea,
 Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
 Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
 Where incense with a floating odour burns,
 And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
 And ears of corn, gather'd at early hours,
 And odours fresh from India, with a heap
 Of many-colour'd poppies:—Lo! we keep
 Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
 Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore
 Thy chariot wheels
 Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels,
 And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

THOU art, in truth, a fair and kingly star,
 Planet! whose silver crest now gleams afar
 Upon the edge of yonder eastern hill,
 That, night-like, seems a third of heaven to fill.
 Thou art most worthy of a poet's lore,
 His worship—as a thing to bend before;
 And yet thou smilest as if I might sing,
 Weak as I am—my lyre unused to ring
 Among the thousand harps which fill the world.
 The sun's last fire upon the sky has curl'd,
 And on the clouds, and now thou hast arisen,
 And in the east thine eye of love doth glisten—
 Thou, whom the ancients took to be a king,
 And that of gods; and, as thou wert a spring
 Of inspiration, I would soar and drink,
 While yet thou art upon the mountain's brink.
 Who bid men say that thou, O silver peer,
 Wast to the moon a servitor, anear
 To sit, and watch her eye for messages,
 Like to the other fair and silver bees
 That swarm around her when she sits her throne?
 What of the moon? She bringeth storm alone,
 At new, and full, and every other time; [rhyme,
 She turns men's brains, and so she makes them
 And rave, and sigh away their weary life;
 And shall she be of young adorners rife,
 And thou have none? Nay, one will sing to thee,
 And turn his eye to thee, and bend the knee.
 Lo! on the marge of the dim western plain,
 The star of love doth even yet remain—
 She of the ocean-foam—and watch thy look,
 As one might gaze upon an antique book,
 When he doth sit and read, at deep, dead night,
 Stealing from Time his hours. Ah, sweet delay!
 And now she sinks to follow fleeting day,
 Contented with thy glance of answering love:
 And where she worships can I thoughtless prove?
 Now as thou risest higher into sight,
 Marking the water with a line of light,
 On wave and ripple quietly aslant,

Thy influences steal upon the heart,
 With a sweet force and unresisted art,
 Like the still growth of some unceasing plant.
 The mother, watching by her sleeping child,
 Blesses thee, when thy light, so still and mild,
 Falls through the casement on her babe's pale face.
 And tinges it with a benignant grace,
 Like the white shadow of an angel's wing.
 The sick man, who has lain for many a day,
 And wasted like a lightless flower away,
 He blesses thee, O Jove! when thou dost shine
 Upon his face, with influence divine,
 Soothing his thin, blue eyelids into sleep.
 The child its constant murmuring will keep,
 Within the nurse's arms, till thou dost glad
 His eyes, and then he sleeps. The thin, and sad,
 And patient student closes up his books
 A space or so, to gain from thy kind looks
 Refreshment. Men, in dungeons pent,
 Climb to the window, and, with head upbent,
 Gaze they at thee. The timid deer awake,
 And, 'neath thine eye, their nightly rambles make,
 Whistling their joy to thee. The speckled trout
 From underneath his rock comes shooting out,
 And turns his eye to thee, and loves thy light,
 And sleeps within it. The gray water plant
 Looks up to thee beseechingly aslant,
 And thou dost feed it there, beneath the wave.
 Even the tortoise crawls from out his cave,
 And feeds wherever, on the dewy grass,
 Thy light hath linger'd. Thou canst even pass
 To water-depths, and make the coral-fly
 Work happier, when flatter'd by thine eye.
 Thou touchest not the roughest heart in vain;
 Even the sturdy sailor, and the swain,
 Bless thee, whene'er they see thy lustrous eye
 Open amid the clouds, stilling the sky.
 The lover praises thee, and to thy light
 Compares his love, thus tender and thus bright;
 And tells his mistress thou dost kindly mock
 Her gentle eye. Thou dost the heart unlock
 Which Care and Wo have render'd comfortless,
 And teachest it thy influence to bless,
 And even for a time its grief to brave.
 The madman, that beneath the moon doth rave,
 Looks to thy orb, and is again himself.
 The miser stops from counting out his pelf,
 When through the barred windows comes thy lull—
 And even he, he thinks thee beautiful.
 O! while thy silver arrows pierce the air,
 And while beneath thee, the dim forests, where
 The wind sleeps, and the snowy mountains tall
 Are still as death—O! bring me back again
 The bold and happy heart that bless'd me, when
 My youth was green; ere home and hope were veil'd
 In desolation! Then my cheek was paled,
 But not with care. For, late at night, and long,
 I toil'd, that I might gain myself among
 Old tomes, a knowledge; and in truth I did:
 I studied long, and things the wise had hid
 In their quaint books, I learn'd; and then I thought
 The poet's art was mine; and so I wrought
 My boyish feelings into words, and spread
 Them out before the world—and I was fed
 With praise, and with a name. Alas! to him,

Whose eye and heart must soon or late grow dim,
 Toiling with poverty, or evils worse,
 This gift of poetry is but a curse,
 Unfitting it amid the world to brood,
 And toil and jostle for a livelihood.
 The feverish passion of the soul hath been
 My bane. O Jove! couldst thou but wean
 Me back to boyhood for a space, it were
 Indeed a gift. There was a sudden stir,
 Thousands of years ago, upon the sea;
 The waters foam'd, and parted hastily,
 As though a giant left his azure home,
 And Delos woke, and did to light up come
 Within that Grecian sea. LATONA had,
 Till then, been wandering, listlessly and sad,
 About the earth, and through the hollow vast
 Of water, follow'd by the angry haste
 Of furious JUNO. Many a weary day,
 Above the shaggy hills where, groaning, lay
 ENCELADUS and TRYPHON, she had roam'd,
 And over volcanoes, where fire upfoam'd;
 And sometimes in the forests she had lurk'd,
 Where the fierce serpent through the herbage work'd,
 Over gray weeds, and tiger-trampled flowers,
 And where the lion hid in tangled bowers,
 And where the panther, with his dappled skin,
 Made day like night with his deep moaning din:
 All things were there to fright the gentle soul—
 The hedgehog, that across the path did roll,
 Gray eagles, fang'd like cats, old vultures, bald,
 Wild hawks and restless owls, whose cry appall'd,
 Black bats and speckled tortoises, that snap,
 And scorpions, hiding underneath gray stones,
 With here and there old piles of human bones
 Of the first men that found out what was war,
 Brass heads of arrows, rusted scimitar,
 Old crescent, shield, and edgeless battle-axe,
 And near them skulls, with wide and gaping cracks,
 Too old and dry for worms to dwell within;
 Only the restless spider there did spin,
 And made his house. And then she down would lay
 Her restless head, among dry leaves, and faint,
 And close her eyes till thou wouldst come and paint
 Her visage with thy light; and then the blood
 Would stir again about her heart, endued,
 By thy kind look, with life again, and speed;
 And then wouldst thou her gentle spirit feed
 With new-wing'd hopes, and sunny fantasies,
 And, looking piercingly amid the trees,
 Drive from her path all those unwelcome sights.
 Then would she rise, and o'er the flower-blights,
 And through the tiger-peopled solitudes,
 And odorous brakes, and panther-guarded woods,
 Would keep her way until she reach'd the edge
 Of the blue sea, and then, on some high ledge
 Of thunder-blacken'd rocks, would sit and look
 Into thine eye, nor fear lest from some nook
 Should rise the hideous shapes that JUNO ruled,
 And persecute her. Once her feet she cool'd
 Upon a long and narrow beach. The brine
 Had mark'd, as with an endless serpent-spine,
 The sand'd shore with a long line of shells,
 Like those the Nereids weave, within the cells
 Of their queen THERIS—such they pile around
 The feet of cross old NEREUS, having found

That this will gain his grace, and such they bring
 To the quaint PROTEUS, as an offering,
 When they would have him tell their fate, and who
 Shall first embrace them with a lover's glow.
 And there LATONA stepp'd along the marge
 Of the slow waves, and when one came more large,
 And wet her feet, she tingled, as when JOVE
 Gave her the first, all-burning kiss of love.
 Still on she kept, pacing along the sand,
 And on the shells, and now and then would stand,
 And let her long and golden hair outfloat
 Upon the waves—when, lo! the sudden note
 Of the fierce, hissing dragon met her ear.
 She shudder'd then, and, all-possess'd with fear,
 Rush'd wildly through the hollow-sounding vast
 Into the deep, deep sea; and then she pass'd
 Through many wonders—coral-rafter'd caves,
 Deep, far below the noise of upper waves—
 Sea-flowers, that floated into golden hair,
 Like misty silk—fishes, whose eyes did glare,
 And some surpassing lovely—fleshless spine
 Of old behemoths—flasks of hoarded wine
 Among the timbers of old, shatter'd ships—
 Goblets of gold, that had not touch'd the lips
 Of men a thousand years. And then she lay
 Her down, amid the ever-changing spray,
 And wish'd, and begg'd to die; and then it was
 That voice of thine the deities that awes,
 Lifted to light beneath the Grecian skies
 That rich and lustrous Delian paradise,
 And plac'd LATONA there, while yet asleep,
 With parted lip, and respiration deep,
 And open palm; and when at length she woke,
 She found herself beneath a shadowy oak,
 Huge and majestic; from its boughs look'd out
 All birds, whose timid nature 'tis to doubt
 And fear mankind. The dove, with patient eyes
 Earnestly did his artful nest devise,
 And was most busy under sheltering leaves;
 The thrush, that loves to sit upon gray eaves
 Amid old ivy, she, too, sang and built; [spilt
 And mock-bird songs rang out like hail-showers
 Among the leaves, or on the velvet grass;
 The bees did all around their store amass,
 Or down depended from a swinging bough,
 In tangled swarms. Above her dazzling brow
 The lustrous humming-bird was whirling; and,
 So near, that she might reach it with her hand,
 Lay a gray lizard—such do notice give
 When a foul serpent comes, and they do live
 By the permission of the roughest hind;
 Just at her feet, with mild eyes up-inclined,
 A snowy antelope cropp'd off the buds
 From hanging limbs; and in the solitudes
 No noise disturb'd the birds, except the dim
 Voice of a fount, that, from the grassy brim,
 Rain'd upon violets its liquid light,
 And visible love; also, the murmur slight
 Of waves, that softly sang their anthem, and
 Trode gently on the soft and noiseless sand,
 As gentle children in sick-chambers grieve,
 And go on tiptoe. Here, at call of eve,
 When thou didst rise above the barred east,
 Touching with light LATONA's snowy breast
 And gentler eyes, and when the happy earth

Sent up its dew to thee—then she gave birth
 Unto APOLLO and the lustrous DIAN ;
 And when the wings of morn commenced to fan
 The darkness from the east, afar there rose,
 Within the thick and odour-dropping forests, [est,
 Where moss was grayest and dim caves were hoar—
 Afar there rose the known and dreadful hiss
 Of the pursuing dragon. Agonies
 Grew on LATONA's soul; and she had fled,
 And tried again the ocean's pervious bed,
 Had not APOLLO, young and bright APOLLO,
 Restrained from the dim and perilous hollow,
 And ask'd what meant the noise. "It is, O child!
 The hideous dragon that hath aye defiled
 My peace and quiet, sent by heaven's queen
 To slay her rival, me." Upon the green
 And mossy grass there lay a nervous bow,
 And heavy arrows, eagle-wing'd, which thou,
 O JOVE! hadst placed within APOLLO's reach.
 These grasping, the young god stood in the breach
 Of circling trees, with eye that fiercely glanced,
 Nostril expanded, lip press'd, foot advanced,
 And arrow at the string; when, lo! the coil
 Of the fierce snake came on with winding toil,
 And vast gyrations, crushing down the branches,
 With noise as when a hungry tiger cranches
 Huge bones: and then APOLLO drew his bow
 Full at the eye—nor ended with one blow:
 Dart after dart he hurl'd from off the string—
 All at the eye—until a lifeless thing
 The dragon lay. Thus the young sun-god slew
 Old JUNO's scaly snake: and then he threw
 (So strong was he) the monster in the sea;
 And sharks came round and ate voraciously,
 Lashing the waters into bloody foam,
 By their fierce fights. LATONA, then, might roam
 In earth, air, sea, or heaven, void of dread;
 For even JUNO badly might have sped
 With her bright children, whom thou soon didst set
 To rule the sun and moon, as they do yet.
 Thou! who didst then their destiny control,
 I here would woo thee, till into my soul
 Thy light might sink. O JOVE! I am full sure
 None bear unto thy star a love more pure
 Than I; thou hast been, everywhere, to me
 A source of inspiration. I should be
 Sleepless, could I not first behold thine orb
 Rise in the west; then doth my heart absorb,
 Like other withering flowers, thy light and life;
 For that neglect, which cutteth like a knife,
 I never have from thee, unless the lake
 Of heaven be clouded. Planet! thou wouldst make
 Me, as thou didst thine ancient worshippers,
 A poet; but, alas! whatever stirs
 My tongue and pen, they both are faint and weak:
APOLLO hath not, in some gracious freak,
 Given to me the spirit of his lyre,
 Or touch'd my heart with his ethereal fire
 And glorious essence: thus, whate'er I sing
 Is weak and poor, and may but humbly ring
 Above the waves of Time's far-booming sea.
 All I can give is small; thou wilt not scorn
 A heart: I give no golden sheaves of corn;
 I burn to thee no rich and odorous gums;
 I offer up to thee no hecatombs,

And build no altars: 't is a heart alone;
 Such as it is, I give it—'t is thy own.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song entralls the ear
 And floods the heart. Over the spher'd tombs
 Of vanish'd nations rolls thy music tide.
 No light from history's starlike page illumines
 The memory of those nations—they have died.
 None cares for them but thou, and thou mayst sing,
 Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
 The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
 Where one from others no existence weaves,
 Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and
 grieves,

Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
 And thou dost flee into the broad, green woods,
 And with thy soul of music thou dost win
 Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes
 Upon thy sounding melody. O, where,
 Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
 Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain
 Goes floating through the tangled passages
 Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
 A multitudinous melody—like a rain
 Of glossy music under echoing trees,
 Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul
 With a bright harmony of happiness—
 Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll
 Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
 E'en with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
 And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
 Alone with nature—but it may not be;
 I have to struggle with the tumbling sea
 Of human life, until existence fades
 Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
 Through the thick woods and shadow-checker'd
 glades,

While naught of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
 The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear
 As now, my garmenting of pain and care—
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain?—What though fond hopes
 defer'd [gloom!
 Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with
 Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
 There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
 To welcome me, within my humble home;—
 There is an eye with love's devotion bright,
 The darkness of existence to illumine! [blight
 Then why complain!—When death shall cast his
 Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
 Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling breast,
 O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

TO SPRING.

O THOU delicious Spring!
 Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
 Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
 From odorous beds of light-enfolded flowers,
 And from enmassed bowers,
 That over grassy walks their greenness fling,
 Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of young wind,
 That cometh from the invisible upper sea [bind,
 Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam,
 And, settling in the trees deliciously,
 Makes young leaves dance with glee,
 Even in the teeth of that old, sober hind,
 Winter unkind,

Come to us; for thou art
 Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
 Touching the sacred feeling of the heart,
 Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming;
 And thou dost ever bring
 A tide of gentle but resistless art
 Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the south
 Contends with thee; alas! what may he show?
 What are his purple-stain'd and rosy mouth,
 And browned cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
 And timid, pleasant glow,
 Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth,
 And greenest youth!

Gay Summer conquers thee;
 And yet he has no beauty such as thine;
 What is his ever-streaming, fiery sea,
 To the pure glory that with thee doth shine?
 Thou season most divine,
 What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy
 Compare with thee?

Come, sit upon the hills,
 And bid the waking streams leap down their side,
 And green the vales with their slight-sounding
 And when the stars upon the sky shall glide, [rills;
 And crescent Dian ride,
 I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
 On grassy hills.

Alas! bright Spring, not long
 Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence;
 For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
 Sublimed to vapour in his fire intense,
 And, gone forever hence,
 Exist no more: no more to earth belong,
 Except in song.

So I who sing shall die:
 Worn unto death, perchance, by care and sorrow;
 And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
 Bid unto this poor body a good-morrow,
 Which now sometimes I borrow,
 And breathe of joyance keener and more high,
 Ceasing to sigh!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE deep, transparent sky is full
 Of many thousand glittering lights—
 Unnumber'd stars that calmly rule
 The dark dominions of the night.
 The mild, bright moon has upward risen,
 Out of the gray and boundless plain,
 And all around the white snows glisten,
 Where frost, and ice, and silence reign,—
 While ages roll away, and they unchanged remain.

These mountains, piercing the blue sky
 With their eternal cones of ice;
 The torrents dashing from on high,
 O'er rock and crag and precipice;
 Change not, but still remain as ever,
 Unwasting, deathless, and sublime,
 And will remain while lightnings quiver,
 Or stars the hoary summits climb,
 Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

It is not so with all—I change,
 And waste as with a living death,
 Like one that hath become a strange,
 Unwelcome guest, and lingereth
 Among the memories of the past,
 Where he is a forgotten name;
 For Time hath greater power to blast
 The hopes, the feelings, and the fame,
 To make the passions fierce, or their first strength
 to tame.

The wind comes rushing swift by me,
 Pouring its coolness on my brow;
 Such was I once—as proudly free,
 And yet, alas! how alter'd now!
 Yet, while I gaze upon yon plain,
 These mountains, this eternal sky,
 The scenes of boyhood come again,
 And pass before the vacant eye,
 Still wearing something of their ancient brilliancy.

Yet why complain!—for what is wrong,
 False friends, cold-heartedness, deceit,
 And life already made too long,
 To one who walks with bleeding feet
 Over its paths?—it will but make
 Death sweeter when it comes at last—
 And though the trampled heart may ache,
 Its agony of pain is past,
 And calmness gathers there, while life is ebbing
 fast.

Perhaps, when I have pass'd away,
 Like the sad echo of a dream,
 There may be some one found to say
 A word that might like sorrow seem.
 That I would have—one sadden'd tear,
 One kindly and regretting thought—
 Grant me but that!—and even here,
 Here, in this lone, unpeopled spot,
 To breathe away this life of pain, I murmur not.

PARK BENJAMIN.

[Born, 1809.]

THE paternal ancestors of Mr. BENJAMIN came to New England at an early period from Wales. His father, who was a merchant, resided many years at Demerara, in British Guiana, where he acquired a large fortune. There the subject of this notice was born in the year 1809. When he was about three years old, in consequence of a severe illness he was brought to this country, under the care of a faithful female guardian, and here, except during a few brief periods, he has since resided. The improper medical treatment to which he had been subjected in Demerara prevented his complete restoration under the more skilful physicians of New England, and he has been lame from his childhood; but I believe his general health has been uniformly good for many years.

While a boy he was sent to an excellent school in the rural village of Colchester, in Connecticut. At twelve he was removed to New Haven, where he resided three years in his father's family, after which he was sent to a private boarding school near Boston, in which he remained until he entered Harvard College, in 1825. He left this venerable institution before the close of his second academic year, in consequence of a protracted and painful illness, and on his recovery entered Washington College, at Hartford, then under the presidency of the Right Reverend THOMAS C. BROWNELL, now Bishop of Connecticut. He was graduated in 1829, with the highest honours of his class.

In 1830, Mr. BENJAMIN entered the Law School at Cambridge, at that time conducted by Mr. Justice SPOON and Professor ASHmun. He pursued his legal studies with much industry for a considerable period at this seminary, but finished the acquirement of his profession at New Haven, under Chief Justice DAGGETT and Professor HITCHCOCK. He was admitted to the Connecticut bar in 1833, and removing soon after to Boston, the residence of his relatives and friends, he was admitted to the courts of Massachusetts, as attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery.

His disposition to devote his time to literature prevented his entering upon the practice of his profession, and on the death of EDWIN BUCKINGHAM, one of its original editors, I believe he became connected with the "New England Magazine." In 1836 that periodical was joined to the "American Monthly Magazine," published in New York, and edited by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, and Mr. BENJAMIN was soon after induced to go to reside permanently in that city. By unfortunate investments, and the calamities in which so many were involved in that period, he had lost most of his patrimonial property, and the remainder

of it he now invested in a publishing establishment; but the commercial distress of the time, by which many of the wealthiest houses were overthrown, prevented the realization of his expectations, and the business was abandoned. He purchased, I believe, near the close of the year 1837, the "American Monthly Magazine," and for about two years conducted it with much ability; but by giving to some of the later numbers of it a political character, its prosperity was destroyed, and he relinquished it to become associated with Mr. HORACE GREELY in the editorship of the "New Yorker," a popular weekly periodical, devoted to literature and politics. In 1840, he and the writer of this sketch established in New York "The New World," a literary gazette of the largest class, of which he is now the sole editor. Its popularity and the ability with which it is conducted may be inferred from the fact that twenty thousand copies are sold of each number.

Mr. BENJAMIN's metrical compositions are very numerous. His longest work is a "Poem on the Meditation of Nature," which, I believe, was delivered on the day of his graduation at Washington College. Its character and style may be inferred from the following invocation:

Let us go forth and hold communion sweet
With the invisible spirit that surrounds
Earth's silent altars—let us go forth to greet
The woven strain of most enchanting sounds
That stir the clear waves of the golden air;
Let us go forth and mutely worship there!
From life's unvarying round, O let us steal
Some fleeting moments we may call our own,
When, unrestrain'd, the heart can deeply feel
The quiet happiness to be alone.
Alone with Nature in some voiceless glen,
Or by some forest brook, or on the height
Of some uprising hill—away from men,
The city's busy tumult and the sight
Of all the sons of pleasure and of pain,
Where the free soul must feel its human chain.
Then, if within our hearts reflected lie
The perfect glories of the earth and sky,
If every feeling they inspire he fraught
With the pure essence of exalted thought,
Well may we deem that round each bosom's throne
Float the white robes of Innocence alone!

Some of his sonnets are equal to any in this collection, and many of his other pieces are distinguished for poetical simplicity of thought and elegance of diction. Most of his poems have been written hastily, and they are not without the usual faults of unstudied verse; but they evidence the possession of a fertile fancy and good taste. His keen perception of the ludicrous is shown in the sonnet entitled "Sport," and in some of his other pieces. His tales, sketches, reviews, and other prose writings, are ingenious and spirited, and if collected would form many volumes.

GOLD.

"Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."—JOSEPH NAPOLEON.

WASTE treasure like water, ye noble and great!
Spend the wealth of the world to increase your es-
Pile up your temples of marble, and raise [tate;
Columns and domes, that the people may gaze
And wonder at beauty, so gorgeously shown
By subjects more rich than the king on his throne.
Lavish and squander—for why should ye save
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave?"

Pour wine into goblets, all crusted with gems—
Wear pearls on your collars and pearls on your
Let diamonds in splendid profusion outvie [heims;
The myriad stars of a tropical sky!
Though from the night of the fathomless mine
These may be dug at your banquet to shine,
Little care ye for the chains of the slave,
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Behold, at your gates stand the feeble and old,
Let them burn in the sunshine and freeze in the cold;
Let them starve: though a morsel, a drop will impart
New vigour and warmth to the limb and the heart:
You taste not their anguish, you feel not their pain,
Your heads are not bare to the wind and the rain—
Must wretches like these of your charity crave
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave?"

An army goes out in the morn's early light,
Ten thousand gay soldiers equipp'd for the fight;
An army comes home at the closing of day;
O, where are their banners, their goodly array?
Ye widows and orphans, bewail not so loud—
Your groans may imbitter the feast of the proud;
To win for their store, did the wild battle rave,
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Gold! gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind:
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown,
And mingle like foam with life's swift-rushing wave
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

UPON SEEING A PORTRAIT

OF A LADY, PAINTED BY GIOVANNI C. THOMPSON.

THERE is a sweetness in those upturn'd eyes,
A tearful lustre—such as fancy lends
To the Madonna—and a soft surprise,
As if they saw strange beauty in the air;
Perchance a bird, whose little pinion bends
To the same breeze that lifts that flowing hair.
And, O, that lip, and cheek, and forehead fair,
Reposing on the canvass!—that bright smile,
Casting a mellow radiance over all!
Say, didst thou strive, young artist, to beguile
The gazer of his reason, and to thrall
His every sense in meshes of delight—
When thou, unconscious, mad'st this phantom bright!
Sure nothing real lives, which thus can charm the
sight!

THE STORMY PETREL.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless and rapid and strong is he;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue—
Like the petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way!

THE NAUTILUS.

THE Nautilus ever loves to glide
Upon the crest of the radiant tide.
When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,
Look over the sea for a lovely sight!
You may watch, and watch for many a mile,
And never see Nautilus all the while,
Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,
Lo! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd!

"Sail ho! and whither away so fast?"
What a curious thing she has rigg'd for a mast!
"Ahoy! ahoy! don't you hear our hail?"
How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail!
The good ship Nautilus—yes, 'tis she!
Sailing over the gold of the placid sea;
And though she will never deign reply,
I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where Nautilus can be bound;
Or does she always sail round and round,
With the fairy queen and her court on board,
And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde?
Does she roam and roam till the evening light?
And where does she go in the deep midnight?
So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,
Or weather the blow of "a fine, stiff gale."

O, the selfsame hand that holds the chain
Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—
Which guards from the wreck when the tempest
raves,
And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—
Directs the course of thy little bark,
And in the light or the shadow dark,
And near the shore or far at sea,
Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

TO ONE BELOVED.

I.

YEARS, years have pass'd,
My sweetest, since I heard thy voice's tone,
Saying thou wouldest be mine and mine alone;
Dark years have cast
Their shadows on me, and my brow no more
Smiles with the happy light that once it wore.

My heart is sere,
As a leaf toss'd upon the autumnal gale;
The early rose-hues of my life are pale,
Its garden drear,
Its bower deserted, for my singing bird
Among its dim retreats no more is heard.

O, trust them not
Who say that I have long forgotten thee,
Or even now thou art not dear to me!
Though far my lot
From thine, and though Time's onward rolling tide
May never bear me, dearest, to thy side.

I would forget,
Alas! I strive in vain—in dreams, in dreams
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams:—
No star has met
My gaze for years whose beauty doth not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine!

The evening air—
Soft witness of the floweret's fragrant death—
Strays not so sweetly to me as thy breath;
The moonlight fair
On snowy waste sleeps not with sweeter ray,
Than thy clear memory on my heart's decay.

I love thee still—
And I shall love thee ever, and above
All earthly objects with undying love.
The mountain-rill
Seeks, with no surer flow, the far, bright sea,
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee.

II.

A year has flown,
My heart's best angel, since to thee I strung
My frail, poetic lyre—since last I sung,
In faltering tone,
My love undying: though in all my dreams
Thy smiles have linger'd, like the stars in streams.

On ruffled wing,
Like storm-toss'd bird, that year has sped away
Into the shadow'd past, and not a day
To me could bring
Familiar joys like those I knew of yore,
But morn, and noon, and night, a sorrow bore.

Alas, for Time!
For me his sickle reaps the harvest fair
Of hopes that blossom'd in the summer air
Of youth's sweet clime;
But leaves to bloom the deeply-rooted tree
Which thou hast planted, deathless Memory!

Beneath its shade
I muse, and muse alone—while daylight dies,
Changing its dolphin hues in western skies,
And when they fade.

And when the moon, of fairy stars the queen,
Waves her transparent wand o'er all the scene;

I seek the vale,
And, while inhaling the moss-rose's breath,—
(Less sweet than thine, unmatch'd ELIZABETH!)
A vision, pale
As the far robes of seraphs in the night,
Rises before me with supernal light.

I seek the mount,
And there, in closest commune with the blue,
Thy spiritual glances meet my view.
I seek the fount:
And thou art my EGERIA, and the glade
Encircling it around is holier made.

I seek the brook:
And, in the silver shout of waters, hear
Thy merry, melting tones salute mine ear:
And, in the look
Of lilies floating from the flowery land,
See something soft and stainless as thy hand.

All things convey
A likeness of my early, only love—
All fairest things around, below, above:
The foamy spray
Over the billow, and the bedded pearls,
And the light flag the lighter breeze unfurls.

For, in the grace
As well as in the beauty of the sea,
I find a true similitude to thee;
And I can trace
Thine image in the loveliness that dwells
Mid inland forests and sequester'd dells.

I am thine own,
My dearest, though thou never mayst be mine;
I would not if I could the band untwine
Around me thrown—
Since first I breathed to thee that word of fire—
Re-echo'd now, how feebly! by my lyre.

Love, constant love!
Age cannot quench it—like the primal ray
From the vast fountain that supplies the day,
Far, far above
Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow
As pure and as eternal in its glow.

O, when I die
(If until then thou mayst not drop a tear)
Weep then for one to whom thou wert most dear;
To whom thy sigh,
Denied in life, in death, if fondly given,
Will seem the sweetest incense-air of heaven!

III.

Dost thou not turn,
Fairest and sweetest, from the flowery way
On which thy feet are treading every day,
And seek to learn
Tidings, sometimes, of him who loved thee well—
More than his pen can write or tongue can tell?

Gaze not thine eyes
(O, wild and lustrous eyes, ye were my fate!)
Upon the lines he fashion'd not of late,
But when the skies

Of joy were over him, and he was bless'd
That he could sing of treasures he possess'd!

Treasures more dear
Than gold in ingots, or barbaric piles
Of pearls and diamonds, thy most precious smiles!

Bring, bring me here,
O, ruthless Time, some of those treasures now,
And print a hundred wrinkles on my brow.

Make me grow old
Before my years are many—take away
Health, youth, ambition—let my strength decay,
My mind be sold
To be the slave of some strange, barren lore—
Only those treasures to my heart restore!

Ah! I implore
A boon that cannot be, a blessing flown
Unto a realm so distant from my own,
That, could I soar
On eagle's wings, it still would be afar,
As if I strove by flight to reach a star!

The future vast
Before me lifts majestic steeps on high,
Which I must stand upon before I die!
For, in the past
Love buried lies; and nothing lives but fame
To speak unto the coming age my race and name.

THE TIRED HUNTER.

Rest thee, old hunter! the evening cool
Will sweetly breathe on thy heated brow,
Thy dogs will lap of the shady pool;
Thou art very weary—O, rest thee now!
Thou hast wander'd far through mazy woods,
Thou hast trodden the bright-plumed birds' retreat,
Thou hast broken in on their solitudes,—
O, give some rest to thy tired feet!

There's not a nook in the forest wide
Nor a leafy dell unknown to thee;
Thy step has been where no sounds, beside
The rustle of wings in the sheltering tree,
The sharp, clear cry of the startled game,
The wind's low murmur, the tempest's roar,
The bay that follow'd thy gun's sure aim,
Or thy whistle shrill, were heard before.

Then rest thee!—thy wife in her cottage-door,
Shading her eyes from the sun's keen ray,
Peers into the forest beyond the moor,
To hail thy coming ere fall of day;—
But thou art a score of miles from home,
And the hues of the kindling autumn leaves
Grow brown in the shadow of evening's dome,
And swing to the rush of the freshening breeze.

Thou must even rest! for thou canst not tread
Till yon star in the zenith of midnight glows,
And a sapphire light over earth is spread,
The place where thy wife and babes repose.
Rest thee a while—and then journey on
Through the wide forest, and over the moor:
Then call to thy dogs, and fire thy gun,
And a taper will gleam from thy cottage-door!

THE DEPARTED.

THE departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

I AM NOT OLD.

I AM not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old—though youth has pass'd
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
"His signet on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now:
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh, young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.

THE DOVE'S ERRAND.

Under cover of the night,
Feather'd darling, take your flight!
Lest some cruel archer fling
Arrow at your tender wing,
And your white, unspotted side
Be with crimson colour died:—
For with men who know not love
You and I are living, Dove.

Now I bind a perfumed letter
Round your neck with silken fetter;
Bear it safely, bear it well,
Over mountain, lake, and dell.
While the darkness is profound
You may fly along the ground,
But when morning's herald sings,
Mount ye on sublimer wings;
High in heaven pursue your way
Till the fading light of day,
From the palace of the west,
Tints with fleckering gold your breast,
Shielded from the gaze of men,
You may stoop to earth again.

Stay, then, feather'd darling, stay,
Pause, and look along your way:
Well I know how fast you fly,
And the keenness of your eye.
By the time the second eve
Comes, your journey you'll achieve,
And above a gentle vale
Will on easy pinion sail.
In that vale, with dwellings strown,
One is standing all alone:
White it rises mid the leaves,
Woodbines clamber o'er its eaves,
And the honeysuckle falls
Pendant on its silent walls.
'Tis a cottage, small and fair
As a cloud in summer air.

By a lattice, wreathed with flowers
Such as link the dancing hours,
Sitting in the twilight shade,
Envied dove, behold a maid!
Locks escaped from sunny band,
Cheeks reclined on snowy hand,
Looking sadly to the sky,
She will meet your searching eye.
Fear not, doubt not, timid dove,
You have found the home of love!
She will fold you to her breast—
Seraphs have not purer rest;
She your weary plumes will kiss—
Seraphs have not sweeter bliss!
Tremble not, my dove, nor start,
Should you feel her throbbing heart;
Joy has made her bright eye dim—
Well she knows you came from *him*,
Him she loves. O, luckless star!
He from her must dwell afar.

From your neck her fingers fine
Will the silken string untwine;
Reading then the words I trace,
Blushes will suffuse her face;

To her lips the lines she'll press,
And again *my* dove caress.
Mine, yes, mine—O, would that I
Could on rapid pinions fly!
Then I should not send you, dove,
On an errand to my love:
For I'd brave the sharpest gale,
And along the tempest sail;
Caring not for danger near,
Hurrying heedless, void of fear,
But to hear one tender word,
Breathed for me, my happy bird!

At the early dawn of day,
She will send you on your way,
Twining with another fetter
Round your neck another letter.
Speed ye, then, O, swiftly speed,
Like a prisoner newly freed:
O'er the mountain, o'er the vale,
Homeward, homeward, swiftly sail!
Never, never poise a plume,
Though beneath you Edens bloom:
Never, never think of rest,
Till night's shadow turns your breast
From pure white to mottled gray,
And the stars are round your way,—
Love's bright beacons, they will shine,
Dove, to show your home and mine!

"HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!"

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furl'd,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
A silken-tassell'd boat;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shatter'd sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

LINES SPOKEN BY A BLIND BOY.

THE bird, that never tried his wing,
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prison'd in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age.
So I, while never bless'd with sight,
Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy,—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note
Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams;
But he may gayly flutter round
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song, for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

O! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumined cell?
May I not leap, and sing, and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea,
The earth was never green to me:
Then why, O, why should I repine
For blessings that were never mine!

Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.
Parents I have, who love me well,
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far away from them, I hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one you love?

I never saw my father's face,
Yet on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brows of manhood so,—
I sit upon my father's knee:
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile:
Her gentle tones my heart beguile.
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kiss'd the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,—
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding-place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him I could do it now!

Yet though delightful flew the hours,
So pass'd in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;

And though I never long'd to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now, since I've learn'd to read and write,
My heart is fill'd with new delight;
And music too,—can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,
Am I not like a captive bird?
I live in song, and peace, and joy,—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

"It arose before them, the most beautiful island in the world."—IRVING'S *Columbus*.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle—
As fair as isle could be;
And the wave that kiss'd its sandy shore
Was the wave of the Indian sea.

It seem'd an emerald set by Heaven
On the ocean's dazzling brow—
And where it glow'd long ages past,
It glows as greenly now.

I've wander'd oft in its valleys bright,
Through the gloom of its leafy bowers,
And breathed the breath of its spicy gales
And the scent of its countless flowers.

I've seen its bird with the crimson wing
Float under the clear, blue sky;
I've heard the notes of its mocking-bird
On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hush'd in sleep—
I dream'd of the shipwreck'd gems that lie
On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gather'd the shells that buried were
In the heart of its silver sands,
And toss'd them back on the running wave,
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea,
Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
And they never visit our northern clime,
Where the coast is bleak and bare:

But around the shores of the Indian isles
They revel and sing alone—
Though I saw them not, I heard by night
Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view
Thy birds and roses more,
Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
As it seeks thy jewell'd shore.

Yet thou art treasured in my heart
As in thine own deep sea;
And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
Dear isle, I picture thee!

A GREAT NAME.

TIME! thou destroyest the relics of the past,
 And hidest all the footprints of thy march
 On shatter'd column and on crumbled arch,
 By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
 Hur!d into fragments by the tempest-blast,
 The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk,
 That with sharp line divided the broad disc
 Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
 And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands,
 And even the art is lost by which they rose:
 Thus, with the monuments of other lands,
 The place that knew them now no longer knows.
 Yet triumph not, O, Time; strong towers decay,
 But a great name shall never pass away!

INDOLENCE.

THERE is no type of indolence like this:—
 A ship in harbour, not a signal flying,
 The wave unstirr'd about her huge sides lying,
 No breeze her drooping pennant-flag to kiss,
 Or move the smallest rope that hangs aloft:
 Sailors recumbent, listless, stretch'd around
 Upon the polish'd deck or canvass—soft
 To his tough limbs that scarce have ever found
 A bed more tender, since his mother's knee
 The stripling left to tempt the changeful sea.
 Some are asleep, some whistle, try to sing,
 Some gape, and wonder when the ship will sail,
 Some 'damn' the calm and wish it was a gale;
 But every lubber there is lazy as a king.

SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
 With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye
 And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
 About to give the feather'd bipeds warning,
 That probably they may be shot hereafter,
 Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter;
 For, though I am no lover of the sport
 Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
 Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
 A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
 Go on a shooting frolic all alone;
 For well I know that when he's out of town,
 He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
 And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

M. I.

BORN in the north, and rear'd in tropic lands:
 Her mind has all the vigour of a tree,
 Sprung from a rocky soil beside the sea,
 And all the sweetness of a rose that stands
 In the soft sunshine on some shelter'd lea.
 She seems all life, and light, and love to me!
 No winter lingers in her glowing smile,
 No coldness in her deep, melodious words,
 But all the warmth of her dear Indian isle,
 And all the music of its tuneful birds.
 With her conversing of my native bowers,
 In the far south, I feel the genial air
 Of some delicious morn, and taste those flowers,
 Which, like herself, are bright above compare.

TO MY SISTER.

SISTER! dear sister, I am getting old:
 My hair is thinner, and the cheerful light
 That glister'd in mine eyes is not as bright,
 Though while on thee I look, 'tis never cold.
 My hand is not so steady while I pen.
 These simple words to tell how warm and clear
 Flows my heart's fountain toward thee, sister dear!
 For years I've lived among my fellow-men, [joys,
 Shared their deep passions, known their griefs and
 And found Pride, Power, and Fame but gilded
 And, sailing far upon Ambition's waves, [toys;
 Beheld brave mariners on a troubled sea, [graves.
 Meet, what they fear'd not—shipwreck and their
 My spirit seeks its haven, dear, with thee!

TO ———.

'Tis Winter now—but Spring will blossom soon,
 And flowers will lean to the embracing air—
 And the young buds will vie with them to share
 Each zephyr's soft caress; and when the Moon
 Bends her new silver bow, as if to fling
 Her arrowy lustre through some vapour's wing,
 The streamlets will return the glance of night
 From their pure, gliding mirrors, set by Spring
 Deep in rich frames of clustering chrysolite,
 Instead of Winter's crumbled sparks of white.
 So, dearest! shall our loves, though frozen now
 By cold unkindness, bloom like buds and flowers,
 Like fountain's flash, for Hope with smiling brow
 Tells of a Spring, whose sweets shall all be ours!

TO ———.

LADY, farewell! my heart no more to thee
 Bends like the Parsee to the dawning sun;
 No more thy beauty lights the world for me,
 Or tints with gold the moments as they run.
 A cloud is on the landscape, and the beams
 That made the valleys so divinely fair,
 And scatter'd diamonds on the gliding streams,
 And crown'd the mountains in their azure air—
 Are veil'd forever!—Lady, fare thee well!
 Sadly as one who longeth for a sound
 To break the stillness of a deep profound,
 I turn and strike my frail, poetic shell:—
 Listen! it is the last; for thee alone
 My heart no more shall wake its sorrowing tone.

TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET.

FLOWERS are love's truest language; they betray,
 Like the divining rods of Magi old,
 Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold,
 But love—strong love, that never can decay!
 I send thee flowers, O dearest! and I deem
 That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,
 Whose music, clearer than the voice of birds,
 When breathed to thee alone, perchance, may seem
 All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.
 O, wreath them in those tresses of dark hair!
 Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,
 And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd!
 Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal
 The love that maiden coyness would conceal!

NEW YORK HARBOR, ON A CALM DAY.

Is this a painting? Are those pictured clouds
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
Has some rare artist fashion'd forth the shrouds
Of yonder vessel? Are these imaged shows
Of outline, figure, form, or is there life—
Life with a thousand pulses—in the scene
We gaze upon? Those towering banks between,
E'er toss'd these billows in tumultuous strife!
Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror; all around
Is hush'd to silence—silence so profound,
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like larum bell,
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell.

A MONUMENT TO WALTER SCOTT.

'Tis said, that mid the Alps and Pyrenees,
And other lofty mountains, and in groves,
And hidden places where the bandit roves,
Uptowering piles of stones the traveller sees,
That mark the spot where some have fallen and died:
For them these shapeless monuments are rear'd,
And, though to none who passes by endear'd,
Each from his journeying, will turn aside
To cast his mite upon the rising moles,
And guard the memory of the lost unknown;
In this a deep, strong sentiment is shown—
A kindred for the dead in living souls.
If such, O, world-renown'd, thy grave could be,
An Alp would rise a monument to thee!

TWILIGHT.

CALM twilight! in thy mild and silent time,
When summerflowers their perfumeshed around,
And naught, save the deep, solitary sound
Of some far bell, is heard, with solemn chime
Tolling for vespers, or the evening bird
Pouring sweet music o'er the woodland glade,
As if to viewless sprites and fairies play'd,
Who join in dances when the strain is heard:
Then thoughts of those beloved and dearest, come
Like sweetest hues upon the shadow'd wave;
And joys that blossom'd in the bowers of home,
The dews of memory with freshness lave.
O! that my last daybeam of life would shine,
Serenely beautiful, calm hour, as thine!

SPRING.

THE birds sing cheerily, the streamlets shout
As if in echo; tones are all around:
The air is fill'd with one pervading sound
Of merriment. Bright creatures flit about;
Slight spears of emerald glitter from the ground,
And frequent flowers, like helms of bloom, are
And, from the invisible army of fair things, [sound;
Floats a low murmur like a distant sea!
I hear the clarions of the insect-kings
Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life, life in action—'tis all music, all—
From the enlivening cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters as they fall;
Released by thee, O, Spring, to glad, wild liberty!

THE STARS.

WHAT marvel is it that, in other lands
And ancient days, men worshipp'd the divine
And brilliant majesty of stars that shine
Pure in their lofty spheres, like angel-bands?
With a deep reverence, when evening came
With her high train of shadows, have I bow'd
Beneath the heaven, as each new-lighted flame
Glow'd in the sapphire free from mist or cloud:
A holy presence seem'd to fill the air;
Invisible spirits, such as live in dreams,
Came floating down on their celestial beams,
And from my heart there rose a silent prayer.
What marvel, then, that men of yore could see
In each bright star a glorious Deity!

WHILE DEPARTING FOR ITALY.

FAREWELL, dear friend! the land is slowly fading;
Our vessel spreads her white wings to the gale—
Some eyes are dim and many cheeks are pale;
The sailor's hand his storm-worn brow is shading,
As from the sea he gazes on the shore [home
Where his own loved ones dwell—the home, dear
Of deep and true affections, valued more,
Since from their blessings Fate compels to roam.
I go to seek fair health in softer climes;
Yet, dearest, ever lives my heart with thee!
O, in the winter's chill and gloomy times,
Send o'er the waters thy best hopes to me;
And when Fævonian airs around me stray,
My thoughts, like summer-birds, shall homeward
take their way.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

WHEN those we love are present to the sight,
When those we love hear fond affection's words,
The heart is cheerful, as in morning light
The merry song of early-waken'd birds:
And, O! the atmosphere of home—how bright
It floats around us, when we sit together
Under a bower of vine in summer weather,
Or round the hearthstone in a winter's night!
This is a picture, not by Fancy drawn—
The eve of life contrasted with its dawn;
A gray-hair'd man—a girl with sunny eyes;
He seems to speak, and, laughing, she replies:
While father, mother, brothers smile to see [tree!
How fair their rosebud blooms beneath the parent

THE SAME.

WHEN those we love are absent—far away,
When those we love have met some hapless fate,
How pours the heart its lone and plaintive lay,
As the wood-songster mourns her stolen mate!
Alas! the summer-bower—how desolate!
The winter-hearth—how dim its fire appears!
While the pale memories of by-gone years
Around our thoughts like spectral-shadows wait.
How changed the picture! here, they all are parted
To meet no more—the true, the gentle-hearted!
The old have journey'd to their bourne—the young
Wander, if living, distant lands among—
And now we rest our dearest hopes above;
For heavenly joy alone can match domestic love!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

[Born, 1810. Died, 1841.]

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was born at Otisco, an agricultural town in central New York, in the year 1810. His father had been a soldier in the revolutionary army, and his services had won for him tributes of acknowledgment from the government. He had read much, and was fond of philosophical speculations; and in his son he found an earnest and ready pupil. The teachings of the father, and the classical inculcations of the Reverend GEORGE COLTON, a maternal relative, laid a firm foundation for the acquirements which afterward gave grace and vigour to his writings.

At an early age, stimulated by the splendid scenery overspread on every side around him, CLARK began to feel the poetic impulse. He painted the beauties of Nature with singular fidelity, and in numbers most musical; and as he grew older, a solemnity and gentle sadness of thought pervaded his verse, and evidenced his desire to gather from the scenes and images it reflected, lessons of morality.

When he was about twenty years of age he repaired to Philadelphia, where his reputation as a poet had already preceded him, and under the auspices of his friend, the Reverend Doctor ELY, commenced a weekly miscellany similar in design to the "Mirror," then and now published in New York. This work was abandoned after a brief period, and CLARK assumed, with the Reverend Doctor BRANTLEY, an eminent Baptist clergyman, now President of the College of South Carolina, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical, of high character, in which he printed many brief poems of considerable merit, a few of which were afterward included in a small volume with a more elaborate work entitled "The Spirit of Life," originally prepared as an exercise at a collegiate exhibition, and distinguished for the melody of its versification and the rare felicity of its illustrations.

After a long association with the reverend editor of the "Columbian Star," CLARK was solicited to take charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable journals in Pennsylvania. He ultimately became its proprietor, and from that time until his death continued to conduct it. In 1836 he was married to ANNE POYNTELL CALDEWELL, the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia, and a woman of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and an affectionate disposition, who fell a victim to that most terrible disease of our climate, consumption, in the meridian of her youth and happiness, leaving her husband a prey to the deepest melancholy. In the following verses, written soon after this bereavement, his emotions are depicted with unaffected feeling:

*T is an autumnal eve—the low winds, sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by;

The eddying gusts to tossing boughs replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky,—
The moon, pale mistress, pall'd in solemn vapour,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a mourner by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendour gone?
And thou, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee, in the vast unknown?
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed—empress of my heart?
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,—
In realms unveil'd by pen, or prophet's art?

Ah! loved and lost! In these autumnal hours,
When fairy colours deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
O! then my soul, exulting, bounds to thee!
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in this existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side;
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo—she has died!

Yes! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel-presence into dust went down,—
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive wove the cypress-crown,—
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom—
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles over,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew,—
Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim Autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge!—yet spring will come:
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth shall regain its home!

From this time his health gradually declined, and his friends perceived that the same disease which had robbed him of the "light of his existence," would soon deprive them also of his fellowship. Though his illness was of long duration, he was himself unaware of its character, and when I last saw him, a few weeks before his death, he was rejoicing at the return of spring, and confident that he would soon be well enough to walk about the town or to go into the country. He continued to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the twelfth of June, 1841.

His metrical writings are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically beautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. The sadness which pervades them is not the gloom of misanthropy, but a gentle religious melancholy; and while they portray the changes of life and nature, they point to another and a purer world, for which our affections are chastened, and our desires made perfect by suffering in this.

The qualities of his prose are essentially different from those of his poetry. Occasionally he

poured forth grave thoughts in eloquent and fervent language, but far more often delighted his readers by passages of irresistible humour and wit. His perception of the ludicrous was acute, and his jests and "cranks and wanton wiles" evinced the fulness of his powers and the benevolence of his feelings. The tales and essays which he found leisure to write for the New York "Knickerbocker Magazine,"—a monthly miscellany of high reputation edited by his only and twin brother, Mr. LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK—and especially a series of amusing papers

under the quaint title of "Ollapodiana," will long be remembered as affording abundant evidence of the qualities I have enumerated.

In person Mr. CLARK was of the middle height, his form was erect and manly, and his countenance pleasing and expressive. In ordinary intercourse he was cheerful and animated, and he was studious to conform to the conventional usages of society. Warm-hearted, confiding, and generous, he was a true friend, and by those who knew him intimately he was much loved.

A LAMENT.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more—
There are tones whose music for me is o'er,
Sweet as the odours of spring were they,—
Precious and rich—but they died away;
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see;
They reveal'd the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Untouch'd by sorrow, untaught by art;
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring,
When birds in the vernal branches sing;
They were fill'd with love that hath pass'd with them,
And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seem'd to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose;
And lips, I remember, whose dewy smile,
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and bless'd my brain
With raptures that never may dawn again;
Amidst musical accents, those smiles were shed—
Alas! for the doom of the early dead!

Alas! for the clod that is resting now
On those slumbering eyes—on that fated brow,
Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—
For the lips that are dumb, in the noisome tomb;
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone;
Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died—
O, loved one!—would I were by thy side!

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear;
I hear thy voice in the twilight air;
Thy smile, of sweetness untold, I see
When the visions of evening are borne to me;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—
My arm embraceth thy graceful form;
I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel in my bosom—thou art not here.

O! once the summer with thee was bright;
The day, like thine eyes, were a holy light.
There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh,
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh;
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—
A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast;
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest of all things to heaven above.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall,
Where my budding raptures have perish'd all;
To that tranquil and solemn place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast:
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—
Thy brow is conceal'd by the coffin lid;—
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear!

MEMORY.

'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future—the past we have felt—
Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of God:
The day may be darken'd, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away:—
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers
Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.

'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the
mind:

Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again,—
O, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our
way.

When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget!—though my thoughts should
be dark,

O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

SONG OF MAY.

THE spring's scented buds all around me are swelling;
 There are songs in the stream—there is health
 in the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
 As float the pure daybeams o'er mountain and
 vale;

The desolate reign of old winter is broken—
 The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
 Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token
 Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee!

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
 And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
 He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
 To rest on the promise and hope of the year:
 He fills with delight all the balm-breathing flowers;
 He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave;
 He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
 And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers
 lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
 He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
 A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
 He pours on the west-winds that fragrantly sigh;
 Around and above, there are quiet and pleasure—
 The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
 The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
 And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
 The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
 The song in the wildwood, the sheen in the blossom,
 The fresh-swelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
 When I list to the stream, when I look on the flowers,
 They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
 That I call up the throngs of my long vanish'd hours,
 And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the far-spreading earth and the limitless heaven
 There have vanish'd an eloquent glory and gleam;
 To my sad mind no more is the influence given,
 Which coloureth life with the hues of a dream;
 The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth;
 I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
 But the eye of my spirit in weariness sleepeth,
 Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended—
 'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
 But the newness and sweetness of being are ended:
 I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
 The shadows of death o'er my path have been
 sweeping—

There are those who have loved me debar'd
 from the day;
 The green turf is bright where in peace they are
 sleeping,
 And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
 It hears, from the Past, a funereal strain;
 And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
 Where the last blooms of earth will be garner'd
 again:

Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall
 nourish,

Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
 Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish;
 Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given
 Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
 I hear the clear anthems that ring through the
 heaven—

I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
 And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
 Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
 O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
 For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with
 them.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

YOUNG mother, he is gone!
 His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
 No more the music-tone
 Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;
 His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee:
 Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,
 And he hath pass'd in beauty from the day,
 A bud, not yet a flower,
 Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
 The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
 As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
 Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
 Like some Æolian strain,
 Breathing at eventide serene and clear;
 His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
 The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
 Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
 A gladness must depart,
 And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
 While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
 Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day
 Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
 And hope forbids one ray
 To stream athwart the grief-discolour'd sky;
 There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
 A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land!
 There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
 Thy loved one's wings expand;
 As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
 And all the glory of that God can see,
 Who said, on earth, to children, "Come to me."

Mother, thy child is bless'd:
 And though his presence may be lost to thee,
 And vacant leave thy breast,
 And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee;
 Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,
 Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

SUMMER.

The Spring's gay promise melted into thee,
 Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;
 The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;
 In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
 And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
 They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the unclouded west,
 Are burden'd with the breath of countless fields;
 They teem with incense from the green earth's breast
 That up to heaven its grateful odour yields;
 Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
 By nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene the sun-illumined heart
 Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
 When through its bars the morning glories dart,
 And forest-anthems in his hearing swell—
 And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
 His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
 O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise
 Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
 And the bland air with its soft melodies;—
 Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,
 I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
 And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
 To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride:
 I would soar upward, on unfetter'd wing,
 Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
 Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!

THE EARLY DEAD.

If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
 Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
 Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
 In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom:
 O! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
 When peals the requiem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
 To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
 Comes the pure freshness age can never bring,
 And fills the spirit with a rich repose,
 How shall we lay them in their final rest,
 How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze;
 A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky;
 O'er the broad world hope's smile incessant plays,
 And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
 How sad to break the vision, and to fold
 Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is life! To mark from day to day,
 Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
 Pass, like the anthem of a breeze away,
 Sinking in waves of death ere chill'd by time!
 Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
 Autumnal mildew o'er the rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
 Be gloriously thoughtful in its burning tears,

But should with rapture gaze upon the sky, [reers!
 Through whose far depths the spirit's wing ca-
 There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
 Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

THE SIGNS OF GOD.

I MARK'D the Spring as she pass'd along,
 With her eye of light, and her lip of song;
 While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
 While the streams sprang out from their icy rest:
 The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
 And their breath went forth in the scented sky;
 When the fields look'd fresh in their sweet repose,
 And the young dewes slept on the new-born rose.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour:
 A frost had discolour'd the summer bower;
 The blast wail'd sad mid the wither'd leaves,
 The reaper stood musing by gather'd sheaves;
 The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
 Was stirr'd by the sound of the rising floods;
 And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain
 That Winter drew near with his storms again!

I stood by the ocean; its waters roll'd
 In their changeable beauty of sapphire and gold;
 And day look'd down with its radiant smiles,
 Where the blue waves danced round a thousand
 The ships went forth on the trackless seas, [isles:
 Their white wings play'd in the joyous breeze;
 Their prows rushed on mid the parted foam,
 While the wanderer was wrapp'd in a dream of home!

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,
 While its shadow was sleeping in vales below;
 The mist like a garland of glory lay,
 Where its proud heights soar'd in the air away;
 The eagle was there on his tireless wing,
 And his shriek went up like an offering:

And he seem'd, in his sunward flight, to raise
 A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I look'd on the arch of the midnight skies,
 With its deep and unsearchable mysteries:
 The moon, mid an eloquent multitude
 Of unnumber'd stars, her career pursued:

A charm of sleep on the city fell,
 All sounds lay hush'd in that brooding spell;
 By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,
 And the wild-bird dream'd on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest pass'd,
 The strong trees groan'd in the sounding blast;
 The murmuring deep with its wrecks roll'd on;
 The clouds o'ershadow'd the mighty sun;
 The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
 And hills to the thunder-peal replied;
 The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
 While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath man the power, with his pride and his skill,
 To arouse all nature with storms at will?
 Hath he power to colour the summer-cloud—
 To allay the tempest when the hills are bow'd?
 Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath?
 Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
 Will he come again when death's vale is trod?
 Who then shall dare murmur "*There is no God!*"

EUTHANASIA.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
 Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
 When evening's shadows veil the sky,
 And Pleasure's syren hymn
 Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
 Like echoes from another sphere,
 Or dream of seraphim,
 It were not sad to cast away
 This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
 Grow passionless and cold;
 To feel those longings to depart
 That cheer'd the good of old;
 To clasp the faith which looks on high,
 Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
 And makes the curtain-fold
 That falls upon his wasting breast
 The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie
 On that triumphant bed,
 Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
 By white-wing'd seraphs led:
 Where glories earth may never know
 O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
 In peerless lustre shed;
 It were not lonely thus to soar,
 Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal
 Lies through the clouded tomb,
 If on the free, unfetter'd soul
 There rest no stains of gloom,
 How should its aspirations rise
 Far through the blue, unpillar'd skies,
 Up, to its final home!
 Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
 Where streams of living waters run.

AN INVITATION.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
 Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,

Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is hold-
 Come—and secure interminable rest! [ing,

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
 Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
 Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;
 Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever,
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
 Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throw-
 Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky; [ing

Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
 Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
 O, touch the sceptre!—win a hope in Heaven:
 Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;—
 And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal:
 Home of the weary!—where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing,
 Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this!

THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.*

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
 Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done,
 Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
 With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
 To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
 No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallow'd spot, where Nature showers
 Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,
 Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
 Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
 Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
 Shall teach the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds
 Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
 On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
 While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
 And landscapes blooming—that the loved must die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene;
 Soon rainbow colours on the woods will fall,
 And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
 As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
 Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand.
 While the chain'd streams are silent as the ground,
 As Death had numb'd them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,
 Like struggling daybeams o'er a blasted heath,
 The bird return'd shall poise her golden wing,
 And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
 The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise,
 And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
 Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
 Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
 Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—
 And, fill'd with rapture, hails the "better land!"

* Near the city of Philadelphia.

A CONTRAST.

It was the morning of a day in spring;
 The sun look'd gladness from the eastern sky;
 Birds were upon the trees and on the wing,
 And all the air was rich with melody; [high;
 The heaven—the calm, pure heaven, was bright on
 Earth laugh'd beneath in all its freshening green,
 The free blue streams sang as they wandered by,
 And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
 Gleam'd out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled
 years between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came,
 Oft as its whisperings the young branches stirr'd,
 And flowers for which the poet hath no name;
 While, mid the blossoms of the grove, were heard
 The restless murmurs of the humming-bird;
 Waters were dancing in the mellow light;
 And joyous notes and many a cheerful word
 Stole on the charmed ear with such delight
 As waits on soft, sweet tones of music heard at night.

The night-dews lay in the half-open'd flower,
 Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast;
 And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
 Awoke the pure lake from its glassy rest:
 Slow blending with the blue and distant west,
 Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
 Of amber-clouds, like islands of the blest—
 Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
 And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the valleys far and wide,
 And on the green slopes and the mountains high:
 While, from the springing flowers on every side,
 Upon his painted wings, the butterfly
 Roam'd, a gay blossom of the sunny sky;
 The visible smile of joy was on the scene;
 'T was a bright vision, but too soon to die!
 Spring may not linger in her robes of green—
 Autumn, in storm and shade shall quench the summer sheen.

I came again. 'T was Autumn's stormy hour:
 The voice of winds was in the faded wood;
 The sere leaves, rustling in deserted bower,
 Were hurl'd in eddies to the moaning flood:
 Dark clouds were in the west—and red as blood,
 The sun shone through the hazy atmosphere;
 While torrent voices broke the solitude,
 Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
 I mark'd the deepening gloom which shrouds the
 dying year.

The ruffled lake heaved wildly; near the shore
 It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree,
 Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar,
 Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea!
 Pale autumn leaves! once to the breezes free
 They waved in spring and summer's golden prime;
 Now, even as clouds or dew how fast they flee;
 Weak, changing like the flowers in autumn's clime,
 As man sinks down in death, chill'd by the touch
 of time!

I mark'd the picture—'t was the changeful scene
 Which life holds up to the observant eye:

Its spring, and summer, and its bowers of green,
 The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
 And the dark clouds of death, which linger by;
 For oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
 Shall early sorrow breathe the unbidden sigh,
 While age to death moves peacefully along,
 As on the singer's lip expires the finish'd song.

THE FADED ONE.

GONE to the slumber which may know no waking
 Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell;
 Gone! where no sound thy still repose is breaking,
 In a lone mansion through long years to dwell;
 Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom
 Pour not their music nor their fragrant breath:
 A seal is set upon thy budding bosom,
 A bond of loneliness—a spell of death!

Yet 't was but yesterday that all before thee
 Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours;
 Joy's radiant smile was playing briefly o'er thee,
 And thy light feet impress'd but vernal flowers.
 The restless spirit charm'd thy sweet existence,
 Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
 While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,
 And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

How have the garlands of thy childhood wither'd,
 And hope's false anthem died upon the air!
 Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gather'd,
 And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.
 On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,
 Youth's braided wreath lies stain'd in sprinkled
 Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven, [dust,
 Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and
 trust.

A REMEMBRANCE.

I SEE thee still! thou art not dead,
 Though dust is mingling with thy form;
 The broken sunbeam hath not shed
 The final rainbow on the storm:
 In visions of the midnight deep,
 Thine accents through my bosom thrill,
 Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep,—
 For, wrapt in thought I see thee still!

I see thee still,—that cheek of rose,—
 Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,
 That forehead in serene repose,—
 Those soul-lit eyes—I see them yet!
 Sweet seraph! Sure thou art not dead,—
 Thou gracest still this earthly sphere,
 An influence still is round me shed,
 Like thine,—and yet thou art not here!

Farewell, beloved! To mortal sight,
 Thy vermeil cheek no more may bloom;
 No more thy smiles inspire delight,
 For thou art garner'd in the tomb.
 Rich harvest for that ruthless power
 Which hath no bound to mar his will:—
 Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,
 Throned in my heart, I see thee still.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

[Born, 1810.]

MR. GALLAGHER, I believe, is a native of Ohio. He now resides in Cincinnati, where he conducts a daily gazette. He has been engaged in literary pursuits from early life, and has edited, in succession, "The Cincinnati Mirror," "The Western

Literary Journal," "The Hesperian," and other popular miscellanies. His first volume of poems appeared in 1835, and he has since published "Erato," in three volumes. The last-mentioned work embraces nearly all his metrical compositions.

TO THE WEST.

Land of the West!—green forest-land!
 Clime of the fair, and the immense!
 Favourite of Nature's liberal hand,
 And child of her munificence!
 Fill'd with a rapture warm, intense,
 High on a cloud-girt hill I stand;
 And with clear vision gazing thence,
 Thy glories round me far expand:
 Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,
 And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,—
 Whose shores the countless wild herds dot,
 Fleet as the winds, and all as free;
 Mountains that pierce the bending sky,
 And with the storm-cloud warfare wage:
 Shooting their glittering peaks on high,
 To mock the fierce, red lightning's rage;
 Arcadian vales, with vine-hung bowers,
 And grassy nooks, 'neath beechen shade,
 Where dance the never-resting Hours,
 To music of the bright cascade;
 Skies softly beautiful, and blue
 As Italy's, with stars as bright;
 Flowers rich as morning's sunrise hue,
 And gorgeous as the gemm'd midnight.
 Land of the West! green forest-land!
 Thus hath Creation's bounteous hand
 Upon thine ample bosom flung
 Charms such as were her gift when the gray world
 was young!

Land of the West!—where naught is old
 Or fading, but tradition hoary,—
 Thy yet unwritten annals hold
 Of many a daring deed the story!
 Man's might of arm hath here been tried,
 And woman's glorious strength of soul,—
 When war's fierce shout rang far and wide,
 When vengeful foes at midnight stole
 On slumbering innocence, and gave
 Nor onset-shout, nor warning word,
 Nor nature's strong appealings heard
 From woman's lips, to "spare and save
 Her unsuspecting little one,
 Her only child—her son!"
 Unheard the supplicating tone,
 Which ends in now a shriek, and now a deep
 death-groan!

Land of the West!—green forest-land!
 Thine early day for deeds is famed
 Which in historic page shall stand
 Till bravery is no longer named.
 Thine early day!—it nursed a band
 Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:
 The iron-nerved, the bravely good,
 Who neither spared nor lavish'd blood—
 Aye ready, morn, or night, or noon;
 Fleet in the race, firm in the field,
 Their sinewy arms their only shield—
 Courage to Death alone to yield;
 The men of DANIEL BOON!
 Their dwelling-place—the "good green-wood;"
 Their favourite haunts—the long arcade,
 The murmuring and majestic flood,
 The deep and solemn shade:
 Where to them came the word of Gon,
 When storm and darkness were abroad,
 Breathed in the thunder's voice aloud,
 And writ in lightning on the cloud.
 And thus they lived: the dead leaves oft,
 Heap'd by the playful winds, their bed;
 Nor wish'd they couch more warm or soft
 Nor pillow for the head,
 Other than fitting root, or stone,
 With the scant wood-moss overgrown.
 Heroic band! But they have pass'd,
 As pass the stars at rise of sun:
 Melting into the ocean vast
 Of Time, and sinking, one by one;
 Yet lingering here and there a few,
 As if to take a last, long view
 Of the domain they won in strife
 With foes who battled to the knife.
 Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!
 All honour to the few that yet do linger with us!

Land of the West!—thine early prime
 Fades in the flight of hurrying Time;
 Thy noble forests fall, as sweep
 Europa's myriads o'er the deep;
 And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,
 Receive the onward-pressing swarm:
 On mountain-height, in lowly vale,
 By quiet lake, or gliding river,—
 Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,
 Onward sweep they, and forever.
 O, may they come with hearts that ne'er
 Can bend a tyrant's chain to wear;

With souls that would indignant turn,
And proud oppression's minions spurn;
With nerves of steel, and words of flame,
To strike and sear the wretch who'd bring our
land to shame!

Land of the West!—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.
From Alleghany's base, to where
Our Western Andes prop the sky—
The home of Freedom's hearts is there,
And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.
And here,—should e'er Columbia's land
Be rent with fierce intestine feud;
Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,
Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,
And quench'd are all the stars that now her ban-
ners stud!

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late-brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Look'd on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long midday,
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees;
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clammers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.
Beneath them far, yet high
In the dim, distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Shelter'd by jutting rocks:

The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blister'd root,
And droop the thirsting flowers,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot:
But of each tall, old tree, the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain,
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge:
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammel'd, in that "better land."

SPRING VERSES.

How with the song of every bird,
And with the scent of every flower,
Some recollection dear is stir'd
Of many a long-departed hour,
Whose course, though shrouded now in night,
Was traced in lines of golden light!

I know not if, when years have cast
Their shadows on life's early dreams,
'Tis wise to touch the hope that's past,
And re-illumine its fading beams:
But, though the future hath its star,
That olden hope is dearer far.

Of all the present, much is bright;
And in the coming years, I see
A brilliant and a cheering light,
Which burns before me constantly;
Guiding my steps, through haze and gloom,
To where Fame's turrets proudly loom.

Yet coldly shines it on my brow;
And in my breast it wakes to life
None of the holy feelings now,
With which my boyhood's heart was rife:
It cannot touch that secret spring
Which erst made life so bless'd a thing.

Give me, then give me birds and flowers,
Which are the voice and breath of Spring!
For those the songs of life's young hours
With thrilling touch recall and sing:
And these, with their sweet breath, impart
Old tales, whose memory warms the heart.

MAY.

Would that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May!
 Made of sun-gleams, shade, and showers,
 Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
 Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
 Violet-slipper'd, rainbow-crested;
 Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye!

Out beneath thy morning sky
 Dian's bow still hangs on high;
 And in the blue depths afar
 Glimmers, here and there, a star.

Diamonds robe the bending grass,
 Glistening, early flowers among—
 Monad's world, and fairy's glass,—
 Bathing-fount for wandering sprite—

By mysterious fingers hung,
 In the lone and quiet night.
 Now the freshening breezes pass—
 Gathering, as they steal along,
 Rich perfume, and matin-song;
 And quickly to destruction hur'l'd
 Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-drop
 Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now [world.
 Black upon the mountain's brow,
 Threatening the green earth with storm;
 See! it heaves its giant form,
 And, ever changing shape and hue,
 Each time presenting something new,
 Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
 Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in the
 Brightening, as it onward goes, [day;
 Until its very centre glows
 With the warm, cheering light, the coming sun
 As the passing Christian's soul, [bestows:
 Nearing the celestial goal,
 Brighter and brighter grows, till God illumines the
 whole.

Out beneath thy noontide sky,
 On a shady slope I lie,

Giving fancy ample play;
 And there's not more blest than I,

One of ADAM's race to-day.
 Out beneath thy noontide sky!
 Earth, how beautiful! how clear
 Of cloud or mist the atmosphere!
 What a glory greets the eye!

What a calm, or quiet stir,
 Steals o'er Nature's worshipper—
 Silent, yet so eloquent,
 That we feel 'tis heaven-sent!

Waking thoughts, that long have slumber'd,
 Passion-dimn'd and earth-encumber'd—
 Bearing soul and sense away,
 To revel in the perfect day
 Which 'waits us, when we shall for aye [clay!
 Discard this darksome dust—this prison-house of

Out beneath thy evening sky,
 Not a breeze that wanders by

But hath swept the green earth's bosom;
 Riffing the rich grape-vine blossom,
 Dallying with the simplest flower
 In mossy nook and rosy bower;
 To the perfumed green-house straying,
 And with rich exotics playing;
 Then, unsated, sweeping over
 Banks of thyme, and fields of clover!
 Out beneath thy evening sky,
 Groups of children caper by,
 Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
 With joyous laugh, and shout, and song.
 Flashing eye, and radiant cheek,
 Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak.
 They are in life's May-month hours,
 And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but
 life's flowers!

Would that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May!
 Made of sun-gleams, shade, and showers,
 Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
 Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
 Violet-slipper'd, rainbow-crested;
 Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye!

OUR EARLY DAYS.

Our early days!—How often back
 We turn on life's bewildering track,
 To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
 The sunlight of our early days!

A boy—my truant steps were seen
 Where streams were bright, and meadows green;
 Where flowers, in beauty and perfume,
 Breathed ever of the Eden-bloom;
 And birds, abroad in the free wind,
 Sang, as they left the earth behind
 And wing'd their joyous way above,
 Of Eden-peace, and Eden-love.
 That life was of the soul, as well
 As of the outward visible;
 And now, its streams are dry; and sere
 And brown its meadows all appear;
 Gone are its flowers; its bird's glad voice
 But seldom bids my heart rejoice;
 And, like the mist as comes the day,
 Its Eden-glories roll away.

A youth—the mountain-torrent made
 The music which my soul obey'd.
 To shun the crowded ways of men,
 And seek the old tradition'd glen,
 Where, through the dim, uncertain light,
 Moved many an ever-changing sprite,
 Alone the splinter'd crag to dare,
 While trooping shadows fill'd the air,
 And quicken'd fancy many a form
 Traced vaguely in the gathering storm,
 To tread the forest's lone arcades,
 And dream of Sherwood's peopled shades,

And Windsor's haunted "alleys green"
 "Dingle" and "bosky bourn" between,
 Till burst upon my raptured glance
 The whole wide realm of Old Romance:
 Such was the life I lived—a youth!
 But vanish'd, at the touch of Truth,
 And never to be known agen,
 Is all that made my being then.

A man—the thirst for fame was mine,
 And bow'd me at Ambition's shrine,
 Among the votaries who have given
 Time, health, hope, peace—and madly striven,
 Ay, madly! for that which, when found,
 Is oftenest but an empty sound.
 And I have worshipp'd!—even yet
 Mine eye is on the idol set;
 But it hath found so much to be
 But hollowness and mockery,
 That from its worship oft it turns
 To where a light intenser burns,
 Before whose radiance, pure and warm,
 Ambition's star must cease to charm.

Our early days!—They haunt us ever—
 Bright star-gleams on life's silent river,
 Which pierce the shadows, deep and dun,
 That bar e'en manhood's noonday sun.

THE LABOURER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form,
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?
 A soul as dauntless mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the great plan
 That with Creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect,
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 Forever, till thus check'd;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
 Thy labour and thy life accursed.
 O, stand erect! and from them burst!
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
 The great!—what better they than thou?
 As theirs, is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favours thee
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
 Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
 And water, may despise the lust
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then: that thy little span
 Of life may be well trod!

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our forest-land!
 Stout-hearted dames were they;
 With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
 And join the border-fray.
 Our rough land had no braver,
 In its days of blood and strife—
 Aye ready for severest toil,
 Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land!
 On old Kentucky's soil
 How shared they, with each dauntless band,
 War's tempest and life's toil!
 They shrank not from the foeman—
 They quail'd not in the fight—
 But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
 And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land!
 Their bosoms pillow'd men!
 And proud were they by such to stand,
 In hammock, fort, or glen,
 To load the sure, old rifle—
 To run the leaden ball—
 To watch a battling husband's place,
 And fill it, should he fall:

The mothers of our forest-land!
 Such were their daily deeds.
 Their monument!—where does it stand?
 Their epitaph!—who reads?
 No braver dames had Sparta,
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who or lauds or honours them,
 E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our forest-land!
 They sleep in unknown graves:
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,
 They had not been more neglected!
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

[Born about 1810.]

MR. CLARKE is a native of Boston. He is a grandson of the Reverend JAMES FREEMAN, D. D., for many years minister of King's Chapel, in that city, and was from his childhood designed for the church. He was educated in the university and in the divinity-school at Cambridge, and on being

admitted to orders, went to Louisville, Kentucky, where he resided several years, and conducted with much ability a monthly miscellany of religion and letters, entitled "The Western Messenger." In 1840 he returned to Boston, and he is now pastor of a church in that city.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer-sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen—yet not unfelt—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O LORD, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propp'd by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warm'd,—they drink my
branches' dew:

Let them not, LORD, by me be Upas-shaded;
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was press'd.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,
Pour'd out his soul in supplication warm,
Look'd with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be seal'd!
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean:
O, speak the word—thy servant shall be heal'd.

THE POET.

He touch'd the earth, a soul of flame,
His bearing proud, his spirit high;
Fill'd with the heavens from whence he came,
He smiled upon man's destiny.

Yet smiled as one who knows no fear,
And felt a secret strength within,
Who wonder'd at the pitying tear
Shed over human loss and sin.

Lit by an inward, brighter light
Than aught that round about him shone,
He walk'd erect through shades of night;
Clear was his pathway—but how lone!

Men gaze in wonder and in awe
Upon a form so like to theirs,
Worship the presence, yet withdraw
And carry elsewhere warmer prayers.

Yet when the glorious pilgrim-guest,
Forgetting once his strange estate,
Unloosed the lyre from off his breast,
And strung its chords to human fate;

And, gayly snatching some rude air,
Caroll'd by idle, passing tongue,
Gave back the notes that linger'd there,
And in Heaven's tones earth's low lay sung;

Then warmly grasp'd the hand that sought
To thank him with a brother's soul,
And when the generous wine was brought,
Shared in the feast and quaff'd the bowl;

Men laid their hearts low at his feet,
And sunn'd their being in his light,
Press'd on his way his steps to greet,
And in his love forgot his might.

And when, a wanderer long on earth,
On him its shadow also fell,
And dimm'd the lustre of a birth
Whose day-spring was from Heaven's own well;

They cherish'd e'en the tears he shed,
Their woes were hallow'd by his wo,
Humanity, half cold and dead,
Had been revived in genius' glow.

JACOB'S WELL.*

Here, after JACOB parted from his brother,
 His daughters linger'd round this well, new-made;
 Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
 And talk'd with JESUS, wondering and afraid.
 Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
 Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
 Here, mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
 The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And JACOB's race grew strong for many an hour,
 Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
 The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
 Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
 But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
 Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
 And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
 Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth, first utter'd here,
 Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
 A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
 Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;
 The hour for Gon's true worshippers draws near;
 Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:
 Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
 Nature moves on unchanged—*Truths* never pass
 away.

THE VIOLET.†

When April's warmth unlocks the clod,
 Soften'd by gentle showers,
 The violet pierces through the sod,
 And blossoms, first of flowers;
 So may I give my heart to Gon
 In childhood's early hours.

Some plants, in gardens only found,
 Are raised with pains and care:
 Gon scatters *violets* all around,
They blossom everywhere;
 Thus may my love to *all* abound,
 And all my fragrance share.

Some scentless flowers stand straight and high,
 With pride and haughtiness:
 But *violets* perfume land and sky,
 Although they promise less.
 Let me, with all humility,
 Do more than I profess.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me
 Of blameless joy and mirth,
 Of widely-scatter'd sympathy,
 Embracing all Gon's earth—
 Of early-blooming piety,
 And unpretending worth.

* Suggested by a sketch of Jacob's Well, and Mount Gerizim.

† Written for a little girl to speak on May-day, in the character of the Violet.

TO A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

LITTLE firstlings of the year!
 Have you come my room to cheer!
 You are dry and parch'd, I think;
 Stand within this glass and drink;
 Stand beside me on the table,
 'Mong my books—if I am able,
 I will find a vacant space
 For your bashfulness and grace;
 Learned tasks and serious duty
 Shall be lighten'd by your beauty.
 Pure affection's sweetest token,
 Choicest hint of love unspoken,
 Friendship in your help rejoices,
 Uttering her mysterious voices.
 You are gifts the poor may offer—
 Wealth can find no better proffer:
 For you tell of tastes refined,
 Thoughtful heart and spirit kind.
 Gift of gold or jewel-dresses
 Ostentatious thought confesses;
 Simplest mind this boon may give,
 Modesty herself receive.
 For lovely woman you were meant
 The just and natural ornament,
 Sleeping on her bosom fair,
 Hiding in her raven hair,
 Or, peeping out mid golden curls,
 You outshine barbaric pearls;
 Yet you lead no thought astray,
 Feed not pride nor vain display,
 Nor disturb her sisters' rest,
 Waking envy in their breast.
 Let the rich, with heart elate,
 Pile their board with costly plate;
 Richer ornaments are ours,
 We will dress our homes with flowers;
 Yet no terror need we feel
 Lest the thief break through to steal.
 Ye are playthings for the child,
 Gifts of love for maiden mild,
 Comfort for the aged eye,
 For the poor, cheap luxury.
 Though your life is but a day,
 Precious things, dear flowers, you say,
 Telling that the Being good
 Who supplies our daily food,
 Deems it needful to supply
 Daily food for heart and eye.
 So, though your life is but a day,
 We grieve not at your swift decay;
 He, who smiles in your bright faces,
 Sends us more to take your places;
 'Tis for this ye fade so soon,
 That He may renew the boon;
 That kindness often may repeat
 These mute messages so sweet:
 That Love to plainer speech may get,
 Conning oft his alphabet;
 That beauty may be rain'd from heaven,
 New with every morn and even,
 With freshest fragrance sunrise greeting:
 Therefore are ye, flowers, so fleeting.

ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

[Born about 1810.]

THE maiden name of Mrs. ELLETT was LUMMIS. She was born at Sodus, a small town on the margin of the lake Ontario, where her father was for many years a respectable physician. When about seventeen years of age, she was married to Doctor WILLIAM H. ELLETT, then Professor of Chymistry in Columbia College, in the city of New York, and now one of the professors in the college at Columbia, in South Carolina. Within a few years after her marriage she made herself familiar with the languages and literature of Germany, Italy, and France; and she has since published many admirable translations from SCHILLER, ALFIERI, LAMARTINE, and others; and a number of judicious and interesting papers in the

"American Quarterly Review," and other periodicals, on foreign authors and their works, and the condition and prospects of foreign literature.

She began to write for the magazines in 1833, and in the following year appeared her translation of "Euphemia of Messina," by SILVIO PELLICO. In the spring of 1835, her tragedy, entitled "Teresa Contarina," was successfully performed at the Park Theatre, in New York; and in the succeeding autumn she published at Philadelphia her "Poems, Translated and Original." Since that time she has written much and well for various literary miscellanies, and has published "Joanna of Sicily," and two or three other works, which have been deservedly popular.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

OUR western land can boast no lovelier spot. The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand, Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast A curtain'd fringe depends, of golden mist, Touch'd by the slanting sunbeams; while below The silent river, with majestic sweep, Pursues his shadow'd way,—his glassy face Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing. Talk ye of solitude?—It is not here. Nor silence.—Low, deep murmurs are abroad. Those towering hills hold converse with the sky That smiles upon their summits;—and the wind Which stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life, And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf, Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright, And nod to greet his coming!—And the brook, That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down From the hill-side, has, too, a tale to tell; The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;— And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path, Send forth their perfume as an added gift. The river utters, too, a solemn voice, And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone, When not a sound was heard along his shores, Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek Of some expiring captive,—and no bark E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves Are vocal often with the hunter's song;— Now visit, in their glad and onward course, The abodes of happy men—gardens and fields— And cultured plains—still bearing, as they pass, Fertility renew'd and fresh delights. The time has been,—so Indian legends say,— When here the mighty Delaware pour'd not

His ancient waters through, but turn'd aside Through yonder dell, and wash'd those shaded vales. Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill, Which smiled in the warm sunbeams, and display'd The wealth of summer on its graceful slope. Thither the hunter-chieftains oft repair'd To light their council-fires; while its dim height, Forever veiled in mist, no mortal dared, 'Tis said, to scale; save one white-hair'd old man, Who there held commune with the Indian's Gon, And thence brought down to men his high commands.

Years pass'd away: the gifted seer had lived Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit. New tribes had fill'd the land, of fiercer mien, Who strove against each other. Blood and death Fill'd those green shades, where all before was peace, And the stern warrior scalp'd his dying captive E'en on the precincts of that holy spot [mourn'd Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who The unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest Again to seek the consecrated height, Succour from Heaven, and mercy to implore. They watch'd him from afar. He labour'd slowly High up the steep ascent, and vanish'd soon Behind the folded clouds, which cluster'd dark As the last hues of sunset pass'd away. The night fell heavily; and soon were heard Low tones of thunder from the mountain-top, Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills In deep and solemn peal; while lurid flashes Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom. Then, wilder and more loud, a fearful crash Burst on the startled ear; the earth, convulsed, Groan'd from its solid centre; forests shook For leagues around; and, by the sudden gleam Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot, A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent

From top to base; and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms, yawn'd a frightful
chasm,

Fill'd with unnatural darkness. From afar
The distant roar of waters then was heard;
They came, with gathering sweep, o'erwhelming all
That check'd their headlong course; the rich
maize-field,

The low-roof'd hut, its sleeping inmates—all
Were swept in speedy, undistinguish'd ruin
Morn look'd upon the desolated scene
Of the Great Spirit's anger, and beheld
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks;
And men look'd on in silence and in fear,
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
Or the war-whoop was heard. Thus years went on:
Each trace of desolation vanish'd fast;
Those bare and blacken'd cliffs were overspread
With fresh, green foliage, and the swelling earth
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.
The river pass'd majestically on
Through his new channel; verdure graced his banks;
The wild bird murmur'd sweetly as before
In its beloved woods; and naught remain'd,
Save the wild tales which chieftains told,
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

SUSQUEHANNA.

SOFTLY the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. O! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide, solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath pass'd,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnish'd summits in the clear, blue heaven,
Flooded with splendour, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight.—Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell,
In music never silent, of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswer'd, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of summer stir their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from their boughs their covering.

All the air
Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward; and the play of dashing streams

From the green mountain-side is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast
With graceful sweep, or, startled, soars away,
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear, bright air.
O! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where Beauty hath a birthright—where each
mound

And mouldering ruin tells of ages past—
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories,
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure? Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream! without thy records—graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wintry storm,
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by:
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy
waves,

When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
Those pass'd away—forgotten as they pass'd;
But holier recollections dwell with thee:
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallow'd it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world—
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,
And hymn'd their requiem.

Far beyond this vale,
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend—and the glad voice
Of industry is heard. So in the lapse
Of future years these ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe—and man's abodes
Displace their sylvan honours. They will pass
In turn away; yet, heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

LAKE ONTARIO.

DEEP thoughts o'ershade my spirit while I gaze
Upon the blue depths of thy mighty breast;
Thy glassy face is bright with sunset rays,
And thy far-stretching waters are at rest,
Save the small wave that on thy margin plays,
Lifting to summer airs its flashing crest;
While the fleet hues across thy surface driven,
Mingle afar in the embrace of heaven.
Thy smile is glorious when the morning's spring
Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;
When the dusk swallow dips his drooping wing,
And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom sweep
Tribute from dewy woods and violets bring,
Thy restless billows in their gifts to steep.
Thou'rt beautiful when evening moonbeams shine,
And the soft hour of night and stars is thine.

Thou hast thy tempests, too; the lightning's home
Is near thee, though unseen; thy peaceful shore,
When storms have lash'd these waters into foam,
Echoes full oft the pealing thunder's roar.

Thou hast dark trophies: the unhonour'd tomb
Of those now sought and wept on earth no more:
Full many a goodly form, the loved and brave,
Lies whelm'd and still beneath thy sullen wave.

The world was young with thee: this swelling flood
As proudly swell'd, as purely met the sky,
When sound of life roused not the ancient wood,
Save the wild eagle's scream, or panther's cry.
Here on this verdant bank the savage stood,
And shook his dart and battle-axe on high,
While hues of slaughter tinged thy billows blue,
As deeper and more close the conflict grew.

Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song
Was heard from wooded isle and grassy glade;
And here, at eve, these cluster'd bowers among,
The low, sweet carol of the Indian maid,
Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows long,
That kept her lingering lover from the shade,
While, scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,
Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore.

Those scenes are past. The spirit of changing years
Has breathed on all around, save thee alone.
More faintly the receding woodland hears
Thy voice, once full and joyous as its own.
Nations have gone from earth, nor trace appears
To tell their tale—forgotten or unknown.
Yet here, unchanged, untamed, thy waters lie,
Azure, and clear, and boundless as the sky.

SODUS BAY.

I BLESS thee—native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'Tis like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear!
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of evening play.
Thy whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallow'd here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around.
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearn'd
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest!
Even as the swan return'd,
Stoops to repose upon thine azure breast,
I greet each welcome spot
Forsaken long—but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot!

'T was here that memory grew— [left;
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were
Its early freshness, too—

Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft.
Where are they?—o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderer back!

They must be with thee still!
Thou art unchanged—as bright the sunbeams play—
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatch'd away.
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed thing so late resigned to thee!

Give back, O, smiling deep!
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
That in thy bosom sleep—
Life's April-innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanish'd all?—
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh—
Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer!

Home of sweet thoughts—farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,
A deep and hallow'd spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me!
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves!

TO A WATERFALL.

WILD is your airy sweep,
Billows that foam from yonder mountain-side—
Dashing with whiten'd crests and thundering tide
To seek the distant deep!

Now to the verge ye climb,
Now rush to plunge with emulous haste below;
Sounding your stormy chorus as ye go—
A never-ending chime!

Leaping from rock to rock,
Unwearied your eternal course ye hold;
The rainbow tints your eddying waves unfold,
The hues of sunset mock!

Why choose this pathway rude,
These cliffs by gray and ancient woods o'ergrown?
Why pour your music to the echoes lone
Of this wild solitude?

The mead in green array,
With silent beauty woos your loved embrace;
Would lead you through soft banks, with devious
Along a gentler way. [grace,

There, as ye onward roam,
Fresh leaves would bend to greet your waters bright:
Why scorn the charms that vainly court your sight,
Amid these wilds to foam!

Alas! our fate is one—
Both ruled by wayward fancy!—All in vain
I question both! My thoughts still spurn the chain—
Ye—heedless—thunder on!

TO THE CONDOR.

Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring;—

Nor on earth's silent breast—

Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky—
Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursing of the tempest! where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?

In what far clime of night

Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone—
While round thee swells of life no kindred tone—
Suspend thy tireless flight?

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there;—

Yet 'tis thy sport to soar

Far o'er its frowning summit—and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.

The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has mark'd;—thy glorious path of light on high
Is trackless and unknown;

The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.

Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee!—

Beyond the bolt—beyond the lightning's gleam,
Basking forever in the unclouded beam—
Thy home—immensity!

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where Heaven's own glories
And scorn the tempter's power; [shine,
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings;
Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings—
Those pageants of an hour!

THE ISLE OF REST.

Some of the islands where the fancied paradise of the
Indians was situated, were believed to be in Lake Su-
perior.

THAT blessed isle lies far away—

'Tis many a weary league from land,

Where billows in their golden play

Dash on its sparkling sand.

No tempest's wrath, or stormy waters' roar,
Disturb the echoes of that peaceful shore.

There the light breezes lie at rest,

Soft pillow'd on the glassy deep;

Pale cliffs look on the waters' breast,

And watch their silent sleep:

There the wild swan, with plumed and glossy wing,
Sits lone and still beside the bubbling spring,

And far within, in murmurs heard,

Comes, with the wind's low whispers there,

The music of the mounting bird,

Skimming the clear, bright air.

The sportive brook, with free and silvery tide,
Comes wildly dancing from the green hill-side.

The sun there sheds his noontide beam

On oak-crown'd hill and leafy bowers;

And gayly by the shaded stream

Spring forth the forest-flowers.

The fountain flings aloft its showery spray,

With rainbows deck'd, that mock the hues of day.

And when the dewy morning breaks,

A thousand tones of rapture swell;

A thrill of life and motion wakes

Through hill, and plain, and dell.

The wild bird trills his song—and from the wood

The red deer bounds to drink beside the flood.

There, where the sun sets on the sea,

And gilds the forest's waving crown,

Strains of immortal harmony

To those sweet shades come down.

Bright and mysterious forms that green shore throng,

And pour in evening's ear their charmed song.

E'en on this cold and cheerless shore,

While all is dark and quiet near,

The huntsman, when his toils are o'er,

That melody may hear,

And see, faint gleaming o'er the waters' foam,

The glories of that isle, his future home.

THE VANITY OF THE VULGAR GREAT.

STAT, thou ambitious rill,

Ignoble offering of some fount impure!

Beneath the rugged hill,

Gloomy with shade, thou hadst thy birth obscure;

With faint steps issuing slow,

In scanty waves among the rocks to flow.

Fling not abroad thy spray,

Nor fiercely lash the green turf at thy side!

What though indulgent May

With liquid snows hath swollen thy foaming tide!

August will follow soon,

To still thy boastings with his scorching noon.

Lo! calmly through the vale

The Po, the king of rivers, sweeps along;

Yet many a mighty sail

Bears on his breast—proud vessels, swift and strong;

Nor from the meadow's side

'Neath summer's sun recedes his lessen'd tide.

Thou, threatening all around,

Dost foam and roar along thy troubled path;

In grandeur newly found,

Stunning the gazer with thy noisy wrath!

Yet, foolish stream! not one

Of all thy boasted glories is thine own.

The smile of yonder sky

Is brief, and change the fleeting seasons know:

On barren sands and dry,

Soon to their death thy brawling waves shall flow.

O'er thee, in summer's heat,

Shall pass the traveller with unmoisten'd feet.

A PARALLEL.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
 Their foaming crests upheave,
 Lightly receding from the land,
 Seem not a trace to leave.
 Those billows, in their ceaseless play,
 Have worn the solid rocks away.
 The summer winds, which wandering sigh
 Amid the forest bower,
 So gently as they murmur by,
 Scarce lift the drooping flower.
 Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
 Spring's wither'd beauties to the tomb.
 Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
 Their impress leave behind;
 And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
 The blighting traces find.
 Till alter'd thoughts and hearts grown cold
 The change of passing years unfold.

LAKE GEORGE.

Nor in the banner'd castle,
 Beside the gilded throne,
 On fields where knightly ranks have strode,
 In feudal halls—alone
 The spirit of the stately mien,
 Whose presence flings a spell
 Fadeless on all around her,
 In empires loves to dwell.
 Gray piles and moss-grown cloisters
 Call up the shadows vast
 That linger in their dim domain,
 Dreams of the vision'd past!
 As sweep the gorgeous pageants by,
 We watch the pictured train,
 And sigh that aught so glorious
 Should be so brief and vain.
 But here a spell yet deeper
 Breathes from the woods and sky,
 Proudlie these rocks and waters speak
 Of hoar antiquity;
 Here nature built her ancient realm
 While yet the world was young,
 Her monuments of grandeur
 Unshaken stand, and strong.
 Here shines the sun of Freedom
 Forever o'er the deep,
 Where Freedom's heroes by the shore
 In peaceful glory sleep;
 And deeds of high and proud emprise
 In every breeze are told,
 The everlasting tribute
 To hearts that now are cold.
 Farewell, then, scenes so lovely!
 If sunset gild your rest,
 Or the pale starlight gleam upon
 The water's silvery breast—
 Or morning on these glad, green isles
 In trembling splendour glows—
 A holier spell than beauty
 Hallows your pure repose!

TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,
 Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?
 Attendant on the pale moon's light,
 Why shun the garish blaze of day?
 When darkness fills the dewy air,
 Nor sounds the song of happier bird,
 Alone, amid the silence, there
 Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.
 Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
 Pour'd in no living comrade's ear,
 The forest's shaded depths alone
 Thy mournful melody can hear.
 Beside what still and secret spring,
 In what dark wood, the livelong day,
 Sitt'st thou, with dusk and folded wing,
 To while the hours of light away?
 Sad minstrel! thou hast learn'd, like me,
 That life's deceitful gleam is vain;
 And well the lesson profits thee,
 Who will not trust its charm again.
 Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill
 To listening night, when mirth is o'er;
 I, heedless of the warning, still
 Believe, to be deceived once more.

SONG.

Come, fill a pledge to sorrow,
 The song of mirth is o'er,
 And if there's sunshine in our hearts,
 'Twill light our theme the more.
 And pledge we dull life's changes,
 As round the swift hours pass—
 Too kind were fate, if none but gems
 Should sparkle in Time's glass.
 The dregs and foam together
 Unite to crown the cup—
 And well we know the weal and wo
 That fill life's chalice up!
 Life's sickly revellers perish,
 The goblet scarcely drain'd;
 Then lightly quaff, nor lose the sweets
 Which may not be retain'd.
 What reck we that unequal
 Its varying currents swell—
 The tide that bears our pleasures down,
 Buries our griefs as well.
 And if the swift-wing'd tempest
 Have cross'd our changeful day,
 The wind that toss'd our bark has swept
 Full many a cloud away!
 Then grieve not that naught mortal
 Endures through passing years—
 Did life one changeless tenor keep,
 'Twere cause, indeed, for tears.
 And fill we, ere our parting,
 A mantling pledge to sorrow;
 The pang that wrings the heart to-day
 Time's touch will heal to-morrow!

JAMES ALDRICH.

[Born, 1810.]

JAMES ALDRICH was born near the Hudson, in the county of Suffolk, on the tenth of July, 1810. He received his education partly in Orange county, and partly in the city of New York, where, early in life, he became actively engaged in mercantile business. In 1836 he was married to MATILDA,

daughter of Mr. JOHN B. LYON, of Newport, Rhode Island, and in the same year relinquished the occupation of a merchant. He has since devoted his attention entirely to literature; and has edited two or three popular periodicals. He resides in New York.

MORN AT SEA.

CLEARLY, with mental eye,
Where the first slanted ray of sunlight springs,
I see the morn with golden-fringed wings
Up-pointed to the sky.

In youth's divinest glow,
She stands upon a wandering cloud of dew,
Whose skirts are sun-illumed with every hue
Worn by God's covenant bow!

The child of light and air!
O'er land or wave, where'er her pinions move,
The shapes of earth are clothed in hues of love
And truth, divinely fair.

Athwart this wide abyss,
On homeward way impatiently I drift;
O, might she bear me now where sweet flowers lift
Their eyelids to her kiss!

Her smile hath overspread
The heaven-reflecting sea, that evermore
Is tolling solemn knells from shore to shore
For its uncoffin'd dead.

Most like an angel-friend,
With noiseless footsteps, which no impress leave,
She comes in gentleness to those who grieve,
Bidding the long night end.

How joyfully will hail,
With reënliven'd hearts, her presence fair,
The hapless shipwreck'd, patient in despair,
Watching a far-off sail.

Vain all affection's arts
To cheer the sick man through the night have been:
She to his casement goes, and, looking in,
Death's shadow thence departs.

How many, far from home,
Wearied, like me, beneath unfriendly skies,
And mourning o'er affection's broken ties,
Have pray'd for her to come.

Lone voyager on time's sea!
When my dull night of being shall be past,
O, may I waken to a morn, at last,
Welcome as this to me!

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate,
And walk'd in Paradise!

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

IN beauty lingers on the hills
The death-smile of the dying day;
And twilight in my heart instils
The softness of its rosy ray.
I watch the river's peaceful flow,
Here, standing by my mother's grave,
And feel my dreams of glory go,
Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

Gon gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us—then we feel
That angels have been with us here!
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;
And when the grave has closed between
Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain!

Would, mother! thou couldst hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies loved too well,
Hath fallen the free, repentant tear.
And, in the waywardness of youth,
How better thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

The harvest of my youth is done,
And manhood, come with all its cares,
Finds, garner'd up within my heart,
For every flower a thousand tares.
Dear mother! couldst thou know my thoughts,
Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,
The depth of feeling in my breast,
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!

A SPRING-DAY WALK.

ADIEU, the city's ceaseless hum,
 The haunts of sensual life, adieu!
 Green fields, and silent glens! we come,
 To spend this bright spring-day with you.
 Whether the hills and vales shall gleam
 With beauty, is for us to choose;
 For leaf and blossom, rock and stream,
 Are colour'd with the spirit's hues.
 Here, to the seeking soul, is brought
 A nobler view of human fate,
 And higher feeling, higher thought,
 And glimpses of a higher state.
 Through change of time, on sea and shore,
 Serenely nature smiles away;
 Yon infinite blue sky bends o'er
 Our world, as at the primal day.
 The self-renewing earth is moved
 With youthful life each circling year;
 And flowers that CERES' daughter loved
 At Enna, now are blooming here.
 Glad nature will this truth reveal,
 That God is ours and we are His;
 O, friends, my friends! what joy to feel
 That HE our loving father is!

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

SWIFTER far than swallow's flight,
 Homeward o'er the twilight lea;
 Swifter than the morning light,
 Flashing o'er the pathless sea,
 Dearest! in the lonely night
 Memory flies away to thee!
 Stronger far than is desire;
 Firm as truth itself can be;
 Deeper than earth's central fire;
 Boundless as the circling sea;
 Yet as mute as broken lyre,
 Is my love, dear wife, for thee!
 Sweeter far than miser's gain,
 Or than note of fame can be
 Unto one who long in vain
 Treads the paths of chivalry—
 Are my dreams, in which again
 My fond arms encircle thee!

BEATRICE.

UNTOUCH'D by mortal passion,
 Thou seem'st of heavenly birth,
 Pure as the effluence of a star
 Just reach'd our distant earth!
 Gave Fancy's pencil never
 To an ideal fair
 Such spiritual expression
 As thy sweet features wear.
 An inward light to guide thee
 Unto thy soul is given,
 Pure and serene as its divine
 Original in heaven.
 Type of the ransom'd PSYCHE!
 How gladly, hand in hand,
 To some new world I'd fly with thee
 From off this mortal strand.

LINES.

UNDERNEATH this marble cold,
 Lies a fair girl turn'd to mould;
 One, whose life was like a star,
 Without toil or rest to mar
 Its divinest harmony,
 Its God-given serenity.
 One, whose form of youthful grace,
 One, whose eloquence of face
 Match'd the rarest gem of thought
 By the antique sculptors wrought:
 Yet her outward charms were less
 Than her winning gentleness,
 Her maiden purity of heart,
 Which, without the aid of art,
 Did in coldest hearts inspire
 Love, that was not all desire.
 Spirit forms with starry eyes,
 That seem to come from Paradise,
 Beings of ethereal birth,
 Near us glide sometimes on earth,
 Like glimmering moonbeams dimly seen
 Glancing down through alleys green;
 Of such was she who lies beneath
 This silent effigy of grief.
 Wo is me! when I recall
 One sweet word by her let fall—
 One sweet word but half-express'd—
 Downcast eyes told all the rest,
 To think beneath this marble cold,
 Lies that fair girl turn'd to mould.

THE DREAMING GIRL.

SHE floats upon a sea of mist,
 In fancy's boat of amethyst!
 A dreaming girl, with her fair cheek
 Supported by a snow-white arm,
 In the calm joy of innocence,
 Subdued by some unearthly charm.
 The clusters of her dusky hair
 Are floating on her bosom fair,
 Like early darkness stealing o'er
 The amber tints that daylight gave,
 Or, like the shadow of a cloud
 Upon a fainting summer-wave.
 Is it a spirit of joy or pain
 Sails on the river of her brain?
 For, lo! the crimson on her cheek
 Faints and glows like a dying flame;
 Her heart is beating loud and quick—
 Is not love that spirit's name?
 Up-waking from her blissful sleep,
 She starts with fear too wild to weep;
 Through the trailing honeysuckle,
 All night breathing odorous sighs,
 Which her lattice dimly curtains,
 The morn peeps in with his bright eyes.
 Perfume loved when it is vanish'd,
 Pleasure hardly felt ere banish'd,
 Is the happy maiden's vision,
 That doth on her memory gleam,
 And her heart leaps up with gladness—
 That bliss was nothing but a dream!



T. Goussier

J. Chenev

1818 A. G. 11. 116

reproduit en l'absence de l'original

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

[Born about 1816.]

MRS. DINNIES is a daughter of Mr. Justice SHACKLEFORD, of South Carolina. She was educated in Charleston, at a seminary kept by the daughters of Doctor RAMSAY, the historian of the Revolution. In 1830 she was married to Mr. JOHN C. DINNIES, of Saint Louis, and has since resided in that city. Mrs. HALF, in her "Ladies' Wreath," states that she became engaged in a literary correspondence with Mr. DINNIES more than four years before their union, and that they

never met until one week before the solemnization of their marriage. "The contract was made long before, solely from sympathy and congeniality of mind and taste; and that in their estimate of each other they were not disappointed, may be inferred from the tone of her songs; for the domestic happiness that these portray can exist only where both are happy." The poetical writings of Mrs. DINNIES were originally published in various literary miscellanies, under the signature of "Moina."

WEDDED LOVE.

COME, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thou darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.
Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind,—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife,—
For deem'st thou she had stoop'd to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine—than sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
In fond, undying *Wedded Love*.

TO A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER.

FAIR gift of friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness—thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats, by wintry blasts unmoved—
Thy strength thus tested, and thy charms improved.
Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,
And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides;
Thou'rt blooming now as beautiful and clear
As other blossoms bloom, when spring is here.
Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign!
Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom
With thoughts of summer and the fertile plain,
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent—and bright as May!
Type of a true and holy love; the same [page;
Through every scene that crowds life's varied
Mid grief, mid gladness—spell of every dream,
Tender in youth, and strong in feeble age!
The peerless picture of a modest wife,
Thou bloom'st the fairest midst the frosts of life.

THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

YES, thou art welcome, Autumn! all thy changes,
From fitful gloom, to sunny skies serene,
The starry vaults o'er which the charm'd eye ranges,
And cold, clear moonlight, touching every scene
With a peculiar sadness, are sweet things,
To which my heart congenial fondly clings.
There is a moral in the wither'd wreaths
And faded garlands that adorn thy bowers;
Each blighted shrub, chill'd flower, or sear'd leaf
breathes
Of parted days, and brighter by-gone hours,
Contrasting with the present dreary scene [been.
Spring's budding beauties, pleasures which have

THE WIFE.

I COULD have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.

I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brook'd,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part:
I could not live "alone!"

SONG.

I COULD not hush that constant theme
Of hope and reverý;
For every day and nightly dream
Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,
Is fill'd with thee.

I could not bid those visions spring
Less frequently;
For each wild phantom which they bring,
Moving along on fancy's wing,
But pictures thee.

I could not stem the vital source
Of thought, or be
Compell'd to check its whelming force,
As ever in its onward course
It tells of thee.

I could not, dearest, thus control
My destiny,
Which bids each new sensation roll,
Pure from its fountain in my soul,
To life and thee.

THE HEART.

THERE was a time when Fancy, uninvoked,
Cast her light spells where'er my spirit roved,
Each passing scene anew her smiles provoked,
And all seem'd lovely—for each one was loved.

But now I gaze, unheeding most I see
Of wild or fair, in Nature's boundless hoard;
A change is over all—a change in me—
As Lethe's streams o'er fancy's source are pour'd.

This change I mourn, and seek again the dreams
Which brighten'd, soothed, and gladden'd life
Of yore;

But shaded groves, fresh flowers, and purling
streams

Exert their influence o'er my mind no more.

No more I dream—for Fancy has grown old,
And thought is busied now with sterner things:
E'en feeling's self—yet, no! I am not cold;
But feeling now round other objects clings.

There are, in life, realities as dear,
Nay, dearer far than fancy can create,
Though taste may vary, beauty disappear,
That linger still, defying time and fate.

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart,
The form may lose its symmetry and grace—
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

HAPPINESS.

THERE is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay!
And there is music on each breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems, by Fancy made.

There's gladness, too, in every thing,
And beauty over all:
For everywhere comes on, with spring,
A charm which cannot pall!
And I!—my heart is full of joy,
And gratitude is there,
That He, who might my life destroy,
Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemn'd are now
Affectionate and true:
I wept a pledged one's broken vow—
But he proves faithful too.
And now there is a happiness
In every thing I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

EDGAR A. POE.

(Born, 1811.)

THE family of Mr. POE is one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. DAVID POE, his paternal grandfather, was a quartermaster-general in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of LAFAYETTE, who, during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the general's widow, and tendered her his acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, JOHN POE, married, in England, JANE, a daughter of Admiral JAMES MCBRIDE, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. JOHN ALLAN, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded General POE, his grandfather, to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. ALLAN's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. ALLAN to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by the Reverend Doctor BRANESBY. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honours, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. ALLAN refused to pay some of his debts of *honour*, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks,

then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by Mr. MIDDLETON, the American consul at that place. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the military academy at West Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. ALLAN, who had lost his first wife while POE was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; POE quarrelled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son the heir to his vast property, and bequeathed POE nothing. The army, in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man, so he left West Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. The proprietor of a weekly literary gazette in Baltimore offered two premiums, one for the best prose story, and the other for the best poem. In due time POE sent in two articles, and the examining committee, of whom Mr. KENNEDY, the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," was one, awarded to him both the premiums, and took occasion to insert in the gazette a card under their signatures, in which he was very highly praised. Soon after this, he became associated with Mr. THOMAS W. WHITE in the conduct of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and he subsequently wrote for the "New York Review," and for several foreign periodicals. He is married, and now resides in Philadelphia, where he is connected with a popular monthly magazine.

COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome! rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation, left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage, and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an alter'd and an humble man,
Within thy shadows—and so drink, within
My very soul, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness, and age, and memories of eld!
Silence, and desolation, and dim night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength.
O, spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!

Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the CÆSAR sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder!
Here, where on ivory couch the monarch lol'd,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But hold!—these dark, these perishing arcades,
These mouldering plinths, these sad and blacken'd
shafts,

These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,
These shatter'd cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones, are they all,
All of the proud and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours, to fate and me?

"Not all," the echoes answer me, "not all,
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise forever
From us, and from all ruin, to the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule,

With a despotic sway, all giant minds.
 We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
 Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
 Not all the magic of our high renown,
 Not all the wonder that encircles us,
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
 Not all the memories that hang upon
 And cling around about us as a garment,
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace
 (Snow-white palace) rear'd its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.
 Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow;
 (This, all this, was in the olden
 Time, long ago.)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odour went away.
 Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law;
 Round about a throne, where, sitting
 (Porphyrogene!)
 In state his glory well-befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.
 And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace-door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.
 But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assail'd the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blush'd and bloom'd,
 Is but a dim-remember'd story
 Of the old time entomb'd.
 And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,
 I stand beneath the mystic moon.
 An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
 Exhales from out her golden rim,
 And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
 Upon the quiet mountain-top,
 Steals drowsily and musically
 Into the universal valley.
 The rosemary nods upon the grave;
 The lily lolls upon the wave;
 Wrapping the mist about its breast,
 The ruin moulders into rest;
 Looking like Lethe, see, the lake
 A conscious slumber seems to take,
 And would not for the world awake.
 All beauty sleeps!—and, lo! where lies,
 With casement open to the skies,
 Irene and her destinies!

O, lady bright, can it be right,
 This lattice open to the night?
 The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
 Flit through thy chamber, in and out,
 And wave the curtain-canopy
 So fitfully, so fearfully,
 Above the closed and fringed lid
 'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
 That o'er the floor and down the wall,
 Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall.
 O, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
 Why and what art thou dreaming here?
 Sure thou art come o'er-far-off seas,
 A wonder to our garden-trees!
 Strange is thy pallor—strange thy dress—
 Stranger thy glorious length of tress,
 And this all-solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. O, may her sleep,
 Which is enduring, so be deep!
 Soft may the worms about her creep!
 This bed, being changed for one more holy,
 This room for one more melancholy,
 I pray to Gon that she may lie
 Forever with unclosed eye!
 My love she sleeps. O, may her sleep,
 As it is lasting, so be deep!
 Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
 Far in the forest, dim and old,
 For her may some tall tomb unfold—
 Some tomb that oft hath flung its black
 And wing-like pannels, fluttering back,
 Triumphant o'er the crested palls
 Of her grand family funerals,—
 Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
 Against whose portal she hath thrown,
 In childhood, many an idle stone,—
 Some vault from out whose sounding door
 She ne'er shall force an echo more,
 Nor thrill to think, poor child of sin,
 It was the dead who groan'd within.

ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

[Born about 1810.]

MR. McLELLAN is a native of the city of Portland. He was educated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he was graduated in 1826. He subsequently studied the law, and for a few years practised his profession in Boston. He has recently resided in the country, and devoted his

attention principally to agricultural pursuits. In the spring of 1830 he published "The Fall of the Indian," and, in 1832, "The Year, and other Poems;" and he is the author of many metrical compositions, which have appeared in the literary magazines.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD! New England's dead!

On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle pour'd
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.
The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honour'd saviours of the land!
O, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rush'd to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.
They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garner'd, on the plain,
And muster'd, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.
And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have pass'd away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright
Above each soldier's mound.
The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have pass'd away.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.*

WILD was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherish'd;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perish'd.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dream'd of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dream'd that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumph'd the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they plac'd his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

* "The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. NAPOLEON'S passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words '*tête d'armée*,' (head of the army,) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, NAPOLEON expired."
—SCOTT'S *Life of Napoleon*.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pain'd with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring, the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song.
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current
 mines
The forest's blacken'd roots, and whose green
 marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,

Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poisoning thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-colour'd birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE tender Twilight with a crimson cheek
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down
To slumber by the darken'd woods—the herds
Have left their pastures, where the sward grows
 green

And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,
And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade
And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound;
While answering Echo, from the distant hill,
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays
O'er the far-waving foliage! Day's last blush
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,
With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush
That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass
Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,
'T were sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,
With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast
And happy palaces, and lead a life
Of peace in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet and the loud war-drum
Ne'er startled these green woods:—the raging
 sword

Hath never gather'd its red harvest here!
The peaceful summer-day hath never closed
Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam
Of War's rude pomp:—the humble dweller here
Hath never left his sickle in the field,
To slay his fellow with unholy hand;
The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,
The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,
And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,
Have never broke its Sabbath-solitude.

THE PASSION FOR LIFE.

O! give me back my youth!
 O! give me back life's golden prime,
 Childhood, and boyhood's blissful time,
 Gay sports and frolics rude;
 The tumble on the new-mown hay,
 The ramble in the wood;
 The long, bright summer-holiday,
 The Christmas Eve's domestic play;
 The saunter in the fields,
 When autumn fruits were red and ripe,
 And grapes were hanging thick and sweet
 From every sunny wall,
 And in the orchard, round our feet,
 The yellow pears were thickly spread,
 And pippins, streak'd with gold, would fall
 With every breeze that stirr'd o'erhead,
 And schoolboy baskets soon were laden
 With wild nuts from the branches shaken.

O! give me back my youth!
 Nor wealth nor wisdom do I crave,
 Nor honour, praise, or fame;
 For soon the deep and gaping grave
 Must close above this frame:
 But rather give me back my youth—
 Its joy, its innocence, its truth.

O! give me back my youth!
 Fill these dull eyes again with light;
 Let these white hairs be shorn away,
 And let the golden locks of yore
 Above these temples play;
 And let this old and furrow'd brow,
 Plough'd by full many a year,
 Take the bright look of long ago,
 So white, so pure and clear;
 And let this sunken cheek resume
 Its rosy health, its glowing bloom.

Home of my childhood! happy spot!
 Beyond the dreary waste of years,
 In memory's faithful glass, how bright,
 How fair your humble roof appears!
 I now behold the rustic porch,
 And, close beside the door,
 The old elm, waving still as green
 As in the days of yore.
 I see the wreathing smoke ascend,
 In azure columns, up the sky;
 I see the twittering swallows still
 Around in giddy circles fly.

But, no! that joyful time has gone—
 Has gone forever by;
 And life and earth are fading fast
 Upon this glazing eye;
 And soon the imprison'd soul shall mount,
 In freedom, to its last account!

JUNE.

With sunny smiles and showery tears
 The soft, young June-day morn appears;
 Above each twisting old tree-root,
 Above the verdurous springing grass,
 Above the green sward's tender shoot
 Thy dancing footsteps pass.
 Thy clear eye swims in liquid light,
 Thy golden tresses unbound flow,
 Thy gay voice ringeth with delight,
 Thy cheeks with healthful beauty glow.

In the green, hollow way
 The wild flowers spring in myriads up,
 The crocus nods its blossoms gay,
 The violet lifts its azure cup,
 The lily swings its snowy bell,
 And wooes the fragrant daffodell.

Down the moist meadow-land,
 Where through the flowery meadow runs the brook,
 Sweet-smelling plants their verdant palms expand
 In every bushy nook.
 The golden-berried wax-work twines its wreath
 Of verdure, and the clematis
 Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath;
 Oft the south winds stop to kiss
 The modest snow-drop in the grass;
 And o'er the stream the gaily mosses lean,
 To see reflected in that lucid glass
 Their velvet fringes and their festoons green.

Sweet June! with thy fair forehead bound
 With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses crown'd,
 I love thee well.
 Deep in the heart of man, all o'er the earth,
 Thy presence spreads a lively tone of mirth,
 A soft, deep spell.
 The newly-budded groves repeat thy call
 With joy through all their thick arcades;
 And the hoarse-plunging waterfall
 Rejoices in its dim, primeval shades.

I love thy varied skies,
 With all their cloudy glooms and bright'ning smiles;
 I love to see thy glorious morns arise
 O'er the mist-covered hills and woody isles;
 I love thy mild and temperate light at noon,
 When all the fresh leaves quiver with delight;
 I love thy golden eve and thy bright moon,
 Sailing in cloudless glory o'er the night;
 I love to hear thy gusty breezes raise
 O'er the wood-tops their swelling psalms of praise;
 I love to hear thy softly-falling rain
 In tinkling murmurs patter o'er the plain;
 I love to hear thy sounds of rural toil,
 As ploughs the gleaming share along the fertile soil

JONES VERY.

[Born about 1810.]

JONES VERY is a native of the city of Salem. In his youth he accompanied his father, who was a sea-captain, on several voyages to Europe; and he wrote his "Essay on Hamlet" with the more interest from having twice seen Elsinour. After his father's death, he prepared himself to enter college, and in 1832 became a student at Cambridge. He was graduated in 1836, and in the same year was appointed Greek tutor in the university. While he held this office, a religious enthusiasm took possession of his mind, which gradually produced so great a change in him, that his

friends withdrew him from Cambridge, and he returned to Salem, where he wrote most of the poems in the small collection of his writings published in 1839. His essays entitled "Epic Poetry," "Shakspeare," and "Hamlet," are fine specimens of learned and sympathetic criticism; and his sonnets, and other pieces of verse, are chaste, simple, and poetical, though they have little range of subjects and illustration. They are religious, and some of them are mystical, but they will be recognised by the true poet as the overflowings of a brother's soul.

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BRIGHT image of the early years

When glow'd my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-wing'd shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee;
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remember'd spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And, on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
Touch'd by the wither'd hand of Time;
And hush'd the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
That echoed on thy native hill;
And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

LINES TO A WITHERED LEAF SEEN ON A POET'S TABLE.

POET's hand has placed thee there,
Autumn's brown and wither'd scroll!
Though to outward eye not fair,
Thou hast beauty for the soul;

Though no human pen has traced
On that leaf its learned lore,
Love divine the page has graced,—
What can words discover more!

Not alone dim autumn's blast
Echoes from yon tablet sear,—
Distant music of the past
Steals upon the poet's ear.

Voices sweet of summer-hours,
Spring's soft whispers murmur by;
Feather'd songs from leafy bowers
Draw his listening soul on high.

THE HEART.

THERE is a cup of sweet or bitter drink,
Whose waters ever o'er the brim must well,
Whence flow pure thoughts of love as angels
think,

Or of its demon depths the tongue will tell;
That cup can ne'er be cleansed from outward
stains

While from within the tide forever flows;
And soon it wearies out the fruitless pains
The treacherous hand on such a task bestows;
But ever bright its crystal sides appear,
While runs the current from its outlet pure;
And pilgrims hail its sparkling waters near,
And stoop to drink the healing fountain sure,
And bless the cup that cheers their fainting soul
While through this parching waste they seek their
heavenly goal.

TO THE CANARY-BIRD.

I CANNOT hear thy voice with others' ears,
 Who make of thy lost liberty a gain;
 And in thy tale of blighted hopes and fears
 Feel not that every note is born with pain.
 Alas! that with thy music's gentle swell [throng,
 Past days of joy should through thy memory
 And each to thee their words of sorrow tell,
 While ravish'd sense forgets thee in thy song.
 The heart that on the past and future feeds,
 And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
 Though at each birth the spirit inly bleeds,
 Its song may charm the listening ear like thine,
 And men with gilded cage and praise will try
 To make the bard, like thee, forget his native sky.

THY BEAUTY FADES.

THY beauty fades, and with it too my love,
 For 't was the selfsame stalk that bore its flower;
 Soft fell the rain, and breaking from above
 The sun look'd out upon our nuptial hour;
 And I had thought forever by thy side
 With bursting buds of hope in youth to dwell;
 But one by one Time strew'd thy petals wide,
 And every hope's wan look a grief can tell:
 For I had thoughtless lived beneath his sway,
 Who like a tyrant dealth with us all,
 Crowning each rose, though rooted on decay,
 With charms that shall the spirit's love enthrall,
 And for a season turn the soul's pure eyes [defies.
 From virtue's changeless bloom, that time and death

THE WIND-FLOWER.

THOU lookest up with meek, confiding eye
 Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
 Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by,
 Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
 Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith array'd,
 More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king;
 Such faith was His whom men to death betray'd,
 As thine who hearest the timid voice of Spring,
 While other flowers still hide them from her call
 Along the river's brink and meadow bare.
 Thee will I seek beside the stony wall,
 And in thy trust with childlike heart would share,
 O'erjoy'd that in thy early leaves I find
 A lesson taught by Him who loved all human kind.

ENOCH.

I LOOK'N to find a man who walk'd with Gon,
 Like the translated patriarch of old;—
 Though gladden'd millions on his footstool trod,
 Yet none with him did such sweet converse hold;
 I heard the wind in low complaint go by,
 That none its melodies like him could hear;
 Day unto day spoke wisdom from on high,
 Yet none like DAVIN turn'd a willing ear;
 Gon walk'd alone unhonour'd through the earth;
 For him no heart-built temple open stood,
 Thé soul, forgetful of her nobler birth,
 Had hewn him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
 And left unfinish'd and in ruins still
 The only temple he delights to fill.

MORNING.

THE light will never open sightless eyes,
 It comes to those who willingly would see;
 And every object,—hill, and stream, and skies,
 Rejoice within the encircling line to be;
 'Tis day,—the field is fill'd with busy hands,
 The shop resounds with noisy workmen's din,
 The traveller with his staff already stands
 His yet unmeasured journey to begin;
 The light breaks gently too within the breast,—
 Yet there no eye awaits the crimson morn,
 The forge and noisy anvil are at rest,
 Nor men nor oxen tread the fields of corn,
 Nor pilgrim lifts his staff,—it is no day
 To those who find on earth their place to stay.

NIGHT.

I THANK thee, Father, that the night is near
 When I this conscious being may resign;
 Whose only task thy words of love to hear,
 And in thy acts to find each act of mine;
 A task too great to give a child like me,
 The myriad-handed labours of the day,
 Too many for my closing eyes to see,
 Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say;
 Yet when thou seest me burden'd by thy love,
 Each other gift more lovely then appears,
 For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,
 And all thine other gifts to me endears;
 And while within her darken'd couch I sleep,
 Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom stray'd;
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to thine own sons display'd;
 In finding thee are all things round us found;
 In losing thee are all things lost beside;
 Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound,
 And to our eyes the vision is denied;
 We wander in the country far remote,
 Mid tombs and ruin'd piles in death to dwell;
 Or on the records of past greatness dote,
 And for a buried soul the living sell;
 While on our path bewilder'd falls the night
 That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

THE TREES OF LIFE.

FOR those who worship THEE there is no death,
 For all they do is but with THEE to dwell;
 Now, while I take from THEE this passing breath,
 It is but of THY glorious name to tell;
 Nor words nor measured sounds have I to find,
 But in them both my soul doth ever flow;
 They come as viewless as the unseen wind,
 And tell thy noiseless steps where'er I go;
 The trees that grow along thy living stream,
 And from its springs refreshment ever drink,
 Forever glittering in thy morning beam.
 They bend them o'er the river's grassy brink;
 And as more high and wide their branches grow,
 They look more fair within the depths below.

THE ARK.

THERE is no change of time and place with THEE;
Where'er I go, with me 'tis still the same;
Within thy presence I rejoice to be,
And always hallow thy most holy name;
The world doth ever change; there is no peace
Among the shadows of its storm-vex'd breast;
With every breath the frothy waves increase,
They toss up mire and dirt, they cannot rest;
I thank THEE that within thy strong-built ark
My soul across the uncertain sea can sail,
And, though the night of death be long and dark,
My hopes in CHRIST shall reach within the veil;
And to the promised haven steady steer,
Whose rest to those who love is ever near.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small;
The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as ADAM was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

THE TREE.

I LOVE thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

THE SON.

FATHER, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way;
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;

The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthen'd sleep,
While round the unutter'd word and love their
vigils keep.

THE ROBIN.

THOU need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest,
Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,
Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,
Or he thy young unfinish'd cottage spy;
All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,
Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,
Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now,
For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves;
All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy,
That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,
For over-anxious cares their souls employ,
That else upon thy music borne along
And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer
Had learn'd that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys
to share.

THE RAIL-ROAD.

THOU great proclaimer to the outward eye
Of what the spirit too would seek to tell,
Onward thou goest, appointed from on high
The other warnings of the Lord to swell;
Thou art the voice of one that through the world
Proclaims in startling tones, "Prepare the way;"
The lofty mountain from its seat is hurl'd,
The flinty rocks thine onward march obey;
The valleys, lifted from their lowly bed,
O'erthop the hills that on them frown'd before,
Thou passest where the living seldom tread,
Through forests dark, where tides beneath thee roar,
And bidd'st man's dwelling from thy track remove,
And would with warning voice his crooked paths
reprove.

THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring,
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves.
The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripen'd drops,
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell,
The furrow'd fields disclose the yellow crops,
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell,
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

ALFRED B. STREET.

[Born, 1811.]

MR. STREET is a native of Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess county, New York. His father, RANDALL S. STREET, was a counsellor at law, and for several years a representative in the national Congress; and his grandfather, CALEB STREET, of Connecticut, was a direct and lineal descendant of the Reverend NICHOLAS STREET, who came to this country soon after the landing of JOHN CARVER, at Plymouth, and was ordained minister of the first church in New Haven, in 1659. His mother, a daughter of ANNE W. BILLINGS, of Dutchess county, was descended from the LIVINGSTON family, and his maternal grandfather was a major in the revolutionary army.

When the subject of this notice was about thirteen years of age, his father removed into the county of Sullivan. He had previously written verses, but the earliest of his compositions that I have seen appeared in the New York "Evening Post," in his fifteenth year. These are "A Winter Scene" and "A Day in March," and they evidence the possession at that age of much of the skill in description which is shown in his more recent productions. Sullivan is what is called a "wild county," though it is extremely fertile where well cultivated. Its scenery is magnificent, and its deep forests, streams as clear as dew-drops, gorges of piled rock and black shade, mountains and valleys, could hardly fail to waken into life all the faculties that slumbered in a youthful poet's bosom.

MR. STREET studied law in the office of his father, and, for a few years after his admission to the bar, practised in the courts of Sullivan county. In the winter of 1839 he removed to Albany, and he has since resided in that city. He was married in the autumn of 1841.

The longest of his poems is entitled "Nature." It was pronounced before the literary societies of the college at Geneva, in the summer of 1840. After a few retrospective passages, he describes the scenery of England, Italy, Switzerland, and India, and last, of America, in the summer-time, when

In the moist hollows, and by streamlet-sides,
The grass shoots thick and deep; the pigeon-tribes
Dotting the air, stream o'er in countless throngs;
The robin whistles, and the noisy swamp
Has deepen'd in its tones.

In the page following that from which the above lines are taken, is this fine description of a shower in June:

But now the wind stirs fresher; darting round
The spider tightens his frail web; dead leaves
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds; the snail
Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafed up,
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,
And, in its vapoury mantle, onward steps
The summer shower; over the shivering grass

It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on,
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
And softly murmur'd music. Off it glides,
And as its misty robe lifts up, and melts,
The sunshine, darting, with a sudden burst,
Strikes o'er the scene a magic brilliancy.

The "Indian summer," which follows the November storms, and is well called "the Sabbath-rest of Nature ere she yields to Winter's power," is thus described:

The stern, black frost,
Blighting the pageant-leaves, had left them pale,
Shrunk, and sear; and the strong, howling blasts
Had whir'd them from their branches, darkening air
And strewing them o'er earth. Now, sweet and calm,
Like music gliding o'er discordant sounds,
Or moonlight smiling on a troubled sea,
Summer, unrob'd of all her glowing charms
That graced her prime, but mild and matron-like,
For a brief while returns to greet those scenes
O'er which she reign'd in queenly loveliness.
A purple haze is trembling in the air,
Softening all near in veils of glimmering gauze,
And steeping far-off masses in thick mist,
Blending their outlines with the shaded sky.
So still the atmosphere, the thistle's star
Drops motionless on the moss. Such quiet reigns,
The low, faint crackling of the dry, fallen leaves,
Stirr'd by the squirrel's bounding foot, is heard.
The beech-nut, falling from its open'd burr,
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song,
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills
Are full of echoes, and each sound that strikes
Upon the hollow air, lets loose their tongues.
The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,
Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,
Like a wing'd violet, floating in the meek,
Pink-colour'd sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
Within the pillar'd mullein's delicate down,
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.
Lazily wings the crow with solemn croak
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock
Ticks from his crevice.

A morning after a snow-storm, in winter:

The morning sunshine glows upon a waste
Sparkling with diamonds; bare the mountain's brow,
But the low vale is level with the hill—
The hemlock stands an ivory pyramid,
And the link'd branches gleam like silvery webs
Traced on the glittering azure of the sky.

These are characteristic passages. MR. STREET describes with remarkable fidelity and minuteness, and while reading his poems one may easily fancy himself in the forests, on the open plain, or by the side of the shining river. In a few pieces he has also shown considerable skill in narration, but it is as a descriptive poet that he is most worthy of our regard. His contributions to the literary journals have been numerous, but no collection of them has yet been published.

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky!
O, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,

For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;
There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums;
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
And there's naught but his shadow black gliding across;

But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home:

There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;

From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath:
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay pointed crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low:

Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek,
His eye-balls red-blazing, high bristling his crest,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,

With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck;

And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon yet raging afar: [red,
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air, [dread;
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair:
The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd through the bloom,

And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;

The gray forest-eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?
No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of flight;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!

Away, O, away, soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the sky's strife?—its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwav'rd his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendour of sunshine is glowing again;
Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
Waked bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh;
On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,

The breeze bears the odour its flower-kiss has won,
And full on the form of the demon in flight
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!
The gray forest-eagle! O, where is he now,
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?

There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
With the speed of the arrow 't is shooting beneath!
Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there;
'T is the eagle—the gray forest-eagle—once more
He sweeps to his eyrie: his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
But the gray forest-eagle minds little his sway;
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,

Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;

But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!
The green, tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across;
The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,

But 't is warm'd with heaven's sunshine, and fann'd by its breath;

The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky;
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates;
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagg'd and bare,
Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,
Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.

The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting
But the gray forest-eagle is still as of yore. 'o'er,
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow.
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades;

He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day;

He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;
And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping
along.

By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song;
He has seen the wild red man off-swept by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes
once arose;

But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest-eagle, that king of the sky!
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home!
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of
kings,

Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings;
Where wicked Oppression is arm'd for the weak,
Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shriek;
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.
O, that eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a
shroud,

When lightnings gleam'd fiercely, and thunder-
bolts rung,

How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce
through the air

With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crown'd the victory won.
O, that eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die!
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall,
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all:
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'er-
spread,

He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
And his presence will bless this, his own, chosen
Till the archangel's fiat is set upon time. [clime,

FOWLING.

A MORN in September, the east is yet gray;
Come, Carlo! come, Jupe! we'll try fowling to-day:
The fresh sky is bright as the bright face of one,
A sweeter than whom the sun shines not upon;
And those wreathed clouds that melt to the breath
of the south,

Are white as the pearls of her beautiful mouth:
My hunting-piece glitters, and quick is my task
In slinging around me my pouch and my flask;
Cease, dogs, your loud yelpings, you'll deafen my
brain!

Desist from your rambles, and follow my train.

Here, leave the geese, Carlo, to nibble their grass,
Though they do stretch their long necks, and hiss
as we pass;

And the fierce little bantam, that flies your attack,
Then struts, flaps, and crows, with such airs, at
your back;

And the turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your
face,

Then ruffling so proud, as you bound from the place;
Ha! ha! that old hen, bristling up mid her brood,
Has taught you a lesson, I hope, for your good;
By the wink of your eye, and the droop of your crest,
I see your maraudings are now put at rest.

The rail-fence is leap'd, and the wood-boughs are
round,

And a moss-couch is spread for my foot on the ground:
A shadow has dimm'd the leaves' amethyst glow;
The first glance of Autumn, his presence to show:
The beech-nut is ripening above in its sheath,
Which will burst with the black frost, and drop it
beneath.

The hickory hardens, snow-white, in its burr, [fir;
And the cones are full grown on the hemlock and
The hopple's red berries are tinging with brown,
And the tips of the sumach have darken'd their down;
The white, brittle Indian-pipe lifts up its howl,
And the wild turnip's leaf curls out broad like a
scroll;

The cohosh displays its white balls and red stems,
And the braid of the mullen is yellow with gems;
While its rich, spangled plumage the golden-rod
shows,

And the thistle yields stars to each air-breath that
blows.

A quick, startling whirr now bursts loud on my ear,
The partridge! the partridge! swift pinion'd by fear,
Low onward he whizzes, Jupe yelps as he sees,
And we dash through the brushwood, to note
where he trees;

I see him! his brown, speckled breast is display'd
On the branch of yon maple, that edges the glade;
My fowling-piece rings, Jupe darts forward so fleet,
While loading, he drops the dead bird at my feet:
I pass by the scarberries' drops of deep red,
In their green, creeping leaves; where he daintily fed,
And his couch near the root, in the warm forest-
mould,

Where he wallow'd, till sounds his close danger
foretold.

On yon spray, the bright oriole dances and sings,
With his rich, crimson bosom, and glossy black
wings;

And the robin comes warbling, then flutters away,
For I harm not God's creatures so tiny as they;
But the quail, whose quick whistle has lured me
along,

No more will recall his stray'd mate with his song,
And the hawk that is circling so proud in the blue,
Let him keep a look-out, or he'll tumble down too!
He stoops—the gun echoes—he flutters beneath,
His yellow claws curl'd, and fierce eyes glazed in
death:

Lie there, cruel Arab! the mocking-bird now
Can rear her young brood, without fear of thy blow;
And the brown wren can warble his sweet little lay,
Nor dread more thy talons to rend and to slay;
And, with luck, an example I'll make of that crow,
For my green, sprouting wheat knew no hungrier foe;
But the rascal seems down from his summit to scoff,
And as I creep near him, he croaks, and is off.

The woods shrink away, and wide spreads the morass,
 With junipers cluster'd, and matted with grass;
 Trees, standing like ghosts, their arms jagged and bare,
 And hung with gray lichens, like age-whiten'd hair.
 The tamarack here and there rising between,
 Its boughs clothed with rich, star-like fringes of green,
 And clumps of dense laurels, and brown-headed flags,
 And thick, slimy basins, black dotted with snags:
 Tread softly now, Carlo! the woodcock is here,
 He rises—his long bill thrust out like a spear;
 The gun ranges on him—his journey is sped;
 Quick scamper, my spaniel! and bring in the dead!
 We plunge in the swamp—the tough laurels are round;
 No matter; our shy prey not lightly is found;
 Another up-darts, but unharmed is his flight;
 Confound it! the sunshine then dazzled my sight;
 But the other my shot overtakes as he flies:
 Come, Carlo! come, Carlo! I wait for my prize;
 One more—still another—till, proofs of my sway,
 From my pouch dangle heads, in a ghastly array.
 From this scene of exploits, now made birdless, I pass;
 Pleasant Pond gleams before me, a mirror of glass:
 The boat's by the marge, with green branches supplied,
 From the keen-sighted duck my approaches to hide;
 A flock spots the lake; now crouch, Carlo, below!
 And I move with light paddle, on softly and slow,
 By that wide lily-island, its meshes that weaves
 Of rich yellow globules, and green oval leaves.
 I watch them; how bright and superb is the sheen
 Of their plumage, gold blended with purple and green;
 How graceful their dipping—how gliding their way!
 Are they not all too lovely to mark as a prey?
 One flutters, enchain'd, in those brown, speckled stems,
 His yellow foot striking up bubbles, like gems,
 While another, with stretch'd neck, darts swiftly across
 To the grass, whose green points dot the mirror-like gloss.
 But I pause in my toil; their wise leader, the drake,
 Eyes keen the queer thicket afloat on the lake;
 Now they group close together—both barrels!—
 O, dear!
 What a diving, and screaming, and splashing are here!
 The smoke-curls melt off, as the echoes rebound,
 Hurrah! five dead victims are floating around!
 But "cloud-land" is tinged now with sunset, and bright
 On the water's smooth polish stretch long lines of light;
 The headlands their masses of shade, too, have lain,
 And I pull with my spoil to the margin again.

A FOREST-WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
 A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
 O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won,
 To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
 One of the paths all round that wind,
 Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
 And sights and sounds of human kind
 In nature's lone recesses lose;
 The beech displays its marbled bark,
 The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
 While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
 The maple's scallop'd dome beside:
 All weave on high a verdant roof,
 That keeps the very sun aloof,
 Making a twilight soft and green,
 Within the column'd, vaulted scene.
 Sweet forest-odours have their birth
 From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
 Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and dead,
 Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
 With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
 A thick, elastic carpet spread;
 Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
 Resolving into soil, is sunk;
 There, wrench'd but lately from its throne,
 By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
 Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
 One of the woodland kings is cast.
 Above, the forest-tops are bright
 With the broad blaze of sunny light:
 But now a fitful air-gust parts
 The screening branches, and a glow
 Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
 Down the dark stems, and breaks below;
 The mingled shadows off are roll'd,
 The sylvan floor is bathed in gold:
 Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
 Display their shades of brown and green:
 Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
 Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
 The robin, brooding in her nest,
 Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
 And, as my shadow prints the ground,
 I see the rabbit upward bound,
 With pointed ears an instant look,
 Then scamper to the darkest nook,
 Where, with crouch'd limb, and staring eye,
 He watches while I saunter by.
 A narrow vista, carpeted
 With rich green grass, invites my tread;
 Here showers the light in golden dots,
 There sleeps the shade in ebony spots,
 So blended, that the very air
 Seems network as I enter there.
 The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
 Afar has sounded on my ear,
 Ceasing his beatings as I come,
 Whirrs to the sheltering branches near;
 The little milk-snake glides away,
 The brindled marmot dives from day;
 And now, between the boughs, a space
 Of the blue, laughing sky I trace:

On each side shrinks the bowery shade;
 Before me spreads an emerald glade;
 The sunshine steep's its grass and moss,
 That couch my footsteps as I cross;
 Merrily hums the tawny bee,
 The glittering humming-bird I see;
 Floats the bright butterfly along,
 The insect choir is loud in song:
 A spot of light and life, it seems
 A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretch'd, the pleasant turf I press,
 In luxury of idleness;
 Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
 Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye;
 While murmuring grass, and waving trees,
 Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
 And water-tones that tinkle near,
 Blend their sweet music to my ear;
 And by the changing shades alone
 The passage of the hours is known.

WINTER.

A SABLE pall of sky—the billowy hills,
 Swathed in the snowy robe that winter throws
 So kindly over nature—skeleton trees,
 Fringed with rich silver drapery, and the stream
 Numb in its frosty chains. Yon rustic bridge
 Bristles with icicles; beneath it stand
 The cattle-group, long pausing while they drink
 From the ice-hollow'd pools, that skim in sheets
 Of delicate glass, and shivering as the air [trunks,
 Cuts with keen, stinging edge; and those gaunt
 Bending with ragged branches o'er the bank,
 Seem, with their mocking scarfs of chilling white,
 Mourning for the green grass and fragrant flowers,
 That summer mirrors in the rippling flow
 Of the bright stream beneath them. Shrub and rock
 Are carved in pearl, and the dense thicket shows
 Clusters of purest ivory. Comfortless
 The frozen scene, yet not all desolate.
 Where slopes, by tree and bush, the beaten track,
 The sleigh glides merrily with prancing steeds,
 And the low homestead, nestling by its grove,
 Clings to the leaning hill. The drenching rain
 Had fallen, and then the large, loose flakes had
 shower'd,

Quick freezing where they lit; and thus the scene,
 By winter's alchemy, from gleaming steel
 Was changed to sparkling silver. Yet, though bright
 And rich, the landscape smiles with lovelier look
 When summer gladdens it. The fresh, blue sky
 Bends like God's blessing o'er; the scented air
 Echoes with bird-songs, and the emerald grass
 Is dappled with quick shadows; the light wing
 Of the soft west makes music in the leaves;
 The ripples murmur as they dance along;
 The thicket by the road-side casts its cool
 Black breadth of shade across the heated dust.
 The cattle seek the pools beneath the banks,
 Where sport the gnat-swarms, glancing in the sun,
 Gray, whirling specks, and darts the dragon-fly,
 A gold-green arrow; and the wandering flock
 Nibble the short, thick sward that clothes the brink,
 Down sloping to the waters. Kindly tones

And happy faces make the homestead walls
 A paradise. Upon the mossy roof
 The tame dove coos and bows; beneath the eaves
 The swallow frames her nest; the social wren
 Lights on the flower-lined paling, and trills through
 Its noisy gamut; the humming-bird
 Shoots, with that flying harp, the honey-bee,
 Mid the trail'd honeysuckle's trumpet-bloom;
 Sunset wreathes gorgeous shapes within the west,
 To eyes that love the splendour; morning wakes
 Light hearts to joyous tasks; and when deep night
 Breathes o'er the earth a solemn solitude,
 With stars for watchers, or the holy moon,
 A sentinel upon the steep's of heaven,
 Smooth pillows yield their balm to prayer and trust,
 And slumber, that sweet medicine of toil,
 Sheds her soft dews and weaves her golden dreams.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
 Amid the sea-like solitude,
 And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
 The Titans of the wood;
 Loud shriek'd the eagle, as he dash'd
 From out his mossy nest, which crash'd
 With its supporting bough,
 And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd
 On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
 Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
 To form that garb the wild-wood game
 Contributed their spoil;
 The soul that warm'd that frame disdain'd
 The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
 Where men their crowds collect;
 The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,
 This forest-tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
 The stream whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
 The winds that swell'd their harmonies
 Through those sun-hiding bowers,
 The temple vast, the green arcade,
 The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
 Dark cave, and swampy lair:
 These scenes and sounds majestic, made
 His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a pleasant spot,
 Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,
 And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
 Throve in the sun and rain.
 The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
 The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
 All made a landscape strange,
 Which was the living chronicle
 Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
 The rose of summer spread its glow,
 The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
 Rude winter brought his snow;
 And still the lone one labour'd there,
 His shout and whistle broke the air,
 As cheerily he plied
 His garden-spade, or drove his share
 Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
 Roaring and crackling on its path,
 And scorching earth, and melting wood,
 Beneath its greedy wrath;
 He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,
 Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
 And darkening thick the day
 With streaming bough and sever'd root,
 Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
 The grim bear hush'd his savage growl;
 In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
 His fangs, with dying howl;
 The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
 Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
 And, with its moaning cry,
 The beaver sank beneath the wound
 Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
 When Liberty sent forth her cry,
 Who throng'd in conflict's deadliest place,
 To fight—to bleed—to die!
 Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,
 By hope through weary years were led,
 And witness'd York Town's sun
 Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
 A nation's freedom won.

AN AMERICAN FOREST IN SPRING.

Now fluttering breeze, now stormy blast,
 Mild rain, then blustering snow:
 Winter's stern, fettering cold is past,
 But, sweet Spring! where art thou?
 The white cloud floats mid smiling blue,
 The broad, bright sunshine's golden hue
 Bathes the still frozen earth:
 'Tis changed! above, black vapours roll:
 We turn from our expected stroll,
 And seek the blazing hearth.

Hark! that sweet carol! with delight
 We leave the stifling room!
 The little blue-bird greets our sight,
 Spring, glorious Spring, has come!
 The south wind's balm is in the air,
 The melting snow-wreaths everywhere
 Are leaping off in showers;
 And Nature, in her brightening looks,
 Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks,
 And birds, will soon be ours.

A few soft, sunny days have shone,
 The air has lost its chill,
 A bright-green tinge succeeds the brown,
 Upon the southern hill.

Off to the woods! a pleasant scene!
 Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,
 There swells a mossy mound;
 Though in the hollows drifts are piled,
 The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
 And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings uncurls the fern,
 The violet, nestling low,
 Casts back the white lid of its urn,
 Its purple streaks to show:

Beautiful blossom! first to rise
 And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies;
 The courier of the band
 Of coming flowers, what feelings sweet
 Gush, as the silvery gem we meet
 Upon its slender wand.

A sudden roar—a shade is cast—
 We look up with a start,
 And, sounding like a transient blast,
 O'erhead the pigeons dart;
 Scarce their blue glancing shapes the eye
 Can trace, ere dotted on the sky,
 They wheel in distant flight.
 A chirp! and swift the squirrel scours
 Along the prostrate trunk, and cowers
 Within its clefts from sight.

Amid the creeping pine, which spreads
 Its thick and verdant wreath,
 The scaurberry's downy spangle sheds
 Its rich, delicious breath.
 The bee-swarm murmurs by, and now
 It clusters black on yonder bough:
 The robin's mottled breast
 Glances that sunny spot across,
 As round it seeks the twig and moss
 To frame its summer nest.

Warmer is each successive sky,
 More soft the breezes pass,
 The maple's gems of crimson lie
 Upon the thick, green grass.
 The dogwood sheds its clusters white,
 The birch has dropp'd its tassels slight,
 Cowslips are by the rill;
 The thresher whistles in the glen,
 Flutters around the warbling wren,
 And swamps have voices shrill.

A simultaneous burst of leaves
 Has clothed the forest now,
 A single day's bright sunshine weaves
 This vivid, gorgeous show.
 Masses of shade are cast beneath,
 The flowers are spread in varied wreath,
 Night brings her soft, sweet moon;
 Morn wakes in mist, and twilight gray
 Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May
 Melts blooming into June!

THE LOST HUNTER.

NUMB'd by the piercing, freezing air,
 And burden'd by his game,
 The hunter, struggling with despair,
 Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
 The rifle he had shoulder'd late
 Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
 His pouch was void of food;
 The hours were speeding in their flight,
 And soon the long, keen, winter night
 Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
 Sweep round an anxious eye,—
 No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
 No human trace descrie.

His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round;
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd,
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick, gray air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But, hark! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone,
As surging near it pass'd,
And, bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
And now 't was swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echo'd death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
Spoil, rifle dropp'd, and slow

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As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,—
He deem'd that summer-hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green, forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
He heard the deer's low bleat;
Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
He drank the crystal of the brook
That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
Rafters, and wall, and chair,
Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
His child was prattling by,
The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,
And through the pane's frost-pictured haze
He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd;—before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound,
And a soft voice, with wild delight,
Proclaim the lost is found!
No, hunter, no! 't is but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest's shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke;—away the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
Down bent the burden'd wood,
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diamond blaze it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, O! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns and melting rains,
And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
Earth bursts its winter-chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
Some scatter'd bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild
That there the lost had died.

2 L 2

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

[Born, 1812.]

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH was born in the town of Woodstock, in Connecticut, on the second day of February, 1812. His paternal ancestors came to this country from Wales; and on both sides he is descended from the stern old Puritan stock, being on the mother's a lineal descendant of Governor BRADFORD, whose name appears conspicuously and honourably in the early annals of Massachusetts. An intermediate descendant, the grandfather of Mr. BURLEIGH, served with credit under WASHINGTON, in the war of the Revolution. Such ancestral recollections are treasured, with just pride, in many an humble but happy home in New England.

In his infancy, Mr. BURLEIGH's parents removed to Plainfield, in his native state, where his father was for many years the principal of a popular academy, until the loss of sight induced him to abandon his charge, before his son had attained an age to derive much benefit from his instructions. He retired to a farm, and the boy's time was mainly devoted to its culture, varied by the customary attendance in a district-school through the winter-months, until he was sixteen, when he proposed to become an apprentice to a neighbouring clothier, but abandoned the idea after two weeks' trial, from an inveterate loathing of the coarseness and brutality of those among whom he was set to labour. Here, however, while engaged in the repulsive cares of his employment, he composed his first sonnet, which was published in a gazette printed in the vicinity. Returning to his father's house, he in the following summer became an apprentice to a

village printer, whom he left after eight months' tedious endurance, leaving in his "stick" a farewell couplet to his master, which is probably remembered unforgivingly to this day. He did not, however, desert the business, of which he had thus obtained some slight knowledge, but continued to labour as half-apprentice, journeyman, sub-editor, etc., through the next seven years, during which he assisted in the conduct of perhaps as many periodicals, deriving thereby little fame and less profit. In December, 1834, while editor of "The Literary Journal," in the city of Schenectady, he married an estimable woman, who has since "divided his sorrows and doubled his joys." In July, 1836, abandoning the printing business for a season, he commenced a new career as a public lecturer, under the auspices of a philanthropic society, and in his new employment he continued for two years. At the close of that period he assumed the editorship of "The Christian Witness," at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which he held two years and a half, when he resigned it, to take charge of "The Washington Banner," a gazette published at Allegheny, on the opposite side of the Ohio. Between this duty, and the study of the law, his time is now divided.

His contributions to the periodical literature of the country commenced at an early age, and have been continued at intervals to the present day. "The New Yorker" was for years his favourite medium of communication with the public. A collection of his poems appeared in Philadelphia, early in 1840.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SHE hath gone in the spring-time of life,
Ere her sky had been dimm'd by a cloud,
While her heart with the rapture of love was yet rife,
And the hopes of her youth were unbow'd—
From the lovely, who loved her too well;
From the heart that had grown to her own;
From the sorrow which late o'er her young spirit fell,
Like a dream of the night she hath flown;
And the earth hath received to its bosom its trust—
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.
The spring, in its loveliness dress'd,
Will return with its music-wing'd hours,
And, kiss'd by the breath of the sweet south-west,
The buds shall burst out in flowers;
And the flowers her grave-sad above,
Though the sleeper beneath reck's it not,
Shall thickly be strown by the hand of Love,
To cover with beauty the spot—
Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,
Who faded and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the spring will return—but the blossom
That bloom'd in our presence the sweetest,
By the spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom,
The loveliest of all and the fleetest!
The music of stream and of bird
Shall come back when the winter is o'er;
But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard
In our desolate chambers no more!
The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver—
The light of her eye hath departed forever!

As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
To repose on the bosom of God!
Where the sorrows of earth never more
May fling o'er its brightness a stain;
Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,
With a gladness unmingled with pain;
And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which
spring,
Like a river of light, from the throne of the KING!

There is weeping on earth for the lost!

There is bowing in grief to the ground!
But rejoicing and praise mid the sanctified host,
For a spirit in Paradise found!
Though brightness hath pass'd from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy!
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of heaven!

— ♦ —
"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

NIght, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne,
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound—
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,
While circling ages wheel'd away
Unnoted mid the voiceless gloom.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the Everlasting Word!
"Let there be light!" and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
"In the beginning" sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

Then, in his burning track, the sun
Trod onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Cluster'd the stars around the moon—
In glory bathed, the radiant day
Wore like a king his crown of light—
And, girdled by the "Milky Way,"
How queenly look'd the star-gemm'd night!

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
Triumphantly the notes of song;
The morning-stars together sang
In concert with the heavenly throng;
And earth, enraptured, caught the strain
That thrill'd along her fields of air,
Till every mountain-top and plain
Flung back an answering echo there!

Creator! let thy Spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by thy grace divine
From the forbidden paths of sin;
And may that voice which bade the earth
From Chaos and the realms of Night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light!

Thus, made partakers of Thy love,
The baptism of the Spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renew'd in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of heaven—
The glorious songs which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven!

JUNE.

JUNE, with its roses—June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;
And with the drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming,
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;
And Nature greets her with a benison;
While myriad voices, humming
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
As if the light of heaven were melting through
Its sapphire home on high;
Hiding the sunshine in their vapoury breast,
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,
Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their callow young
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—
Glad some, yet not of glee—
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,
Young children gambol there,
Crushing the gather'd fruit in playful mood,
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given
To the half-ripen'd cherry, as the sun
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,
Till the rich pulp is riven;
The truant schoolboy looks with longing eyes,
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;
While Hope, bright-pinion'd, points to coming days,
When all his toil shall yield
An ample harvest, and around his hearth
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing,
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,
A gay and happy thing;
Born for the sunshine and the summer-day,
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are thy pictures, June! [ers!
Brightest of summer-months—thou month of flow-
First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours
Dance to the merry tune
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
Of childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong
To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,
Only that there the clouds and storms of time
Sweep not the sky along;
The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine!

SPRING.

THE sweet south wind, so long
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,
Or dallying gayly with the orange-trees
In the bright land of song,
Wakes unto us, and laughingly sweeps by,
Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The labourer at his toil
Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—
The aromatic spoil
Borne from the blossoming gardens of the south—
While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth.

The bursting buds look up
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side,—and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

The reptile that hath lain
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,
Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom
Up to the light again—
And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill,
To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise
From universal nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed Spring!—thou bearest gifts divine!
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine.

Nor unto earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal life—thrice-blessed Spring!

REQUIEM.

THE strife is o'er—Death's seal is set
On ashy lip and marble brow;
'Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet
Upon the cheek a life-like glow:
The feeble pulse hath throbb'd its last,
The aching head is laid at rest—
Another from our ranks hath pass'd,
The dearest and the loveliest!

Press down the eyelids—for the light,
Erewhile so radiant underneath,
Is gone forever from our sight,
And darken'd by the spoiler, Death:
Press down the eyelids—who can bear
To look beneath their fringed fold?
And softly part the silken hair
Upon the brow so deathly cold.

The strife is o'er! The loved of years,
To whom our yearning hearts had grown,
Hath left us, with life's gathering fears
To struggle darkly and alone;

Gone, with the wealth of love which dwelt,
Heart-kept, with holy thoughts and high—
Gone, as the clouds of evening melt
Beyond the dark and solemn sky.

Yet mourn her not—the voice of wo
Befits not this, her triumph-hour;
Let Sorrow's tears no longer flow,
For life eternal is her dower!
Freed from the earth's corrupt control,
The trials of a world like this,
Joy! for her disembodied soul
Drinks at the fount of perfect bliss!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON VISITING MY BIRTH-PLACE.

WE are scatter'd—we are scatter'd—
Though a jolly band were we!
Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,
And some are o'er the sea;
And Time hath wrought his changes
On the few who yet remain;
The joyous band that once we were
We cannot be again!

We are scatter'd—we are scatter'd!—
Upon the village-green,
Where we play'd in boyish recklessness,
How few of us are seen!
And the hearts that beat so lightly
In the joyousness of youth—
Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,
And some have lost their truth.

The beautiful—the beautiful
Are faded from our track!
We miss them and we mourn them,
But we cannot lure them back;
For an iron sleep hath bound them
In its passionless embrace—
We may weep—but cannot win them
From their dreary resting-place.

How mournfully—how mournfully
The memory doth come
Of the thousand scenes of happiness
Around our childhood's home!
A salutary sadness
Is brooding o'er the heart,
As it dwells upon remembrances
From which it will not part.

In memory—in memory—
How fondly do we gaze
Upon the magic loveliness
Of childhood's fleeting days!
The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—
The smile upon its lips:
They all have gone!—but left a light
Which time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness
Of boyhood must depart;
Then comes the sense of loneliness
Upon the stricken heart!

We will not, or we cannot fling
 Its sadness from our breast,
 We cling to it instinctively,
 We pant for its unrest!

We are scatter'd—we are scatter'd!
 Yet may we meet again
 In a brighter and a purer sphere,
 Beyond the reach of pain!

Where the shadows of this lower world
 Can never cloud the eye—
 When the mortal hath put brightly on
 Its immortality!

—◆—
 TO H. A. B.

DEEM not, beloved, that the glow
 Of love with youth will know decay;
 For, though the wing of Time may throw
 A shadow o'er our way;
 The sunshine of a cloudless faith,
 The calmness of a holy trust,
 Shall linger in our hearts till death
 Consigns our "dust to dust!"

The fervid passions of our youth—
 The fervour of affection's kiss—
 Love, born of purity and truth—
 All memories of bliss—
 These still are ours, while looking back
 Upon the past with dewy eyes;
 O, dearest! on life's vanish'd track
 How much of sunshine lies!

Men call us poor—it may be true
 Amid the gay and glittering crowd;
 We feel it, though our wants are few,
 Yet envy not the proud.
 The freshness of love's early flowers,
 Heart-shelter'd through long years of want,
 Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,
 That wealth could never grant.

Something of beauty from thy brow,
 Something of lightness from thy tread,
 Hath pass'd—yet thou art dearer now
 Than when our vows were said:
 A softer beauty round thee gleams,
 Chasten'd by time, yet calmly bright;
 And from thine eye of hazel beams
 A deeper, tenderer light:

An emblem of the love which lives
 Through every change, as time departs;
 Which binds our souls in one, and gives
 New gladness to our hearts!
 Flinging a halo over life
 Like that which gilds the life beyond!
 Ah! well I know thy thoughts, dear wife!
 To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,
 Is dearer than the blushing bride
 Who stood, three happy years gone by,
 In beauty by my side!
 Our Father, throned in light above,
 Hath bless'd us with a fairy child—

A bright link in the chain of love—
 The pure and undefiled:

Rich in the heart's best treasure, still
 With a calm trust we'll journey on,
 Link'd heart with heart, dear wife! until
 Life's pilgrimage be done!

Youth—beauty—passion—these will pass
 Like every thing of earth away—
 The breath-stains on the polish'd glass
 Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of God—
 The soother of life's many woes—
 She scatters fragrance round the sod
 Where buried hopes repose!

She leads us with her radiant hand
 Earth's pleasant streams and pasture by,
 Still pointing to a better land
 Of bliss beyond the sky!

—◆—
 TO ———.

HOPF, strewing with a liberal hand
 Thy pathway with her choicest flowers,
 Making the earth an Eden-land,
 And gilding time's departing hours;
 Lifting the clouds from life's blue sky,
 And pointing to that sphere divine
 Where joy's immortal blossoms lie
 In the rich light of heaven—be thine!

Love, with its voice of silvery tone,
 Whose music melts upon the heart
 Like whispers from the world unknown,
 When shadows from the soul depart—
 Love, with its sunlight melting through
 The mists that over earth are driven,
 And giving earth itself the hue
 And brightness of the upper-heaven—

Peace, hymning with her seraph-tones
 Amid the stillness of thy soul,
 Till every human passion owns
 Her mighty but her mild control—
 Devotion, with her lifted eye,
 All radiant with the tears of bliss,
 Looking beyond the bending sky
 To worlds more glorious than this—

Duty, untiring in her toil
 Earth's parch'd and sterile wastes among—
 Zeal, delving in the rocky soil,
 With words of cheer upon her tongue—
 Faith, with a strong and daring hand
 Rending aside the veil of heaven,
 And claiming as her own the land
 Whose glories to her view are given—

These, with the many lights that shine
 Brightly life's pilgrim-path upon,—
 These, with the bliss they bring, be thine,
 Till purer bliss in heaven be won;
 Till, gather'd with the loved of time,
 Whose feet the "narrow way" have trod,
 Thy soul shall drink of joys sublime,
 And linger in the smile of God!

SONG.

BELIEVE not the slander, my dearest KATRINE !
 For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart;
 In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine
 Where thou art remember'd, all pure as thou art:
 The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,
 Though it sweep away hope in its turbulent flow,
 Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,
 Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may
 grow faint
 In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of
 earth;
 And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint
 May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth.
 Temptations and trials, without and within,
 From the pathway of virtue the spirit may lure;
 But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er sin,
 And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.
 The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,
 Wrote thy name, O adored! when my feelings
 were young;
 And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,
 And the darkness of death o'er my being be flung.
 Then believe not the slander that says I forget,
 In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine;
 Thou wert dear in my boyhood, art dear to me yet:
 For my sunlight of life is the smile of KATRINE !

THE BROOK.

"LIKE thee, O stream! to glide in solitude
 Noiselessly on, reflecting sun or star,
 Unseen by man, and from the great world's jar
 Kept evermore aloof: methinks 't were good
 To live thus lonely through the silent lapse
 Of my appointed time." Not wisely said,
 Unthinking Quietist! The brook hath sped
 Its course for ages through the narrow gaps
 Of rifted hills and o'er the reedy plain,
 Or mid the eternal forests, not in vain;
 The grass more greenly groweth on its brink,
 And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there,
 And of its crystal waters myriads drink,
 That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

THE TIMES.

INACTION now is crime. The old earth reels
 Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,
 Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold
 Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
 The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
 In worship foul to Mammon, is contemn'd.
 He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemm'd
 Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels

Of impious trampers rescued peril'd right,
 Is call'd fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
 Maliciously assail'd. The poor man's tears
 Are unregarded; the oppressor's might
 Revered as law; and he whose righteous way
 Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

SOLITUDE.

THE ceaseless hum of men, the dusty streets,
 Crowded with multitudinous life; the din
 Of toil and traffic, and the wo and sin,
 The dweller in the populous city meets:
 These have I left to seek the cool retreats
 Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
 Built by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,
 And roof'd with ivy, on the mossy seats
 Reclining, I can while away the hours
 In sweetest converse with old books, or give
 My thoughts to Gon; or fancies fugitive
 Indulge, while over me their radiant showers
 Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,
 And thanks to HIM my meditations crown!

RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow pane,
 And making mournful music for the mind,
 While plays his interlude the wizard wind,
 I hear the ringing of the frequent rain:
 How doth its dreamy tone the spirit lull,
 Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,
 While busy thought calls up the past again,
 And lingers mid the pure and beautiful
 Visions of early childhood! Sunny faces
 Meet us with looks of love, and in the moans
 Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones,
 And tread again in old familiar places!
 Such is thy power, O Rain! the heart to bless,
 Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BOLD men were they, and true, that pilgrim-band,
 Who plough'd with venturous prow the stormy
 Seeking a home for hunted Liberty [sea,
 Amid the ancient forests of a land
 Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!
 Friends, country, hallow'd homes they left, to be
 Pilgrims for CHRIST's sake, to a foreign strand—
 Beseet by peril, worn with toil, yet free!
 Tireless in zeal, devotion, labour, hope;
 Constant in faith; in justice how severe!
 Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,
 Praise to their names! If call'd like them to cope,
 In evil times, with dark and evil powers,
 O, be their faith, their zeal, their courage ours!

WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

[Born about 1812.]

MR. PABODIE is a native of Providence, in Rhode Island. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1837, and has since, I believe, practised his profession in his native city. His principal work is "Calidore, a Legendary Poem," published

in 1839. It possesses considerable merit, but is not so carefully finished as some of his minor pieces, nor is there anything strikingly original in its fable or sentiments. His writings are more distinguished for elegance than for vigour.

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

Go forth into the fields,
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart!
Go forth and know the gladness nature yields
To the care-wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng;—
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark! from each fresh-clad bough,
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,
Bright birds with joyous music bid you now
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills
Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy lea,
Or gayly dancing down the sunny hills,
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young, wanton breeze,
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,
In voice low whispering 'mong th'embowering trees,
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,
Where violets meekly smile upon your way;
Or on some pine-crown'd summit, tempest riven,
Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ye the solemn wood,
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,
And listen, while the roar of some far flood
Thrills the young leaves with fear!

Stand by the tranquil lake,
Sleeping mid willowy banks of emerald dye,
Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break,
Checkering the mirror'd sky—

And if within your breast,
Hallow'd to nature's touch, one chord remain;
If aught save worldly honours find you blest,
Or hope of sordid gain,—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove;
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,
The holy Sabbath-hours, when sleeps the air,
And heaven, and earth deck'd with her beauteous
Lie hush'd in breathless prayer,— [flowers,

Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God!

TO THE AUTUMN FOREST.

RESPLENDENT hues are thine!
Triumphant beauty—glorious as brief!
Burdening with holy love the heart's pure shrine,
Till tears afford relief.

What though thy depths be hush'd!
More eloquent in breathless silence thou,
Than when the music of glad songsters gush'd
From every green-robed bough.

Gone from thy walks the flowers!
Thou askest not their forms thy paths to flock;—
The dazzling radiance of these sunlit bowers
Their hues could not bedeck.

I love thee in the spring,
Earth-crowning forest! when amid thy shades
The gentle south first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all thy glades.

In the hot summer-time,
With deep delight thy sombre aisles I roam,
Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime,
Rest on thy verdant loam.

But, O, when autumn's hand
Hath mark'd thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendour, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave!

I linger then with thee,
Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride;
Whose bright, unearthly beauty tells that she
Here may not long abide.

When my last hours are come,
Great God! ere yet life's span shall all be fill'd,
And these warm lips in death be ever dumb,
This beating heart be still'd,—

Bathe thou in hues as blest—
Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play!
So shall my soul to its eternal rest
In glory pass away!

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

GONE in the flush of youth !
Gone ere thy heart had felt earth's withering care ;
Ere the stern world had soild'd thy spirit's truth,
Or sown dark sorrow there.

Fled like a dream away !
But yesterday mid life's auroral bloom—
To-day, sad winter, desolate and gray,
Sighs round thy lonely tomb.

Fond hearts were beating high,
Fond eyes were watching for the loved one gone,
And gentle voices, deeming thou wert nigh,
Talk'd of thy glad return.

They watch'd—not all in vain—
Thy form once more the wonted threshold pass'd ;
But choking sobs, and tears like summer-rain,
Welcom'd thee home at last.

Friend of my youth, farewell !
To thee, we trust, a happier life is given ;
One tie to earth for us hath loosed its spell,
Another form'd for heaven.

OUR COUNTRY.

Own country !—'t is a glorious land !
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar ;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills ;
And calm content and peace abide ;
For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great Gon ! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free ;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty !—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise !

I HEAR THY VOICE, O SPRING !

I HEAR thy voice, O Spring !
Its flute-like tones are floating through the air,
Winning my soul with their wild ravishing,
From earth's heart-wearying care.

Divinely sweet thy song—
But yet, methinks, as near the groves I pass,
Low sighs on viewless wings are borne along,
Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they, the young,
The loved, the beautiful, who, when thy voice,
A year ago, along these valleys rung,
Did hear thee and rejoice !

Thou seek'st for them in vain—
No more they'll greet thee in thy joyous round ;
Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,
Or moulder in the ground.

Yet peace, my heart—be still !
Look upward to yon azure sky and know,
To heavenlier music now their bosoms thrill,
Where balmier breezes blow.*

For them hath bloom'd a spring,
Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
Whose music is the song that seraphs sing,
Whose light, the smile of God !

I STOOD BESIDE HIS GRAVE.

I stood beside the grave of him,
Whose heart with mine had fondly beat,
While memories, from their chambers dim,
Throng'd mournful, yet how sadly sweet !

It was a calm September eve,
The stars stole trembling into sight,
Save where the day, as loth to leave,
Still flush'd the heavens with rosy light.

The crickets in the grass were heard,
The city's murmur softly fell,
And scarce the dewy air was stirr'd,
As faintly toll'd the evening-bell.

O Death ! had then thy summons come,
To bid me from this world away,—
How gladly had I hail'd the doom
That stretch'd me by his mouldering clay !

And twilight deepen'd into night,
And night itself grew wild and drear,—
For clouds rose darkly on the sight,
And winds sigh'd mournful on the ear :—

And yet I linger'd mid the fern,
Though gleam'd no star the eye to bless—
For, O, 'twas agony to turn
And leave him to his loneliness !

LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

[Born, 1812.]

THE Reverend LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE was born in the valley of the Butternut Creek, in Otsego county, in New York. While he was a youth his father removed to the banks of the Wacamutquioek, now called the Huron, a small river in Michigan, and there, among scenes of remarkable wildness and beauty, he passed most of his time until the commencement of his college-life. In a letter to me, he says: "I was ever under a strong impulse to embody in language my thoughts, feelings, fancies, as they sprung up in the presence of the rude but

beautiful things around me: the prairies on fire, the sparkling lakes, the park-like forests, Indians on the hunt, guiding their frail canoes amid the rapids, or standing at night in the red light of their festival fires. I breathed the air of poetry." In the same letter he remarks that he is "indebted, for his intellectual and moral culture, to SAMUEL W. DEXTER, of Boston." He was admitted to holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1840, and now, I believe, resides in South Carolina.

THE CRIPPLE-BOY.

I.

Upon an Indian rush-mat, spread
Where burr-oak boughs a coolness shed,
Alone he sat, a cripple-child,
With eyes so large, so dark and wild,
And fingers, thin and pale to see,
Locked upon his trembling knee.
A-gathering nuts so blithe and gay,
The children early tripp'd away;
And he his mother had besought
Under the oak to have him brought;—
It was ever his seat when blackbirds sung
The wavy, rustling tops among;—
They calm'd his pain,—they cheer'd his loneliness—
The gales,—the music of the wilderness.

II.

Upon a prairie wide and wild
Look'd off that suffering cripple-child:
The hour was breezy, the hour was bright;—
O, 't was a lively, a lovely sight!
An eagle sailing to and fro
Around a flitting cloud so white—
Across the billowy grass below
Darting swift their shadows' light:—
And mingled noises sweet and clear,
Noises out of the ringing wood,
Were pleasing trouble in his ear,
A shock how pleasant to his blood:
O, happy world!—Beauty and Blessing slept
On everything but him—he felt, and wept.

III.

Humming a lightsome tune of yore,
Beside the open log-house door,
Tears upon his sickly cheek
Saw his mother, and so did speak;—
"What makes his mother's HENRY weep?
You and I the cottage keep;
They hunt the nuts and clusters blue,
Weary lads for me and you;

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And yonder see the quiet sheep;—
Why, now—I wonder why you weep!"—
"Mother, I wish that I could be
A sailor on the breezy sea!"
"A sailor on the stormy sea, my son!—
What ails the boy!—what have the breezes done!"

IV.

"I do!—I wish that I could be
A sailor on the rolling sea:
In the shadow of the sails
I would ride and rock all day,
Going whither blow the gales,
As I have heard a seaman say:
I would, I guess, come back again
For my mother now and then;
And the curling fire so bright,
When the prairie burns at night;
And tell the wonders I had seen
Away upon the ocean green;"—
"Hush! hush! talk not about the ocean so;
Better at home a hunter hale to go."

V.

Between a tear and sigh he smiled;
And thus spake on the cripple-child:—
"I would I were a hunter hale,
Nimble than the nimble doe,
Bounding lightly down the dale,
But that will never be, I know!
Behind the house the woodlands lie;
A prairie wide and green before;
And I have seen them with my eye
A thousand times or more;
Yet in the woods I never stray'd,
Or on the prairie-border play'd;—
O, mother dear, that I could only be
A sailor-boy upon the rocking sea!"

VI.

You would have turned with a tear,
A tear upon your cheek;
She wept aloud, the woman dear,
And further could not speak:

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The boy's it was a bitter lot
 She always felt, I trow;
 Yet never till then its bitterness
 At heart had grieved her so.
 Nature had waked the eternal wish;
 —*Liberty*, far and wide!—
 And now, to win him health, with joy,
 She would that morn have died.
 Till noon, she kept the shady door-way chair,
 But never a measure of that ancient air.

VII.

Piped the March-wind;—pinch'd and slow
 The deer were trooping in the snow;
 He saw them out of the cottage-door,
 The lame boy sitting upon the floor:
 "Mother, mother, how long will it be
 Till the prairie go like a waving sea?
 Will the bare woods ever be green, and when?
 O, will it ever be summer again?"—
 She look'd in silence on her child:
 That large eye, ever so dark and wild,
 O me, how bright!—it may have been
 That he was grown so pale and thin.
 It came, the emerald month, and sweetly shed
 Beauty for grief, and garlands for the dead.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

I.

Child! I pray, it be thy lot,
 Yet to know as bright a spot:
 Pond, or park, no crowned king
 Hath so brave as what I sing.

THERE is a lake in the Huron-Land,
 Round and deep, with a shining strand;
 The swan is queen of the northern air,—
 She bathes the snow of her bosom there.

And when she doth her matins sing,
 She moveth where the lilies spring;
 Like stars beneath her breast asleep
 They seem away on the azure deep.

Through root and stalk, that crinkle down
 As serpents green to the bottom brown,
 Like silent birds, when the woods are dim,
 The pickerel, perch, and sun-fish swim.

With many a sweep and elbow-crook,
 Steals in at the south a silvery brook;
 All to the life like a shining snake,
 When a full moon hangs over the lake.

Out of the woods and down the lawns
 It coos with the doves and leaps with fawns;
 Yet loiters in like a gentle doe
 Through rustling reeds in the meadows low.

Waiting on either bank are seen
 Such tender tufts of the willow green,
 They bend if the faintest breezes pass,
 To see themselves in the liquid glass.

And all between is a flush of flowers,
 By the rainbow painted in the showers;
 After the zephyrs among them play,
 With odorous wings they fly away.

II.

Child! I trow there's many a bower
 Where does flourish such a flower:
 Eyes alone may look, till blind;
 Hearts do help such blooms to find.

A spirit-like birth is the young moon's light
 In the tender leaves, of an April night;—
 The soul of Beauty it loves to mate
 With the rare, the pure, and the delicate.

From lofty down to lowly things,
 'Tis ever thus, the minstrel sings,
 As memory paints again that hour
 He found by the brook a wondrous flower.

A rock did cradle it on the brink,
 Where come the deer, at dark, to drink;
 From sympathy sure it used to dip
 In the sweet water its sweeter lip.

Though close around there were fragrant gems
 Of many a tint on a thousand stems,
 A princess this, and ladies of honour
 The courtliest seem'd, to wait upon her.

Or, hath the genius of every place
 A castle of might,—a throne of grace,
 That rock, in sooth, were an elfin tower,
 And the mercy-seat were the wondrous flower.

Or, it were the form of the fay itself,
 Transfigured, to startle each smaller elf;
 And pour on the humbird's raptured eyes
 A glory-gleam of its paradise.

A poet such *union* of grace had caught,
 It would have awaken'd, at sight, the thought
 Of the blessed Triune Mystery,
 The Beauty—the Light of Eternity.

It was pure as the brow of Innocence,
 Low bent in the smile of Omnipotence;
 And yet, from a warmth in its snow, I guess,
 Like an angel it was not passionless.

Ah, no,—I trow, of its delicate heart
 To light it was yielding the holiest part,
 As it came with a blush at early day,
 And stole in the purple of eve away.

But whether it bore to aught beside
 A single feeling to love allied,
 I know not,—save to the listening air
 It whisper'd ever a spicy prayer.

And penitence seem'd the crowning grace
 Of all that slept in its sweet embrace:
 A sinless tear in its bowl is kept,
 As ever a dying infant wept.

III.

Child! there's Beauty and there's Love;—
 Both do dwell in heaven above:
 Hearts and flowers can tell, I trow,
 Both do wander here below.

O, come we hither or cold or blind?
 Sweet music, bright visions do follow the mind—
 Did follow us in from a world of bliss,
 Or ever we look'd to love in this.

Nor is it a poet's airy dream,
 That things are deeper than what they seem:

He feels they are, if his soul can see
In Nature one token of sympathy.

Now what in that being of vernal birth,
Kindred alone to the cold, dark earth,
Could trouble the lyre which hangs within,
So still, as we pass this world of sin?

Beauty!—from heaven as ever it fell,
A peal it rung on that silvery bell,
That worked to no mortal minstrelsy
This harp in its cell of mortality.

In truth, it was love in its purest feature,
That pour'd its own in that peerless creature:—
Love,—and that of the self-same power,
Which carried the knight to his lady's bower.

And whither by prairie or pond I went,
One image all thought and fancy blent,
Till I was too full of the beauteous elf
Longer to keep it alone to myself.

And so, to one it was told, that could
Hear melody soft in the silent wood;
And silence feel where the cataract fell,—
Fair LAURA, maid of the hazle-dell.

One balmy dawn, as its bright eyelash
The Orient prick'd with a rosy flash,
Her favourite hour it was I knew—
We hasten'd off in the heavy dew.

The worth of the jewel it would seek,
The light of her clear, blue eye did speak;
How plain, or ever we reach'd the place,
I caught its blush in her speaking face!

But, ah me! who, save one, that has found
Her darling, miss'd for a moment, drown'd,
The fainting away of my soul can guess,
When I look'd for that creature of loveliness!

There were the pink and the columbine,
The lady-slipper and elegantine;
A bevy of others, unknown before,
To mock the majesty now no more.

Now, what that pitiless deed had wrought
To me was a matter of painful thought,
Until I saw, by the gray rock near,
Rude footprints of the wanton deer.

Alas! the fate of my flower was plain;
The passing creek was a funeral train,
Marching on with a mournful tread
After the bier of the early dead.

A moment:—all but this, I forget—
Looks in mutual sorrow met:
And passionate love—'t was a dear surprise!—
Its fellow found in the other's eyes.

IV.

Child! our love is constant ever;
Beauty hath a burial never;—
Part they may, when forms do die;—
All, at last, will meet on high.

Now, whether that was indeed the queen,
Full many a rose will doubt, I ween;
And say that fancy upon the stem
Did put the robe and the diadem.

I dare not cavil, but this may be:
What matter!—my vision it clear'd to see
The mirror of heaven's most holy part
Is ever the deep of the human heart.

And that which plays on its awful motion,
As moon-rays over the rolling ocean,
Is Beauty—the smile of Eternal Love,
Out of the golden gates above.

Beauty—the breath and life of light,
Our spirits catch in the outward sight;
And, whether on cloud, or the emerald sod,
Do know for us that it falls from God.

And, if it vanish and flit away,
It meets nor darkness, nor decay;
It only fades in a flower to seek
A livelier youth in a virgin's cheek.

And so, it is an immortal sprite,
Tending up to the Infinite:
When the doors of an after-world unfold,
It follows the saints on the flames of the old.

A LITTLE GREEN ISLE.

A LITTLE green isle in a lonely lake
There is in the cool north-west;
O, the loveliest isle in the month of May!
There the wild birds sleep, and the wild birds wake,
To flutter and sing, as the breezes shake
Their young in each moss-built nest:
O, that lone little isle!
How I loved it the while
I was wild and as merry as they!

The flowers are bright in the velvety grass,
And brighter around the springs:
O, sweetest flowers of the month of May!
As over the waters, as clear as glass,
The snowy swan and her younglings pass,
Her bugle-horn tune she sings:
O, that bright little isle!
How I loved it the while
I was tuneful and roving as they!

A rocking canoe, of the white-wood tree,
I had in that pleasant lake;
A leaf-like bark for the month of May!
Where the running pine and the roses be,
My sisters paddled along with me,
Our coronals gay to make:
O, that dear little isle!
How I loved it the while
I was young and light-hearted as they!

O, little lone isle of the silent lake,
Far off in the cool north-west,
My spirit is thine in the month of May!
Thou art beautiful yet, though billows break
O'er my light canoe, and the willows shake
Their locks where the lovely rest:
O, thou sweet, blessed isle!
I will cherish thee while
There are tears for such dear ones as they.

C. P. CRANCH.

[Born, 1813.]

THE Reverend C. P. CRANCH is a son of Chief Justice CRANCH, of Washington, and was born on the eighth of March, 1813, in Alexandria, District of Columbia. He was graduated at the Columbian

College, Washington, in the summer of 1831, and afterward studied three years in the Divinity School at Cambridge, Massachusetts. I believe he is now pastor of a church near Boston.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

AND is the harmony of heaven gone?

Hath it all died away, ere human ears

Caught the faint closing hymn, far-off, and lone,—
The music of the spheres?

Have the stars hush'd that glorious song of old,

When the night shrunk to the far Occident,
And morning gush'd in streaks of burning gold
Up the grey firmament?

Yon orbs that watch so fixedly above,

Yon planets claiming with our own their birth,
Are they all mute as through the abyss they move,
Like our dim, silent earth?

And hath the sky, the deep, mysterious sky,
No voices from amid yon circling throng?

Are there no thundering echoes where the high
Procession rolls along?

Hath heaven rare changing tints, and doth it glow

Full of high eloquence and poetry,
And all that makes the love of beauty grow,
And yet no harmony?

No music there, where music's font hath been—

No sweet sounds, swelling dreamily and long,
When night and silence listen to drink in
The choral stream of song?

Is it a fable all of early time,

That the young stars, as they leap'd by our earth,
Rang sweet and loud a deep and voice-like chime,
Ere the first soul had birth?

And was the sage's thought a fiction too,

That the crystalline spheres that closed us round,
Murmur'd from all their moving arches blue
A never-ceasing sound?

Too fine and too sublime for mortal ears

In our dull orb of clay—and this is why
We never hear the music of the spheres
Come pealing through the sky!*

Were there no revelations from the deep,

Unbroken stillness of yon glittering host,
Murmuring on old Tradition's infant sleep,
Like voice* of heavenly ghost?

* It was the notion of PYTHAGORAS, I think, that the heavens were composed of a series of crystal spheres, transparent and enclosed one within another, and that these moving against each other produced the most divine harmony conceivable, but that the reason it was not heard by mortals was, that it was too loud and sublime to be heard, and the ear too small to take cognisance of it.

Did they not come to them who talk'd with God,

In the cool hush of morning and of eve—

Who fell in Eden—felt the Chastener's rod,
And wander'd forth to grieve?

Did they not fall in choral symphony

On the rapt wonder of the Nomad swain,
As, stretch'd beside his flock, he raised his eye
At midnight from the plain?

Did all the wise and holy men of old

Watch by yon burning stars in vain, to claim
That wisdom which to eye nor ear was told,
Till Christ, the teacher, came?

If, O ye orbs, ye never yet have spoken

In language audible—still let me feel
Your silent concord, o'er my heart unbroken,
In holy influence steal!

And let me trace in all things beautiful

A natural harmony, that soothes, upraises;
So it may wake a soul too mute and dull,
To everlasting praises!

THE BLIND SEER.

FROM morn till night the old man sitteth still;

Deep quench'd in darkness lie all earthly sights;
He hath not known, since childhood sway'd his will,
The outward shows of open-eyed delights.

But in an inner world of thought he liveth,

A pure, deep realm of praise and lowly prayer,
Where faith from sight no pension e'er receiveth,
But groweth only from the All-True and Fair.

That Universal Soul, who is the being,

The reason and the heart of men on earth,
Shineth so broad o'er him, that, though not seeing,
He walketh where the morning hath its birth.

He travelleth where the upper springs flow on;

He heareth harmonies from angel-choirs;

He seeth Uriel standing in the sun;

He dwelleth up among the heavenly fires.

And yet he loveth, as we all do love,

To hear the restless hum of common life;

Though planted in the spirit-soil above,

His leaves and flowers do bud amid the strife

Of all this weary world, and shine more fair

Than sympathies which have no inward root,

Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker air,

And, dropping, leave behind no winter-fruit.

But here are winter-fruits and blossoms too ;
 Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curl'd,
 That smile, that thought-fill'd brow, open to the view
 Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

O, who would love this wondrous world of sense,
 Though steep'd in joy and ruled by beauty's
 queen,

If it were purchased at the dear expense
 Of losing all which souls like this have seen ?

Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious all,
 Which fills like thought our never-doubting eyes,
 Might with its firm-built grandeur sink and fall
 Before one ray of soul-realities.

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
 That still go gliding by,
 And bear each minute's record up
 To HIM who sits on high.

And we, who walk among them,
 As one by one departs,
 See not that they are hovering
 Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
 Around the idle flowers,
 They gather every act and thought,
 Those viewless angel-hours.

The poison or the nectar
 The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
 A sample still they gather swift,
 And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
 Of joyous gold and blue,
 And some flag on with drooping wings
 Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record,
 And bear it far away ;
 Their mission-flight by day or night
 No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
 That God to us hath given,
 The deeds are known before His throne,
 The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like hours we see not,
 Nor hear their noiseless wings ;
 We only feel, too oft, when flown,
 That they have left their stings.

So, teach me, Heavenly Father,
 To meet each flying hour,
 That as they go they may not show
 My heart a poison-flower !

So, when death brings its shadows,
 The hours that linger last
 Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
 Unfetter'd by the past.

STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech ;
 Feeling deeper than all thought :
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils :
 Man by man was never seen :
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known :
 Mind with mind did never meet :
 We are columns left alone,
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
 Far apart, though seeming near,
 In our light we scatter'd lie ;
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
 But a babbling summer-stream ?
 What our wise philosophy
 But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love
 Melts the scatter'd stars of thought,
 Only when we live above
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
 By the Fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led
 Which they never drew from earth ;

We, like parted drops of rain,
 Swelling till they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorb'd again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

MY THOUGHTS.

MANY are the thoughts that come to me
 In my lonely musing ;
 And they drift so strange and swift,
 There's no time for choosing
 Which to follow, for to leave
 Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,
 As on glancing feather,
 Startled birds rise one by one,
 In autumnal weather,
 Waking one another up
 From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,
 Some are grave and serious,
 Some so trite, their last approach
 Is enough to weary us :
 Others flit like midnight ghosts,
 Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
 Like the day when dawning ;
 Great thoughts wing'd with melody,
 Common utterance scorning,
 Moving in an inward tune,
 And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
 Children all of sorrow;
 Some are as gay, as if to-day
 Could see no cloudy morrow,
 And yet like light and shade they each
 Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me
 On their destined mission;
 One by one I see them fade
 With no hopeless vision;
 For they've led me on a step
 To their home Elysian.

BEAUTY.

SAY, where does beauty dwell?
 I gazed upon the dance, where ladies bright
 Were moving in the light
 Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with
 flowers,
 Danced on the joyous hours;
 And fairest bosoms
 Heaved happily beneath the winter-roses' blossoms:
 And it is well;

Youth hath its time,
 Merry hearts will merrily chime.
 The forms were fair to see,
 The tones were sweet to the ear,
 But there's beauty more rare to me,
 That beauty was not here.

I stood in the open air,
 And gazed on nature there.
 The beautiful stars were over my head,
 The crescent moon hung over the west:
 Beauty o'er river and hill was spread,
 Wooing the feverish soul to rest:
 Beauty breathed in the summer-breeze;
 Beauty rock'd the whispering trees,
 Was mirror'd in the sleeping billow,
 Was bending in the swaying willow,
 Flooding the skies, bathing the earth,
 Giving all lovely things a birth:
 All—all was fair to see—

All was sweet to the ear:
 But there's beauty more fair to me—
 That beauty was not here.

I sat in my room alone.
 My heart began a tone:
 Its soothing strains were such
 As if a spirit's touch
 Were visiting its chords.
 Soon it gather'd words,
 Pouring forth its feelings,
 And its deep revealings:
 Thoughts and fancies came
 With their brightening flame.
 Truths of deepest worth
 Sprang imbodied forth—

Deep and solemn mysteries,
 Spiritual harmonies,
 And the faith that conquers time—
 Strong, and lovely, and sublime.

Then the purposes of life
 Stood apart from vulgar strife.
 Labour in the path of duty
 Gleam'd up like a thing of beauty.
 Beauty shone in self-denial,
 In the sternest hour of trial—
 In a meek obedience
 To the will of Providence—
 In the love sympathies
 That, forgetting selfish ease,
 Prompted acts that sought the good
 Of every spirit:—understood
 The wants of every human heart,
 Eager ever to impart
 Blessings to the weary soul
 That hath felt the better world's control.

Here is beauty such as ne'er
 Met the eye or charm'd the ear.
 In the soul's high duties then I felt
 That the loftiest beauty ever dwelt.

ON HEARING TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

THAT joyous strain,
 Wake—wake again!
 O'er the dead stillness of my soul it lingers.
 Ring out, ring out
 The music-shout!
 I hear the sounding of thy flying fingers,
 And to my soul the harmony
 Comes like a freshening sea.
 Again, again!
 Farewell, dull pain;
 Thou heart-ache, rise not while those harp-strings
 Sad feelings, hence! [quiver;
 I feel a sense
 Of a new life come like a rushing river
 Freshening the fountains parch'd and dry
 That in my spirit lie.

That glorious strain!
 O! from my brain
 I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts!
 A light, a light
 Shines in to-night
 Round the good angels trooping to their posts—
 And the black cloud is rent in twain
 Before the ascending strain.

It dies away—
 It will not stay—
 So sweet—so fleeting. Yet to me it spake
 Strange peace of mind
 I could not find
 Before that triumph-strain the silence brake.
 So let it ever come to me
 With an undying harmony.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

[Born, 1813.]

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN was born in Boston on the twentieth of April, 1813. After preparing for college, the state of his health rendered it necessary for him to relinquish his studies and seek a milder climate. In September, 1833, he sailed from New York for Havre, and after a brief sojourn at Paris, proceeded to Italy, where he remained until the ensuing summer. In the spring after his return, he gave the results of his observation to the public, in a duodecimo volume, entitled "The Italian Sketch Book." This work was received with much favour, and passed to a second edition. The author resumed and, for a time, prosecuted his academical studies, but again experiencing the injurious effects of a sedentary life and continued mental application, he embarked in October, 1837, for the Mediterranean; visited

Gibraltar and Malta, made the tour of Sicily, and, after a winter's residence at Palermo, crossed over to the continent. The winter of 1838 he passed chiefly in Florence, and returned to the United States in the course of the ensuing summer. In 1839 appeared from his pen "Isabel, or Sicily, a Pilgrimage." Under the guise of a romance, it embraces many interesting descriptions and reflections incident to a Sicilian tour. For several years, he has been a contributor to our periodical literature, both in prose and verse. A selection from his writings, consisting of sketches, essays, and tales, was published in New York, in the autumn of 1841, under the title of "Rambles and Reveries." His style is graceful and correct, but not distinguished for vigour; and his thoughts and illustrations are pleasing and poetical.

MARY.

WHAT though the name is old and oft repeated,
What though a thousand beings bear it now;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted,—
What though 'tis hallow'd by a poet's vow?
We ever love the rose and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye,
And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
Age after age has lit the northern sky.
As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odours to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a glad some hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone—
Thus, thus, for aye, the name of MARY spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken
And stir'd the fountains of my inmost soul.
The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, MARY, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the MARY of my ardent mind.
And marvel not I thus call my ideal,
We inly paint as we would have things be,
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
As APHRONITE rose from out the sea;
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
In a far land where I was sad and lone?
Whose presence now is my delight alway?
Both angels must the same bless'd title own.
What spirits round my weary way are flying,
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
Are all unknown,—in trust I bide my fate;

But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'T would be that MARY should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last accent
here.

THE RINGLET.

THE statesman's cabinet was thickly strown
With parchment scrolls, Ambition's implements:
The hum of passers by, the low, quick note
Of the rich time-piecer, the fantastic play
Of chequer'd light athwart the dusky room,
The sweet aroma and the pensive strain
From his wife's terrace stealing winningly—
Were all unheeded by the man of cares.
You might have known the failure of some aim,
Of more than common import, in the plan
Too intricately wove—of his deep schemes:
For fix'd in troubled musings was his gaze;
As restlessly he scan'd each letter'd roll,
Till thrusting back, in very petulance,
A half-read packet on his escreteir,
The spring-lock of a secret drawer was touch'd,
And the forgotten nook where, in his youth,
He had been wont to store the treasures small
Of every doting hope, sprang forth unbid!
What mystic token stays his anxious gaze?
And whence that glowing flush?—that mournful
smile?
Ay, and the tear in that world-tutor'd eye?
List, list!—he speaks!—mark well his thoughtful
words;
They may instruct thee,—for men call him GREAT:
"RINGLET of golden hair!
How thou dost move my very manhood now!
Stirring in radiance, there,
As once thou didst above this care-worn brow.

"Methinks it cannot be
That thou art mine; yet, gazing, I do feel
The spell of infancy,
Like distant music, through my bosom steal.
"Sweet relic of that hour!
She who so fondly deck'd thee, day by day,
As some love-cherish'd flower,
From the green earth, for aye, has pass'd away!
"O! what unconscious bliss
Fill'd this lone breast when thou wert floating free,
 Wooing the breeze's kiss!
Symbol of early joy, I welcome thee!
"Would that the sunny hue
That gilds thy silken threads so brightly o'er,—
Would that life's morning dew
Might bathe my restless heart forever more!
"Unto the spirit-land
Could I, in being's brightness, have been borne,—
Had her fond, trembling hand
From my cold brow this golden ringlet shorn;
"Not, then, should I thus gaze,
And sigh that time has weaken'd and made dim
The charm which thou dost raise,—
Bright are the tresses of the cherubim!
"Type of life's tranquil spring!
Thy voice is rich and eloquently mild,
The Teacher's echoing:
" 'Become thou now e'en as a little child.' "

TO AN ELM.

BRAVELY thy old arms sling
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,
And, like a sylvan king,
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.
As some rude tower of old,
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,
With limbs of giant mould,
To battle sternly with the winter storm.
In Nature's mighty fane,
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;
How long the pilgrim train
That with a benison have pass'd thee by!
Lone patriarch of the wood!
Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,
Of fresh and dauntless mood,
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.
The locust knows thee well,
And when the summer-days his notes prolong,
Hid in some leafy cell,
Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song.
Oft, on a morn in spring,
The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray,
And there securely swing,
To whet his beak, and pour his blithesome lay.
How bursts thy monarch wail,
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,
And, bared to meet the gale,
Wave thy old branches, eager for the strife!
The sunset often weaves
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendour rare,

While the fresh-murmuring leaves
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free,
Gay youth and age serene
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

O, hither should we roam,
To hear Truth's herald in the lofty shade.
Beneath thy emerald dome
Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade.

With blessings at thy feet,
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest;
Thy verdant, calm retreat
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

When, at the twilight hour,
Plays through thy tressil crown the sun's last gleam,
Under thy ancient bower
The schoolboy comes to sport, the bard to dream.

And when the moonbeams fall
Through thy broad canopy upon the grass,
Making a fairy hall,
As o'er the sward the flitting shadows pass;

Then lovers haste to thee,
With hearts that tremble like that shifting light,
To them, O, brave old tree,
Thou art joy's shrine—a temple of delight!

TRI-MOUNTAIN.

THROUGH Time's dim atmosphere, behold
Those ancient hills again,
Rising to Fancy's eager view
In solitude, as when
Beneath the summer firmament,
So silently of yore,
The shadow of each passing cloud
Their rugged bosoms bore!

They sloped in pathless grandeur then
Down to the murmuring sea,
And rose upon the woodland plain
In lonely majesty.
The breeze, at noontide, whisper'd soft
Their emerald knolls among,
And midnight's wind, amid their heights,
Its wildest dirges sung.

As on their brow the forest-king
Paused in his weary way,
From far below his quick ear caught
The moaning of the bay;
The dry leaves, fann'd by autumn's breath,
Along their ridges crept;
And snow-wreaths, like storm-whiten'd waves,
Around them rudely swept.

For ages, o'er their swelling sides,
Grew the wild flowers of spring,
And stars smiled down, and dew-founts pour'd
Their gentle offering.
The moonbeams play'd upon their peaks,
And at their feet the tide;
And thus, like altar-mounts they stood,
By nature sanctified.

Now, when to mark their beacon-forms
 The seaman turns his gaze,
 It quails, as roof, and spire, and dome
 Flash in the sun's bright rays.
 On those wild hills a thousand homes
 Are rear'd in proud array,
 And argosies float safely o'er
 That lone and isle-gein'd bay.
 Those shadowy mounds, so long untrod,
 By countless feet are press'd;
 And hosts of loved ones meekly sleep
 Below their teeming breast.
 A world's unnumber'd voices float
 Within their narrow bound:
 Love's gentle tone, and traffic's hum,
 And music's thrilling sound.
 There Liberty first found a tongue
 Beneath New England's sky,
 And there her earliest martyrs stood,
 And nerved themselves to die.
 And long upon these ancient hills,
 By glory's light enshrined,
 May rise the dwellings of the free,
 The city of the mind.

LOVE AND FAME.

GIVE me the boon of love!
 I ask no more for fame;
 Far better one unpurchased heart
 Than glory's proudest name.
 Why wake a fever in the blood,
 Or damp the spirit now,
 To gain a wreath whose leaves shall wave
 Above a wither'd brow?
 Give me the boon of love!
 Ambition's meed is vain;
 Dearer affection's earnest smile
 Than honour's richest train.
 I'd rather lean upon a breast
 Responsive to my own,
 Than sit pavilion'd gorgeously
 Upon a kingly throne.
 Like the Chaldean sage,
 Fame's worshippers adore
 The brilliant orbs that scatter light
 O'er heaven's azure floor;
 But, in their very heart enshrined,
 The votaries of love
 Keep o'er the holy flame, which once
 Illumed the courts above.
 Give me the boon of love!
 Renown is but a breath,
 Whose loudest echo ever floats
 From out the halls of death.
 A loving eye beguiles me more
 Than fame's emblazon'd seal,
 And one sweet note of tenderness
 Than triumph's wildest peal.
 Give me the boon of love!
 The path of fame is drear,
 And glory's arch doth ever span
 A hill-side cold and sere.

One wild flower from the path of love,
 All lowly though it lie,
 Is dearer than the wreath that waves
 To stern ambition's eye.

Give me the boon of love!
 The lamp of fame shines far,
 But love's soft light glows near and warm—
 A pure and household star.
 One tender glance can fill the soul
 With a perennial fire;
 But glory's flame burns fitfully—
 A lone, funereal pyre.

Give me the boon of love!
 Fame's trumpet-strains depart,
 But love's sweet lute yields melody
 That lingers in the heart.
 And the scroll of fame will burn
 When sea and earth consume,
 But the rose of love in a happier sphere
 Will live in deathless bloom.

GREENOUGH'S WASHINGTON.

THE quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
 Has peopled earth with grace,
 Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung,
 A bright and peerless race;
 But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
 A shape of loftier name
 Than his, who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,
 The noblest son of Fame.
 Sheathed is the sword that Passion never stain'd;
 His gaze around is cast,
 As if the joys of Freedom, newly-gain'd,
 Before his vision pass'd;
 As if a nation's shout of love and pride
 With music fill'd the air,
 And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
 Of deep and grateful prayer;
 As if the crystal mirror of his life
 To fancy sweetly came,
 With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
 Undimm'd by doubt or shame;
 As if the lofty purpose of his soul
 Expression would betray—
 The high resolve Ambition to control,
 And thrust her crown away!
 O, it was well in marble firm and white
 To carve our hero's form,
 Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
 Our star amid the storm!
 Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
 And human freedom sure,
 His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,
 While man and time endure!
 And it is well to place his image there,
 Beneath the dome he blest;
 Let meaner spirits who its councils share,
 Revere that silent guest!
 Let us go up with high and sacred love
 To look on his pure brow,
 And as, with solemn grace, he points above,
 Renew the patriot's vow!

EPES SARGENT.

[Born, 1816.]

THE author of "Velasco" is a native of Gloucester, a town on the sea-coast of Massachusetts, and was born on the twenty-seventh of September, 1816. His father, a respectable merchant, of the same name, is still living, and resides in Boston. The subject of this sketch was educated in the schools of that city and the neighbourhood, where he lived until his removal to New York, in 1837. His earliest metrical compositions were printed in "The Collegian," a monthly miscellany edited by several of the students of Harvard College, of the junior and senior classes of 1830. One of his contributions to that work, entitled "Twilight Sketches," exhibits the grace of style, ease of versification, and variety of description, which are characteristic of his more recent effusions. It was a sketch of the Summer Gardens of St. Petersburg, and was written during a visit to that capital in the spring of 1828.

MR. SARGENT'S reputation rests principally on his dramas, for he has not published any collection of his miscellaneous poems. His first appearance as a dramatic author was in the winter of 1836, when his "Bride of Genoa" was brought out at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston. This was a five-act play, founded on incidents in the career of ANTONIO MONTALDO, a plebeian, who at the age of twenty-two, made himself doge of Genoa, in 1693, and who is described in the history of the times as a man of "forgiving temper," but daring and ambitious, with a genius adequate to the accomplishment of vast designs. In the delineation of his hero, the author has followed the historical record, though the other characters and incidents of the drama are entirely fictitious. It was successfully

performed in Boston, and since in many of the first theatres of the country. His next production was of a much higher order, and as a specimen of dramatic art, has received warm commendation from the most competent judges. It was the tragedy of "Velasco," first performed at Boston, in November, 1837, Miss ELLEN TREE in the character of IZIDORA, and subsequently at the principal theatres in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Orleans. It was published in New York in 1839. "The general action of the piece," says the author in his preface, "is derived from incidents in the career of RODRIGO DIAZ, the Cid, whose achievements constitute so considerable a portion of the historical and romantic literature of Spain." The subject had been variously treated by French and Spanish dramatists, among others, by COUNEILLE, but MR. SARGENT was the first to introduce it successfully upon the English stage. It is a chaste and elegant performance, and probably has not been surpassed by any similar work by so youthful an author. It was written before MR. SARGENT was twenty-one years of age.

The minor poems of MR. SARGENT have appeared at various times in the monthly miscellanies and other periodicals. The selections which I have made convey a not inaccurate idea of their style. The *quatorzains* written during a voyage to Cuba in the spring of 1835, appear to be the most carefully finished, though in other respects they are not, perhaps, superior to several of his other compositions. He has written several interesting prose works, which have been published anonymously. Like his poems, they are distinguished for elegance of thought and diction.

RECORDS OF A SUMMER-VOYAGE TO CUBA.

I.—THE DEPARTURE.

AGAIN thy winds are pealing in mine ear!
Again thy waves are flashing in my sight!
Thy memory-haunting tones again I hear,
As through the spray our vessel wings her flight!
On thy cerulean breast, now swelling high,
Again, thou broad Atlantic, am I cast!
Six years, with noiseless tread, have glided by,
Since, an adventurous boy, I hail'd thee last,
The sea-birds o'er me wheel, as if to greet
An old companion; on my naked brow
The sparkling foam-drops not unkindly beat; [now
Flows through my hair the freshening breeze—and
The horizon's ring enclasps me; and I stand
Gazing where fades from view, cloud-like, my father-land!

II.—THE GALE.

The night came down in terror. Through the
air
Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, roll'd;
The lightning kindling with its vivid glare
Their outlines, as they rose, heap'd fold on fold,
The wind, in fitful sighs, swept o'er the sea;
And then a sudden lull, gentle as sleep,
Soft as an infant's breathing, seem'd to be
Lain, like enchantment, on the throbbing deep.
But, false the calm! for soon the strengthen'd
gale
Burst, in one loud explosion, far and wide,
Drowning the thunder's voice! With every sail
Close-reef'd, our groaning ship heel'd on her side;
The torn waves comb'd the deck; while o'er the
mast
The meteors of the storm a ghastly radiance cast!

III.—MORNING AFTER THE GALE.

Bravely our trim ship rode the tempest through;
 And, when the exhausted gale had ceased to rave,
 How broke the day-star on the gazer's view!
 How flush'd the orient every crested wave!
 The sun threw down his shield of golden light
 In fierce defiance on the ocean's bed;
 Whereat, the clouds betook themselves to flight,
 Like routed hosts, with banners soil'd and red.
 The sky was soon all brilliance, east and west;
 All traces of the gale had pass'd away—
 The chiming billows, by the breeze caress'd,
 Toss'd lightly from their heads the feathery spray.
 Ah! thus may Hope's auspicious star again
 Rise o'er the troubled soul where gloom and grief
 have been!

IV.—TO A LAND-BIRD.

Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks!
 Where blooms the flower and toils the honey-bee;
 Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks,
 And woods and hills are very fair to see—
 Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam,
 With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow?
 Thou canst not, like the osprey, cleave the foam,
 Nor, like the petrel, make the wave thy pillow.
 Thou'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird,
 Which, from some better land, to this rude life
 Seem borne—they struggle, mid the common herd,
 With powers unfitted for the selfish strife!
 Haply, at length, some zephyr wafts them back
 To their own home of peace, across the world's
 dull track.

V.—A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

I woke from slumber at the dead of night,
 Stir'd by a dream which was too sweet to last—
 A dream of boyhood's season of delight;
 It flash'd along the dim shapes of the past!
 And, as I mused upon its strange appeal,
 Thrilling my heart with feelings undefined,
 Old memories, bursting from time's icy seal,
 Rush'd, like sun-stricken fountains, on my mind.
 Scenes, among which was cast my early home,
 My favourite haunts, the shores, the ancient woods,
 Where, with my schoolmates, I was wont to roam,
 Green, sloping lawns, majestic solitudes—
 All rose before me, till, by thought beguiled,
 Freely I could have wept, as if once more a child.

VI.—TROPICAL WEATHER.

We are afloat upon the tropic sea!
 Here summer holdeth a perpetual reign:
 How flash the waters in their bounding glee!
 The sky's soft purple is without a stain! [blowing,
 Full in our wake the smooth, warm trade-winds
 To their unvarying goal still faithful run;
 And as we steer, with sails before them flowing,
 Nearer the zenith daily climbs the sun.
 The startled flying-fish around us skim,
 Gloss'd, like the hummingbird, with rainbow dyes;
 And, as they dip into the water's brim,
 Swift in pursuit the preying dolphin hies.
 All, all is fair; and, gazing round, we feel
 The south's soft languor gently o'er our senses steal.

VII.—A CALM.

O! for one draught of cooling northern air!
 That it might pour its freshness on me now;
 That it might kiss my cheek and cleave my hair,
 And part its currents round my fever'd brow!
 Ocean, and sky, and earth! a blistering calm
 Spread over all! how weary wears the day!
 O, lift the wave, and bend the distant palm,
 Breeze! wheresoe'er thy lagging pinions stray,
 Triumphant burst upon the level deep,
 Rock the fix'd hull and swell the clinging sail!
 Arouse the opal clouds that o'er us sleep,
 Sound thy shrill whistle! we will bid thee hail!
 Though wrapt in all the storm-clouds of the north,
 Yet from thy home of ice, come forth, O, breeze,
 come forth!

VIII.—A WISH.

That I were in some forest's green retreat,
 Beneath a towering arch of proud old elms;
 Where a clear streamlet gurgled at my feet—
 Its wavelets glittering in their tiny helms!
 Thick clustering vines, in many a rich festoon,
 From the high, rustling branches should depend;
 Weaving a net, through which the sultry noon
 Might stoop in vain its fiery beams to send.
 There, prostrate on some rock's gray sloping side,
 Upon whose tinted moss the dew yet lay,
 Would I catch glimpses of the clouds that ride
 Athwart the sky—and dream the hours away;
 While through the alleys of the sunless wood
 The fanning breeze might steal, with wild-flowers'
 breath imbued.

IX.—TROPICAL NIGHT.

But, O! the night!—the cool, luxurious night,
 Which closes round us when the day grows dim,
 And the sun sinks from his meridian height
 Behind the ocean's occidental rim!
 Clouds, in thin streaks of purple, green, and red,
 Lattice his parting glory, and absorb
 The last bright emanations that are shed
 In wide profusion, from his falling orb.
 And now the moon, her lids unclosing, deigns
 To smile serenely on the charmed sea,
 That shines as if inlaid with lightning-chains,
 From which it hardly struggled to be free.
 Swan-like, with motion unperceived, we glide,
 Touch'd by the downy breeze, and favour'd by the tide.

X.—THE PLANET JUPITER.

Ever, at night, have I look'd first for thee,
 O'er all thy astral sisterhood supreme!
 Ever, at night, have I look'd up to see
 The diamond lustre of thy quivering beam;
 Shining sometimes through pillow clouds serene,
 As they part from thee, like a loosen'd scroll;
 Sometimes unveil'd, in all thy native sheen,
 When no pale vapours underneath thee roll.
 Bright planet! that art but a single ray
 From our Creator's throne, illumine my soul!
 Thy influence shed upon my doubtful way
 Through life's dark vista to the immortal goal—
 Gleam but as now upon my dying eyes. [shall rise.
 And hope, from earth to thee, from thee to heaven,

XI.—TO EGERIA.

Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread;
 And I cannot behold thee save in dreams!
 I may not hear thy voice, nor list thy tread,
 Nor see the light that ever round thee gleams.
 Fairest and best! mid summer joys, ah, say,
 Dost thou e'er think of one who thinks of thee—
 The Atlantic-wanderer, who, day by day,
 Looks for thine image in the deep, deep sea?
 Long months, and years, perchance, will pass away,
 Ere he shall gaze into thy face again;
 He cannot know what rocks and quicksands may
 Await him, on the future's shipless main;
 But, thank'd be memory! there are treasures still,
 Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its will.

XII.—CUBA.

What sounds arouse me from my slumbers light?
 "Land ho! all hands ahoy!"—I'm on the deck.
 'Tis early dawn. The day-star yet is bright.
 A few white vapoury bars the zenith fleck.
 And lo! along the horizon, bold and high,
 The purple hills of Cuba! hail, all hail!
 Isle of undying verdure, with thy sky
 Of purest azure! Welcome, odorous gale!
 O! scene of life and joy! thou art array'd
 In hues of unimagined loveliness—
 Sing louder, brave old mariner! and aid
 My swelling heart its rapture to express;
 For from enchanted memory never more [shore!
 Shall fade this dawn sublime, this bright, celestial

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past;
 The gloom of misfortune is over them cast;
 They are lengthen'd by sorrow and sullied by care;
 Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare;
 Yet, now that their shadows are on us no more,
 Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherish'd fair hopes, we have plotted
 brave schemes,

We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams;
 Wealth has melted like snow that is grasp'd in the
 hand,

And the steps we have climb'd have departed like
 sand;

Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft,
 And honour, bright honour, and freedom are left?

O! shall we despond, while the pages of time
 Yet open before us their records sublime! [gold,
 While, ennobled by treasures more precious than
 We can walk with the martyrs and heroes of old;
 While humanity whispers such truths in the ear,
 As it softens the heart like sweet music to hear?

O! shall we despond while, with visions still free,
 We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the sea;
 While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,
 And the stars are a joy and a glory by night:
 While each harmony, running through nature, can
 raise

In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise!

O! let us no longer then vainly lament
 Over scenes that are faded and days that are spent:

But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
 On hope's waving banner still fix'd be our glance;
 And, should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
 Let us look to the future and not to the past!

THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

Honour'd be the hero evermore,
 Who at mercy's call has nobly died!
 Echoed be his name from shore to shore,
 With immortal chronicles allied!
 Verdant be the turf upon his dust,
 Bright the sky above, and soft the air!
 In the grove set up his marble bust,
 And with garlands crown it, fresh and fair.
 In melodious numbers, that shall live
 With the music of the rolling spheres,
 Let the minstrel's inspiration give
 His eulogium to the future years!
 Not the victor in his country's cause,
 Not the chief who leaves a people free,
 Not the framer of a nation's laws
 Shall deserve a greater fame than he!
 Hast thou heard, in Rome's declining day,
 How a youth, by Christian zeal impell'd,
 Swept the sanguinary games away,
 Which the Coliseum once beheld?
 Fill'd with gazing thousands were the tiers,
 With the city's chivalry and pride,
 When two gladiators, with their spears,
 Forward sprang from the arena's side.
 Rang the dome with plaudits loud and long,
 As, with shields advanced, the athletes stood—
 Was there no one in that eager throng
 To denounce the spectacle of blood?
 Aye, TELEMACHUS, with swelling frame,
 Saw the inhuman sport renew'd once more:
 Few among the crowd could tell his name—
 For a cross was all the badge he wore!
 Yet, with brow elate and godlike mien,
 Stepp'd he forth upon the circling sand;
 And, while all were wondering at the scene,
 Check'd the encounter with a daring hand.
 "Romans!" cried he—"Let this reeking sod
 Never more with human blood be stain'd!
 Let no image of the living God
 In unhallow'd combat be profaned!
 Ah! too long has this colossal dome
 Fail'd to sink and hide your brutal shows!
 Here I call upon assembled Rome
 Now to swear, they shall forever close!"
 Parted thus, the combatants, with joy,
 Mid the tumult, found the means to fly;
 In the arena stood the undaunted boy,
 And, with looks adoring, gazed on high.
 Peal'd the shout of wrath on every side;
 Every hand was eager to assail!
 "Slay him! slay him!" a hundred voices cried,
 Wild with fury—but he did not quail!
 Hears he, as entranced he looks above,
 Strains celestial, that the menace drown?
 Sees he angels, with their eyes of love,
 Beckoning to him, with a martyr's crown?
 Fiercer swell'd the people's frantic shout!
 Launch'd against him flew the stones like rain!

Death and terror circled him about—

But he stood and perish'd—not in vain!

Not in vain the youthful martyr fell!

Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed!

And his high example shall impel

Future heroes to as great a deed!

Stony answers yet remain for those

Who would question and precede the time!

In their season, may they meet their foes,

Like TELEMACHUS, with front sublime!

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,

The window-panes are white,

The snow whirls through the empty streets—

It is a dreary night!

Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait;

Fill to o'erflowing! fill!

Though Winter howleth at the gate,

In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys

And greenwood sports have shared,

When, free and ever-roving boys,

The rocks, the streams we dared!

And, as I look upon thy face—

Back, back o'er years of ill,

My heart flies to that happy place,

Where it is summer still!

Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground,

Our early hopes are strown,

And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,

And singing birds are flown,—

The verdure is not faded quite,

Not mute all tones that thrill;

For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,

In my heart 'tis summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back!

With light and life once more

We scan the future's sunny track,

From youth's enchanted shore!

The lost return. Through fields of bloom

We wander at our will;

Gone is the winter's angry gloom—

In our hearts 'tis summer still!

THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

Is there but a single theme

For the youthful poet's dream?

Is there but a single wire

To the youthful poet's lyre?

Earth below and heaven above—

Can he sing of naught but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!

God of war! I follow thee!

And, in martial numbers, raise

Worthy pæans to thy praise.

Ah! she meets me on the field—

If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!

To thy arms I will escape!

Quick, the rosy nectar bring;

"Io BACCHÉ!" I will sing.

Ha! Confusion! every sip

But reminds me of her lip.

PALLAS! give me wisdom's page,

And awake my lyric rage;

Love is fleeting; love is vain;

I will try a nobler strain.

O, perplexity! my books

But reflect her haunting looks!

JUPITER! on thee I cry!

Take me and my lyre on high!

Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!

Here, O, poet! is a theme.

Madness! She has come above!

Every chord is whispering "Love!"

THE NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.

'Tis a dreary thing to be

Tossing on the wide, wide sea,

When the sun has set in clouds,

And the wind sighs through the shrouds,

With a voice and with a tone

Like a living creature's moan!

Look! how wildly swells the surge

Round the black horizon's verge!

See the giant billows rise

From the ocean to the skies!

While the sea-bird wheels his flight

O'er their streaming crests of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast!

All the sky is overcast!

Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail

In the pathway of the gale,

As it strikes us with a shock

That might rend the deep-set rock!

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast!

Spars are scatter'd by the blast!

And the sails are split asunder,

As a cloud is rent by thunder;

And the struggling vessel shakes,

As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this,

Blazing o'er the dark abyss?

Lo! the full moon rears her form

Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,

And, athwart the troubled air,

Shines, like hope upon despair!

Every leaping billow gleams

With the lustre of her beams,

And lifts high its fiery plume

Through the midnight's parting gloom:

While its scatter'd flakes of gold

O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father! low on bended knee,

Humbled, weak, we turn to thee!

Spare us, mid the fearful sight

Of the raging winds to-night!

Guide us o'er the threatening wave:

Save us!—thou alone canst save!

LUCY HOOPER.

[Born, 1817. Died, 1841.]

MISS HOOPER was a native of Newburyport, near Boston, but, for several of the last years of her life, resided at Brooklyn, on Long Island. She was a girl of much gentleness and simplicity of character, and from her childhood gave evidence of the possession of a poetical mind. She was a long time an invalid, and her illness was borne with fortitude and resignation. Within a few

months of her death she edited an elegant volume, entitled "The Lady's Book of Flowers and Poetry," and wrote her "Stories from Real Life," and some of her finest poems. Doubtless, had she lived to a riper age, she would have won an enduring reputation as an author. She died on the second day of August, 1841, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

OSEOLA.

Nor on the battle-plain,
As when thy thousand warriors joy'd to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die:
Not thus—not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amid thy foes—
Thine arrows spent,
Thy brow unbent,
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crown'd banks it wanders by;

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here,
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern?
Thou of the soft, deep tone,*
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and tribe full soon may vainly yearn!

Wo for the trusting hour!
O, kingly stag, no hand hath brought thee down:
"T was with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou camest, a noble offering—and alone!

For vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain own'd a tree,
And the wild vine's tangled shoots
On the gnarl'd oak's mossy roots
Their trysting-place might be.

Wo for thy hapless fate!
Wo for thine evil times and lot, brave chief!
Thy sadly-closing story,
Thy quickly-vanish'd glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief.

Wo for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part!
Wo for the captive—wo!
For bitter pains and slow
Are his who dieth of the fever'd heart!

O, in that spirit-land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath pass'd;
Chief! by those sparkling streams,
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last!

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

MOTHER! I bring thy gift;
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray,
Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away,
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanch'd that calm face. O, mother! this is death!

What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild.
Mother! hadst thou not pity on thy child?
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hush'd lips;—my mother! canst thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yester morn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gayly danced, while crown'd with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;
And all was joy around—
Not death! O, mother! could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!

Take it! my heart is sad;—
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given;
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips. O, tell me! could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

* OSEOLA was remarkable for a soft and flute-like voice.

I may not turn away
 From the charn'd brow; and I have heard his
 Even as a prophet by his people spoken; [name
 And that high brow in death bears seal and token
 Of one whose words were flame.
 O, Holy Teacher! couldst thou rise and live,
 Would not those hush'd lips whisper, "I forgive?"

Away with lute and harp—
 With the glad heart forever, and the dance!
 Never again shall tabret sound for me!
 O, fearful mother! I have brought to thee
 The silent dead with his rebuking glance,
 And the crush'd heart of one to whom is given
 Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

"TIME, FAITH, ENERGY."

HIGH words and hopeful!—fold them to thy breast,
 Time, Faith, and Energy, are gifts sublime;
 If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
 Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
 When thou wouldst cast thy pilgrim-staff away,
 Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
 And faint not in the noontide of thy day,—
 Wait thou for Time!

Wait thou for Time—the slow-unfolding flower
 Chides man's impatient haste with long delay;
 The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun—
 The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
 Within the soul—like soft bells' silvery chime
 Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
 Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine,
 Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power
 To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
 To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
 Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
 With golden tracery on the sands of life,
 And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal,
 To a high purpose in the world of strife.
 Wait thou for Time!

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
 Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea:
 A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
 Through a dim world, untouch'd by living death,
 A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
 Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
 A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
 Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time, and thou that through the
 hour
 Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
 Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
 Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
 Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be
 With the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
 Link'd with each vision of high destiny,
 Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,
 And lose ye, mid its pure effulgent light?
 Kind ministers, who cheer'd us in our gloom,
 Seraphs who lighten'd griefs with guiding ray,
 Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawn-
 ing,
 Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
 Will not our hearts, where breaks the cloudless
 morning,
 Joy that ye led us through the drooping night!

GIVE ME ARMOUR OF PROOF.

GIVE me armour of proof, I must ride to the plain;
 Give me armour of proof, ere the trump sound again:
 To the halls of my childhood no more am I known,
 And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath
 blown!

Till the conflict is over, the battle is past—
 Give me armour of proof—I am true to the last!

Give me armour of proof—bring me helmet and
 spear;

Away! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear?
 Bring the steel of Milan—'tis the firmest and best,
 And bind o'er my bosom its closely link'd vest,
 Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
 Whose tears fell at parting like warm summer rain!

Give me armour of proof—I have torn from my heart
 Each soft tie and true that forbade me to part;
 Bring the sword of Damascus, its blade cold and
 bright,

That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight;
 And stay—let me fasten your scarf on my breast,
 Love's light pledge and true—I will answer the rest!

Give me armour of proof—shall the cry be in vain,
 When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth
 amain?

The knight clad in armour the battle may bide;
 But wo to the heedless when bendeth the tried;
 And wo to youth's morn, when we rode forth alone,
 To the conflict unguarded, its gladness hath flown!

Give us armour of proof—our hopes were all high;
 But they pass'd like the meteor lights from the sky;
 Our hearts' trust was firm, but life's waves swept
 away

One by one the frail ties which were shelter and
 stay;

And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain:
 Give me armour of proof, ere we ride forth again.

Give me armour of proof—we should turn from
 the view

Of a world that is fading to one that is true;
 We would lift up each thought from this earth-
 shaded light,

To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight;
 And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests
 riven,

We would gaze from earth's storms on the bright-
 ness of heaven.

* Suggested by a passage in BULWER's "Night, and Morning."

LINE SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN
"MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."*

BEAUTIFUL child! my lot is cast;
Hope from my path hath forever past;
Nothing the future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadow'd in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbb'd, but my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—
Years have pass'd by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair, pure buds it is thine to bring.
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! mayst thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear:
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below:
Beautiful child! mayst thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair;
A heart, whose madness each hope hath cross'd,
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why shouldst thou stay?
There is danger near thee,—away! away!
Away! in thy spotless purity;
Nothing can here be a type of thee;
The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream
Afar from the world of doubt and sin,—
This weary world thou must wander in;
Such a home was once to my visions given,—
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learn'd,
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burn'd;
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!
Beautiful being! away, away!

The angels above be thy help and stay,
Save thee from sorrow, and save thee from sin,
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit, and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.

* "Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage. . . . There was but one lady who seemed to understand the child,

LIFE AND DEATH.

"La mort est le seul dieu que J'osais implorer."

NOR unto thee, O pale and radiant Death!
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Though Life's first, sweetest stars may shine no
more,
Nor earth again one cherish'd dream restore,
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me.

Yet unto thee, O monarch! robed and crown'd,
And beautiful in all thy sad array,
I bring no incense, though the heart be chill,
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,
Shines not as once the wonted light of day,
Still upon another shrine my vows

Shall all be duly paid, and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts depart,
Still, not to thee, O Death!

I pay my vows, though now to me thy brow
Seems crown'd with roses of the summer prime,
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
O Death! O Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, O Life! O Life! the searching test
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow;
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend, and scathe each glowing hope of mine,
Still may my heart as now
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, O Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeem'd a gold more pure
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and soar
Their flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope, or earthly fear.

This, this, O Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bind—
Let others seek thy false and dazzling gleams,
For me their light went out on early streams,
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheer'd by hopes more purely bright,
Tread still the thorny path whose close is light,
If, but at last, the toss'd and weary barque
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavourably at *them*.) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake. . . ."

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

[Born, 1818.]

MR. COXE is the eldest son of the Reverend SAMUEL H. COXE, D. D., of Brooklyn. He was born in Mendham, in New Jersey, on the tenth day of May, 1818. At ten years of age he was sent to a gymnasium at Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, and he completed his studies preparatory to entering the University of New York, under the private charge of Doctor BUSH, author of "The Life of Mohammed," etc. While in the university he distinguished himself by his devotion to classic learning, and particularly by his acquaintance with the Greek poets. In his freshman year he delivered a poem before one of the undergraduates' societies, on "The Progress of Ambition," and in the same period produced many spirited metrical pieces, some of which appeared in the periodicals* of the time. In the autumn of 1837 he published his first volume, "Advent, a Mystery," a poem in the dramatic form, to which was prefixed the following dedication:

FATHER, as he of old who reap'd the field,
The first young sheaves to Him did dedicate
Whose bounty gave whate'er the glebe did yield,
Whose smile the pleasant harvest might create—
So I to thee these numbers consecrate,
Thou who didst lead in Silo's pearly spring;
And if of hours well saved from revels late
And youthful riot, I these fruits do bring,
Accept my early vow, nor frown on what I sing.

This work was followed in the spring of 1838 by "Athwold, a Romant;" and in the summer of the same year were printed the first and second cantos of "Saint Jonathan, the Lay of a Scald." These were intended as introductory to a novel in the stanza of "Don Juan," and four other cantos were afterward written, but wisely destroyed by the author on his becoming a candidate for holy orders, an event not contemplated in his previous studies. He was graduated in July, and on the occasion delivered an eloquent valedictory oration.

From this period his poems assumed a devotional cast, and were usually published in the periodicals of the church. His "Athanasion" was pronounced before the alumni of Washington College, in Connecticut, in the summer of 1840. It is an irregular ode, and contains passages of considerable merit, but its sectarian character will prevent its receiving general applause. The following allusion to Bishop BERKELEY is from this poem:

Oft when the eve-star, sinking into day,
Seems empire's planet on its westward way,
Comes, in soft light from antique window's groin,
Thy pure ideal, mitred saint of Cloyne!

* Among them "The Blues" and "The Hebrew Muse," in "The American Monthly Magazine."

Taught, from sweet childhood, to revere in thee
Earth's every virtue, writ in poesie,
Nigh did I leap, on CLIO's calmer line,
To see thy story with our own entwine.
On Yale's full walls, no pictured shape to me
Like BERKELEY's seem'd, in priestly dignity,
Such as he stood, fatiguing, year by year,
In our behoof, dull prince and cavalier;
And dauntless still, as erst the Genoese;
Such as he wander'd o'er the Indy seas
To vex'd Bermoothes, witless that he went
Mid isles that beckon'd to a continent.
Such there he seem'd, the pure, the undefiled!
And meet the record! Though, perchance, I smiled
That those, in him, themselves will glorify,
Who reap his fields, but let his doctrine die,
Yet, let him stand: the world will note it well,
And Time shall thank them for the chronicle
By such confess'd, COLUMBUS of new homes
For song, and Science with her thousand tomes.
Yes—pure apostle of our western lore,
Spoke the full heart, that now may breathe it more,
Still in those halls, where none without a sneer
Name the dear title of thy ghostly fear,
Stand up, bold bishop—in thy priestly vest;
Proof that the Church bore letters to the West!

In the autumn of the same year appeared Mr. COXE's "Christian Ballads," a collection of religious poems, of which the greater number had previously been given to the public through the columns of "The Churchman." They are elegant, yet fervent expressions of the author's love for the impressive and venerable customs, ceremonies, and rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

While in the university, Mr. COXE had, besides acquiring the customary intimacy with ancient literature, learned the Italian language; and he now, under Professor NORDHEIMEN, devoted two years to the study of the Hebrew and the German. After passing some time in the Divinity School at Chelsea, he was admitted to deacon's orders, by the Bishop of New York, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1841. In the following July, on receiving the degree of Master of Arts from the University, he pronounced the closing oration, by appointment of the faculty; and in August he accepted a call to the rectorship of Saint Anne's church, then recently erected by Mr. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS on his family domain of Morrisiana, near New York. He was married on the twenty-first of September, by the bishop of the diocese, to his third cousin, CATHERINE CLEVELAND, eldest daughter of Mr. SIMEON HYDE.

Besides his numerous metrical compositions—published and unpublished—Mr. COXE has written several elaborate prose articles for the "Biblical Repository," "The Churchman," "The New York Review," and other periodical works. Rarely has an author accomplished so much before reaching his twenty-fourth year.

MANHOOD.*

BoTHOOD hath gone or ever I was 'ware;
 Gone like the birds that have sung out their summer,
 And fly away, but never to return.
 Gone like the memory of a fairy vision;
 Gone like the stars that have burnt out in heaven;
 Like flowers that open once an hundred years,
 And have just folded up their golden petals;
 Like maidenhood to one no more a virgin;
 Like all that's bright and beautiful and transient,
 And yet, in its surpassing loveliness
 And swift dispersion into empty nothing,
 Like its own self alone—like life—like boyhood!
 Now, on the traversed scene I leave forever,
 Doth memory cast already her pale look;
 And though the mellow light of bygone summers,
 Gay, like a bride that leaveth her home-valley,
 She, with faint heart, upon the bending hill-top
 Turns her fair neck, one moment unperceived,
 And through the sunset and her tearful eye
 Throws a last glimpse upon her father's dwelling:
 Blesses the roof-tree, and the groves, and garden
 Where romp her younger sisters, still at home!

I have just waken'd from a darling dream,
 And fain would sleep again. I have been roving
 In a sweet isle, and would return once more.
 I have just come, methinks, from Fairy-land,
 And grieve for its sweet landscapes. Wake, my soul!
 Thy holiday is over, play-time done,
 And a stern master calls thee to thy task.

How shall I ever go through this rough world?
 How grow still older every coming day!
 How merge my childish heart in manliness?
 How take my part upon this tricking stage?
 How wear the mask to seem what I am not?
 Ah me! for I forget—I'll need no mask,
 And soon old age will need no mimicry!
 I've taken my first step adown the valley,
 And e'er I reach it e'en my pace shall change.
 I shall go down as men have ever done,
 And tread the pathway worn by constant tramp,
 Since first the giants of old time descended,
 And ADAM, leading on our mother EVE,
 In ages older than antiquity.
 This voice so buoyant shall be all unstrung,
 Like harps that chord by chord grow musicless:
 These hands must totter on a smooth-topp'd staff,
 That whirl'd so late the ball-club vigorously:
 This eye grow glassy that can sparkle now,
 And on the clear earth's hues look doatingly:
 And these brown locks, which tender hands have
 In loving curls about their taper fingers, [twined
 Must silver soon, and bear about such snows
 As freeze away all touch of tenderness.
 And this, the end of every human story,
 Is always this—whatever its beginning—
 To wear the robes of being in their rags,
 To hear, like the old Tuscan prisoners,
 A corpse still with us, insupportable;
 And then to sink in clay, like earth to earth,
 And hearse forever, from the gaze of man, [relics.
 What long they thought—now dare to call—our

Glory, to Him who doth subject the same
 In hope of immortality! My song shall change!
 I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy,
 From being into being. I have learn'd
 This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
 The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside;
 But its first lesson liveth in my heart.
 I shall go on through all eternity.
 Thank God, I only am an embryo still:
 The small beginning of a glorious soul,
 An atom that shall fill immensity.

The bell hath toll'd! my birth-hour is upon me:
 The hour that made me child, now makes me man!
 Put childish things away, is in the warning;
 And grant me, Lord, with this, the Psalmist's prayer,
 Remember not the follies of my youth,
 But in thy goodness think upon me, Lord!

OLD CHURCHES.

HAST been where the full-blossom'd bay-tree is
 blowing

With odours like Eden's around? [growing,
 Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is
 And wild vines are fringing the ground?
 Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon,
 And ate the cool gourds of their climate;
 Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon,
 And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme?

And didst mark, in thy journey, at dew-dropping
 Some ruin peer high o'er thy way, [eve,
 With rooks wheeling round it, and bushes to weave
 A mantle for turrets so gray?

Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind
 Lived there, when the country was young?
 And burn'd not the blood of a Christian, to find
 How there the old prayer-bell had rung?

And did ye not glow, when they told ye—the LORD
 Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile;
 And that bones of old Christians were, under its
 sword,

That once had knelt down in its aisle?
 And had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep
 When ye thought—o'er your country so broad,
 The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap,
 Save only these churches of God!

O ye that shall pass by those ruins agen,
 Go kneel in their alleys and pray,
 And not till their arches have echoed amen,
 Rise up, and fare on, in your way. [more,
 Pray God that those aisles may be crowded once
 Those altars surrounded and spread,
 While anthems and prayers are upsent as of yore,
 As they take of the wine-cup and bread.

Ay, pray on thy knees, that each old rural fane
 They have left to the bat and the mole,
 May sound with the loud-pealing organ again,
 And the full swelling voice of the soul. [by,
 Peradventure, when next thou shalt journey there—
 Even-bells shall ring out on the air,
 And the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye
 The snowy-robed pastor at prayer.

* Conclusion of an unpublished poem, written the
 night the author came of age, May 10, 1839.

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
 List—thy bosom-door!
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore!
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
 'Tis thy heart of sin:
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
 Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
 To the hall and hut:
 Think you Death will beat a-knocking
 Where the door is shut?
 Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
 But thy door is fast!
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
 Christ to let thee in:
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot,
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But he knows thee not!

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
 Of England green and old,
 That out from fane and ivied tower
 A thousand years have toll'd;
 How glorious must their music be
 As breaks the hallow'd day,
 And calleth with a scrap's voice
 A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
 Sweet tales of olden time!
 And ring a thousand memories
 At vesper, and at prime;
 At bridal and at burial,
 For cottager and king—
 Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
 How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
 Upon a Christmas morn,
 Outbreking, as the angels did,
 For a Redeemer born;
 How merrily they call afar,
 To cot and baron's hall,
 With holly deck'd and mistletoe,
 • To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
 From tower and gothic pile,
 Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
 The dim cathedral aisle;
 Where windows bathe the holy light
 On priestly heads that falls,
 And stain the florid tracery
 And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring!
 Those glorious Easter chimes;
 How loyally they hail thee round,
 Old queen of holy times!
 From hill to hill, like sentinels,
 Responsively they cry,
 And sing the rising of the Lord,
 From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
 With all this soul of mine,
 And bless the Lord that I am sprung
 Of good old English line!
 And like a son I sing the lay
 That England's glory tells;
 For she is lovely to the Lord,
 For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
 And happy in my birth,
 Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,
 The joy of all the earth;
 For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
 And here—where God is king,
 With English chimes, from Christian spires,
 The wilderness shall ring.

MARCH.

MARCH—march—march!
 Making sounds as they tread,
 Ho-ho! how they step,
 Going down to the dead!
 Every stride, every tramp,
 Every footfall is nearer;
 And dimmer each lamp,
 As darkness grows drearer;
 But ho! how they march,
 Making sounds as they tread;
 Ho-ho! how they step,
 Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
 Making sounds as they tread,
 Ho-ho, how they laugh,
 Going down to the dead!
 How they whirl—how they trip,
 How they smile, how they dally,
 How blithesome they skip,
 Going down to the valley;
 Oh-ho, how they march,
 Making sounds as they tread;
 Ho-ho, how they skip,
 Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
 Earth groans as they tread!
 Each carries a skull;
 Going down to the dead!
 Every stride—every stamp,
 Every footfall is bolder;
 'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
 With a skull on his shoulder!
 But ho, how he steps
 With a high-tossing head,
 That clay-cover'd bone,
 Going down to the dead!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[Born about 1819.]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is a son of Doctor LOWELL, an eminent Unitarian clergyman of Boston. He was educated at Harvard College, where he was graduated when twenty years of age, and I believe he is now engaged in the study of the law. In 1839 he published anonymously a class poem, delivered at Cambridge, and two years afterward a volume entitled "A Year's Life;" and he is now a frequent contributor to the literary magszines. "Rosaline," included in this volume, is one of his most recent compositions.

Sometimes, in hours of slumberous, melancholy musing, strange, sweet harmonies seem to pervade

the air; impalpable forms, with garments trailing like shadows of summer clouds, glide above us; and wild and beautiful thoughts, ill-defined as the shapes we see, fill the mind. To echo these harmonies, to paint these ethereal forms, to imbody in language these thoughts, would be as difficult as to bind the rainbows in the skies. Mr. LOWELL is still a dreamer, and he strives in vain to make his readers partners in his dreamy, spiritual fancies. Yet he has written some true poetry, and as his later writings are his best, he may be classed among those who give promise of the highest excellence in the maturity of their powers.

ROSALINE.

THOU look'st on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright
As when we murmur'd our trothplight
Beneath the thick stars, ROSALINE!
Thy hair was braided on thy head
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, ROSALINE!

The deathwatch tick'd behind the wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and fall
Among the bleak pines, ROSALINE!
My heart beat thickly in mine ears!
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless, ROSALINE!

A wildness rushing suddenly,
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
A wish for death, a fear to die,—
Is not this vengeance, ROSALINE!
A loneliness that is not lone,
A love quite wither'd up and gone,
A strong soul trampled from its throne,—
What wouldst thou further, ROSALINE!

'Tis lone such moonless nights as these,
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,
And the leaves shiver in the trees,
And then thou comest, ROSALINE!
I seem to hear the mourners go,
With long, black garments trailing slow,
And plumes a-nodding to and fro,
As once I heard them, ROSALINE!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,
And, in the middle of the night,
Thou standest moveless and upright,
Gazing upon me, ROSALINE!
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
But evermore that meek surprise,—
O, God! her gentle spirit tries
To deem me guiltless, ROSALINE!

Above thy grave the robin sings,
And swarms of bright and happy things
Flit all about with sunlit wings,—

But I am cheerless, ROSALINE!
The violets on the hillock toss,
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,
For Nature feels not any loss,—
But I am cheerless, ROSALINE!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?
Why was my pride gall'd on to wed
Her who brought lands and gold instead
Of thy heart's treasure, ROSALINE!
Why did I fear to let thee stay
To look on me and pass away
Forgivingly, as in its May,
A broken flower, ROSALINE!

I thought not, when my dagger strook,
Of thy blue eyes; I could not brook
The past all pleading in one look
Of utter sorrow, ROSALINE!
I did not know when thou wert dead:
A blackbird whistling overhead
Thrill'd through my brain; I would have fled,
But dared not leave thee, ROSALINE!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirr'd
By the upspringing of a bird,
A drip of blood,—were all I heard—
Then deathly stillness, ROSALINE!
The sun roll'd down, and very soon,
Like a great fire, the awful moon
Rose, stain'd with blood, and then a swoon
Crept chilly o'er me, ROSALINE!

The stars came out; and, one by one,
Each angel from his silver throne
Look'd down and saw what I had done:
I dared not hide me, ROSALINE!
I crouch'd; I fear'd thy corpse would cry
Against me to God's quiet sky,
I thought I saw the blue lips try
To utter something, ROSALINE.

I waited with a madden'd grin
To hear that voice all icy thin
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
To hell and heaven, ROSALINE!
But no voice came, and then it seem'd
That if the very corpse had scream'd,
The sound like sunshine glad had stream'd
Through that dark stillness, ROSALINE!

Dreams of old quiet glimmer'd by,
And faces loved in infancy
Came and look'd on me mournfully,
Till my heart melted, ROSALINE!
I saw my mother's dying bed,
I heard her bless me, and I shed
Cool tears—but 'lo! the ghastly dead
Stared me to madness, ROSALINE!

And then, amid the silent night,
I scream'd with horrible delight,
And in my brain an awful light
Did seem to crackle, ROSALINE!
It is my curse! sweet mem'ries fall
From me like snow—and only all
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl
My doom'd heart over, ROSALINE!

Thine eyes are shut, they never more
Will leap thy gentle words before
To tell the secret o'er and o'er
Thou couldst not smother, ROSALINE!
Thine eyes are shut: they will not shine
With happy tears, or, through the vine
That hid thy casement, beam on mine
Sunful with gladness, ROSALINE!

Thy voice I never more shall hear,
Which in old times did seem so dear,
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,
My quick heart heard it, ROSALINE!
Would I might die! I were as well,
Ay, better, at my home in hell,
To set for aye a burning spell
'Twixt me and memory, ROSALINE!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,
Wherein such blessed memories,
Such pitying forgiveness lies,
Than hate more bitter, ROSALINE!
Woe's me! I know that love so high
As thine, true soul, could never die,
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—
Would God it were so, ROSALINE!

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by;—
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For CHRIST's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,

And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,—
That grief may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
O sweetly-mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prison'd me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good-bye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O give, to strengthen me.

SONG.

I.

LIFT up the curtains of thine eyes
And let their light out shine!
Let me adore the mysteries
Of those mild orbs of thine,
Which ever queenly calm do roll,
Attuned to an order'd soul!

II.

Open thy lips yet once again,
And, while my soul doth hush
With awe, pour forth that holy strain
Which seemeth me to gush,
A fount of music, running o'er
From thy deep spirit's inmost core!

III.

The melody that dwells in thee
Begets in me as well
A spiritual harmony,
A mild and blessed spell;
Far, far above earth's atmosphere
I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

ANNE.

THERE is a pensiveness in quiet ANNE,
A mournful drooping of the full, gray eye,
As if she had shook hands with Misery,
And known some care since her short life began;
Her cheek is seriously pale, nigh wan,
And, though of cheerfulness there is no lack,
You feel as if she must be dress'd in black;
Yet is she not of those who, all they can,
Strive to be gay, and, striving, seem most sad,—
Hers is not grief, but silent soberness;
You would be startled if you saw her glad,
And startled if you saw her weep, no less;
She walks through life, as, on the Sabbath-day,
She decorously glides to church to pray.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

I saw a gate: a harsh voice spake and said,
"This is the gate of Life;" above was writ,
"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter it;"
Then shrank my heart within itself for dread;
But, softer than the summer rain is shed,
Words dropp'd upon my soul and they did say,
"Fear nothing, Faith shall save thee, watch and
So, without fear I lifted up my head, [pray!"
And lo! that writing was not, one fair word
Was carven in its stead, and it was "Love."
Then rain'd once more those sweet tones from above
With healing on their wings: I humbly heard,
"I am the Life, ask and it shall be given!
I am the Way, by me ye enter Heaven!"

TO A FRIEND.

MY friend, adown life's valley, hand in hand,
With grateful change of grave and merry speech,
Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each,
We'll journey onward to the silent land;
And when stern Death shall loose that loving-band,
Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers,
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmann'd.
My friend and brother! if thou goest first,
Wilt thou no more revisit me below?
Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly
And swells, not dreaming why, as it would burst
With joy unspeakable,—my soul shall know
That thou, unseen, art bending over me.

THE POET.

PORT! who sittest in thy pleasant room,
Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,
And of a holy life that leads above,
Striving to keep life's spring-flowers still in bloom,
And lingering to snuff their fresh perfume,—
O, there were other duties meant for thee
Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!
O, there are brother-hearts that dwell in gloom,
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
So erusted o'er with baseness, that no ray
Of Heaven's blessed light may enter in!
Come down, then, to the hot and dusty way,
And lead them back to hope and peace again,—
For, save in act, thy love is all in vain.

GREEN MOUNTAINS.

YE mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,
The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
Distance-created beauty over you;
I am not well content with this far view;
How may I know what foot of loved one treads
Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent beds?
We should love all things better, if we knew
What claims the meanest have upon our hearts;
Perchance even now some eye, that would be bright
To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed forms;
Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts
To souls that have encircled mine with light,—
O, brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms!

THE DEAD.

TO the dark, narrow house when loved ones go,
Whence no steps outward turn, whose silent door
None but the sexton knocks at any more,
Are they not sometimes with us yet below?
The longings of the soul would tell us so;
Although, so pure and fine their being's essence,
Our bodily eyes are witless of their presence;
Yet not within the tomb their spirits glow,
Like wizard lamps pent up, but whensoever
With great thoughts worthy of their high behests
Our souls are fill'd, those bright ones with us be,
As, in the patriarch's tent, his angel guests:—
O, let us live so worthily, that never
We may be far from that blest company!

LOVE.

MUCH had I mused of love, and in my soul
There was one chamber where I dared not look,
So much its dark and dreary voidness shook
My spirit, feeling that I was not whole:
All my deep longings flow'd toward one goal
For long, long years, but were not answered,
Till hope was drooping, faith wellnigh stone-dead,
And I was still a blind, earth-delving mole:
Yet did I know that God was wise and good,
And would fulfil my being late or soon;
Nor was such thought in vain, for, seeing thee,
Great Love rose up, as, o'er a black pine-wood,
Round, bright, and clear, upstarteth the full moon,
Filling my soul with glory utterly.

CAROLINE.

A STAINNESS sobers o'er her pretty face,
Which something but ill-hidden in her eyes,
And a quaint look about her lips denies;
A lingering love of girlhood you can trace
In her check'd laugh and half-restrained pace;
And, when she bears herself most womanly,
It seems as if a watchful mother's eye
Kept down with sobering glance her childish grace:
Yet oftentimes her nature gushes free
As water, long held back by little hands
Within a pump, and let forth suddenly;
Until, her task remembering, she stands
A moment silent, smiling doubtfully,
Then laughs aloud, and scorns her hated bands.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

(Born about 1821.)

AMELIA B. COFFUCK, now Mrs. WELBY, was born in the small town of St. Michaels, in Maryland. When she was about fourteen years of age, her father, who is a respectable mechanic, removed to Lexington, and afterward to Louisville, in Kentucky, where, in 1838, she was married to Mr. GEORGE B. WELBY.

Most of her poetry has been published during the last four years, under the signature of "AMELIA,"

in the "Louisville Journal," edited by GEORGE D. PRENTICE. It has a musical flow and harmony, and the ideas are often poetical; but occasionally unmeaning epithets, lengthening out a line or a verse, remind us that the writer is not a scholar-like artist. She has feeling, and fancy, and pure sentiment—the highest qualities that ever distinguish the poetry of women. She is now but about twenty years of age.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O, Thou who flingst so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their fleecy wings are lightly furl'd,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, O God of love, art there.

The summer-flowers, the fair, the sweet
Up-springing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
At every step, thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot,—
Give me, O Lord, a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot;
Within their pure, ambrosial bells
In odours sweet thy spirit dwells.
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis thine, O God! for Thou art there.

Hark! from yon casement, low and dim,
What sounds are these that fill the breeze!
It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fisher on the seas;
The old man leans his silver hairs
Upon his light suspended oar,
Until those soft, delicious airs
Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is fill'd with peace and prayer,
For Thou, O God, art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms
Pour forth to Thee their hymns of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above;

We hear their sweet, familiar airs

Where'er a sunny spot is found:

How lovely is a life like theirs,

Diffusing sweetness all around!

From clime to clime, from pole to pole,

Their sweetest anthems softly roll;

Till, melting on the realms of air,

They reach thy throne in grateful prayer.

The stars—those floating isles of light,

Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,

Pure as a woman's robe of white

'That trembles round the form it veils,—

They touch the heart as with a spell,

Yet set the soaring fancy free:

And, O! how sweet the tales they tell

Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.

Each raging storm that wildly blows,

Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,

Sublimely grand, or softly fair—

They speak of thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppress'd with doubt,

May strive to cast thee from its thought;

But who can shut thy presence out,

Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought!

In spite of all our cold resolves,

Magnetic-like, where'er we be,

Still, still the thoughtful heart revolves,

And points, all trembling, up to thee.

We cannot shield a troubled breast

Beneath the confines of the blest—

Above, below, on earth, in air,

For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,

Where soaring fancy oft hath been,

There is a land where Thou hast said

The pure in heart shall enter in;

There, in those realms so calmly bright,

How many a loved and gentle one

Bathe their soft plumes in living light,

That sparkles from thy radiant throne!

There, souls once soft and sad as ours

Look up and sing mid fadeless flowers;

They dream no more of grief and care,

For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

WHEN shines the star, by thee loved best,
 Upon these soft, delicious eyes,
 Lighting the ring-dove to her nest,
 Where trembling stir the darkling leaves;
 When flings the wave its crest of foam
 Above the shadowy-mantled seas:
 A softness o'er my heart doth come,
 Linking thy memory with these;
 For if, amid those orbs that roll,
 Thou hast at times a thought of me,
 For every one that stirs thy soul
 A thousand stir my own of thee.

Even now thy dear remember'd eyes,
 Fill'd up with floods of radiant light,
 Seem bending from the twilight skies,
 Outshining all the stars of night:
 And thy young face, divinely fair,
 Like a bright cloud, seems melting through,
 While low, sweet, whispers fill the air,
 Making my own lips whisper too;
 For never does the soft south wind
 Steal o'er the hush'd and lonely sea,
 But it awakens in my mind
 A thousand memories of thee.

O! could I, while these hours of dreams
 Are gathering o'er the silent hills,
 While every breeze a minstrel seems,
 And every leaf a heart that thrills,
 Steal all unseen to some hush'd place,
 And, kneeling 'neath those burning orbs,
 Forever gaze on thy sweet face,
 Till seeing every sense absorbs;
 And singling out, each blessed even,
 The star that earliest lights the sea,
 Forget another shines in heaven
 While shines the one beloved by thee.

Lost one! companion of the blest,
 Thou, who in purer air dost dwell,
 Ere froze the life-drops in thy breast,
 Or fled thy soul its mystic cell,
 We pass'd on earth such hours of bliss
 As none but kindred hearts can know,
 And, happy in a world like this,
 But dream'd of that to which we go,
 Till thou wert call'd in thy young years
 To wander o'er that shoreless sea,
 Where, like a mist, time disappears,
 Melting into eternity.

I'm thinking of some sunny hours,
 That shone out goldenly in June,
 When birds were singing 'mong the flowers,
 With wild, sweet voices all in tune
 When o'er thy locks of paly gold
 Flow'd thy transparent veil away,
 Till 'neath each snow-white trembling fold
 The Eden of thy bosom lay;
 And, shelter'd 'neath its dark-fringed lid
 Till raised from thence in girlish glee,
 How modestly thy glance lay hid
 From the fond glances bent on thee.

There are some hours that pass so soon
 Our spell-touch'd hearts scarce know they end;
 And so it was with that sweet June,
 Ere thou wert lost, my gentle friend!
 O! how I'll watch each flower that closes
 Through autumn's soft and breezy reign,
 Till summer-blooms restore the roses,
 And merry June shall come again!
 But, ah! while float its sunny hours
 O'er fragrant shore and trembling sea,
 Missing thy face among the flowers,
 How my full heart will mourn for thee!

TO A SEA-SHELL.

SHELL of the bright sea-waves!
 What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
 Is this unceasing music all thine own,
 Lute of the ocean-caves!
 Or, does some spirit dwell
 In the deep windings of thy chamber dim,
 Breathing forever, in its mournful hymn,
 Of ocean's anthem swell?
 Wert thou a murmurer long
 In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
 Ere, on the bright air, thou hadst heard the breeze
 Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee—
 Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
 Buried with flashing gems that darkly sleep,
 Hid by the mighty sea?
 And say, O lone sea-shell,
 Are there not costly things, and sweet perfumes,
 Scatter'd in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs?
 Hush thy low moan, and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
 Has not each foaming wave in fury toss'd
 O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
 Like a dark funeral pall?
 'Tis vain—thou answerest not!
 Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead—
 'Tis ours alone, with sighs, like odours shed,
 To hold them unforget!

Thine is as sad a strain
 As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
 Pined to be with the many things that dwell
 In the wild, restless main.

And yet, there is no sound
 Upon the waters, whisper'd by the waves,
 But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
 Thrilling the air around.

The earth, O moaning shell!
 The earth hath melodies more sweet than these,
 The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees,
 Heard in each of blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
 The rustling foliage with its shivering leaves,
 Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlight eves
 Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
 Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs,
 E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
 If parted from its own.

MY SISTERS.

LIKE flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
Ere strange rude hands have parted them:
So were we link'd unto each other,
Sweet sisters! in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers.
She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were sever'd far and near.

The floweret's stem, when broke or shatter'd,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, though widely scatter'd,
The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
That link'd us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us:
Sweet sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadow'd o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers,
I cannot trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown—
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind! that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing;
It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods:
All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom,
And yet there is a something sad
Mix'd with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, sisters! those wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars forever,
To hear the wind's wild melody.

Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters! as the stars of even
Shrink from day's golden flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky:
So will we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven *one mystic chain*.

“I KNOW THAT THY SPIRIT.”

I KNOW that thy spirit looks radiantly down
From yon beautiful orb of the west,
For a sound and a sign have been set in my own,
That tell of the place of thy rest;
For I gaze on the star that we talk'd of so oft,
As our glances would heavenward rove,
When thy step was on earth, and thy bosom was
soft
With a sense of delight and of love.

The dreams that were laid on thy shadowless brow
Were pure as a feeling unborn,
And the tone of thy voice was as pleasant and low
As a bird's in a pleasant spring morn;
Such a heaven of purity dwelt in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul,
That naught could have made thee more lovely
or blest,
So bright was the beautiful whole.

But, now o'er thy breast in the hush of the tomb
Are folded thy pale graceful arms,
While the midnight of death, like a garment of
gloom,
Hangs over that bosom's young charms;
And pale, pale, alas! is thy rosy lip now,
Its melody broken and gone;
And cold is the young heart whose sweet dreams
below
Were of summer, of summer alone.

Yet the rise and the fall of thine eyelids of snow
O'er thy blue orbs so mournfully meek,
And the delicate blush that would vanish and glow
Through the light of thy transparent cheek,
And thy tresses all put from thy forehead away—
These, these on my memory rise
As I gaze on yon bright orb whose beautiful ray
Hath so often been blest by thine eyes.

The blue-girdled stars and the soft dreamy air
Divide thy fair spirit and mine:
Yet I look in my heart, and a something is there
That links it in feeling to thine:
The glow of the sunset, the voice of the breeze,
As it cradles itself on the sea,
Are dear to my bosom, for moments like these
Are sacred to memory and thee.

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

I DID not notice LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON in that part of this volume in which, according to the chronological order which has governed me, her biography should have appeared, because it seemed most proper to consider together the remarkable children of whom she was the first born and the first to die. The verses which she wrote, like those of her younger sister, are extraordinary, considered as the productions of so young a person, however little they might deserve regard if presented as the effusions of a matured and well-educated mind.

Those who have read the preceding memoirs may remember that an unusual precocity of genius has been frequently exhibited in this country. The cases of LUCRETIA and MARGARET DAVIDSON are doubtless more interesting than any to which I have already alluded, but they are not the most wonderful that have been known in America. About two years ago I was shown, by one of the house of HARPER and BROTHERS, the publishers, some verses by a girl but eight years of age, the daughter of a gentleman in Connecticut—that seemed superior to any composed by the DAVIDSONS; and I have heard of other prodigies no less remarkable. Greatness is not often developed in childhood, and where a strange precocity is observable, it is generally but a premature blossoming of the mind. We cannot always decide to even our own satisfaction, whether it is so, but as the writings of the subjects of this notice, when they were from nine to fifteen years of age, exhibited no *progress*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, like the wonderful boy ZERAH COLBURN, of Vermont, whose arithmetical calculations many years ago astonished the world, they would have possessed in their physical maturity no high intellectual qualities.

The father of LUCRETIA and MARGARET DAVIDSON was a physician. Their mother's maiden name was MARGARET MILLER. She was a woman of an ardent temperament and an affectionate disposition, and had been carefully educated. LUCRETIA was born in the village of Plattsburgh, in New York, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1808. In her infancy she was exceedingly fragile, but she grew stronger when about eighteen months old, and though less vigorous than most children of her age, suffered little for several years from sickness. She learned the alphabet in her third year, and at four was sent to a public school, where she was taught to read and to form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian system. As soon as she could read, her time was devoted to the little books that were given to her, and to composition. Her mother at one time wishing to write a letter, found that a quire or more of paper had disappeared from the place where writing implements were kept, and when she made inquiries in regard to it, the child came forward, and acknowledged that

she had "used it." As Mrs. DAVIDSON knew she had not been taught to write, she was surprised, and inquired in what manner it had been destroyed. LUCRETIA burst into tears, and replied that she did "not like to tell." The question was not urged. From that time the paper continued to disappear, and she was frequently observed with little blank books, and pens, and ink, sedulously shunning observation. At length, when she was about six years old, her mother found hidden in a closet, rarely opened, a parcel of papers which proved to be her manuscript books. On one side of each leaf was an artfully sketched picture, and on the other, in rudely formed letters, were poetical explanations.

From this time she acquired knowledge very rapidly, studying intensely at school, and reading in every leisure moment at home. When about twelve years of age she accompanied her father to a celebration of the birth-night of Washington. She had studied the history of the father of his country, and the scene awakened her enthusiasm. The next day an older sister found her absorbed in writing. She had drawn an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it. They were shown to her mother, who expressed her delight with such animation that the child immediately added the concluding verses, and returned with the poem as it is printed in her "Remains"—

And does a Hero's dust lie here?
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage!
He left a train of glory bright
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of fame,
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled!

And every sex, and every age,
From hisping boy, to learned sage,
The widow, and her orphan son,
Reverse the name of WASHINGTON.

She continued to write with much industry from this period. In the summer of 1823, her health being very feeble, she was withdrawn from school, and sent on a visit to some friends in Canada. In Montreal she was delighted with the public buildings, martial parades, pictures, and other novel sights, and she returned to Plattsburgh with renovated health. Her sister MARGARET was born on the twenty-sixth of March, 1823, and a few

days afterward, while holding the infant in her lap, she wrote the following lines:

Sweet babe! I cannot hope that thou 'lt be freed
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed;
But may'st thou be with resignation bless'd,
To bear each evil howsoever thy distress'd.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form;
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease!

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
Teach thee to look beyond that world of woe,
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of years is safely pass'd,
When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

In the summer of 1824 she finished her longest poem, "Amir Khan," and in the autumn of the same year was sent to the seminary of Mrs. WILKINSON, at Troy, where she remained during the winter. In May, 1825, after spending several weeks at home, she was transferred to a boarding-school at Albany, and here her health, which had before been slightly affected, rapidly declined. In company with her mother, and Mr. MOSE KENT, a gentleman of fortune, who had undertaken to defray the costs of her education, she returned to Plattsburgh in July, and died there on the twenty-seventh of August, one month before her seventeenth birthday. She retained, until her death, the purity and simplicity of childhood, and died in the confident hope of a blissful immortality.

Soon after her death, her poems and prose writings were published, with a memoir by Mr. S. F. B. MORSE, of New York, and an elaborate biography of her life and character has since been written by Miss C. M. SENEWICK, the author of "Hope Leslie," etc. The following verses are among the most perfect she produced. They were addressed to her sister, Mrs. TOWNSEND, in her fifteenth year:

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, soften'd by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give:
O, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half-afraid;
O, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

In her sixteenth year she wrote three "prophecies," of which the following is one:

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,
Which hath mark'd thee out for a soul unblest'd:
The strife of love with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drain'd to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye
A dark, and a doubtful prophecy.
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy cure;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life;
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave!
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crown'd my brow with an icy wreath;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

MARGARET DAVIDSON, at the time of the death of LUCRETIA, was not quite two years old. The event made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. She loved, when but three years old, to sit on a cushion at her mother's feet, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life, and details of the events which preceded her death, and would often exclaim, while her face beamed with mingled emotions, "O, I will try to fill her place—teach me to be like her!" She needed little teaching. In intelligence, and in literary progress, she surpassed LUCRETIA. When six years of age, she could read with fluency, and would sit by the bedside of her sick mother, reading with enthusiastic delight, and appropriate emphasis, the poetry of MILTON, COWPER, THOMSON, and other great authors, and marking, with discrimination, the passages with which she was most pleased. Between the sixth and seventh year of her age she entered on a general course of education, studying grammar, geography, history, and rhetoric; but her constitution had already begun to show symptoms of decay, which rendered it expedient to check her application. In her seventh summer she was taken to the Springs of Saratoga, the waters of which seemed to have a beneficial effect, and she afterward accompanied her parents to New York, with which city she was highly delighted. On her return to Plattsburgh, her strength was much increased, and she resumed her studies, with great assiduity. In the autumn of 1830, however, her health began to fail again, and it was thought proper for her and

her mother to join Mrs. TOWNSEND, an elder sister, in an inland town of Canada. She remained here until 1833, when she had a severe attack of scarlet fever, and on her slow recovery it was determined to go again to New York. Her residence in the city was protracted until the summer heat became oppressive, and she expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac, in the following lines, which are probably equal to any ever written by so young an author:

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light;
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported a babe, without sorrow or fear;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, O! 't is tenderer yet;
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
'T was there she first drew, and there yielded her breath,
A father I love is away from me now,
O! could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear.
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home it is dearer than all.

The family soon after became temporary residents of the village of Ballston, near Saratoga; and in the autumn of 1835 of Ruremont, on the Sound, or East River, about four miles from New York. Here they remained, except at short intervals, until the summer of 1837, when they returned to Ballston. In the last two years MARGARET had suffered much from illness herself, and had lost by death her sister Mrs. TOWNSEND, and two brothers; and now her mother became alarmingly ill. As the season advanced, however, health seemed to revisit all the surviving members of the family, and MARGARET was as happy as at any period of her life. Early in 1828, Doctor DAVIDSON took a house in Saratoga, to which he removed on the first of May. Here she had an attack of bleeding from the lungs, but recovered, and when her brothers visited home from New York she returned with them to the city, and remained there several weeks. She reached Saratoga again in July; the bloom had for the last time left her cheeks; and she decayed gradually until the twenty-fifth of November, when her spirit returned to God. She was then *but fifteen years and eight months old*.

Her later poems do not seem to me superior to some written in her eleventh year, and the prose compositions included in the volume of her remains edited by Mr. IRVING, are not better than those of many girls of her age. One of her latest and most

perfect pieces is the dedication of a poem entitled "Leonora" to the "Spirit of her Sister Lucretia:"

O, thou, so early lost, so long deplored!
Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!
And while I touch this hallow'd harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear!

For thee I pour this unaffected lay;
To thee these simple numbers all belong:
For though thine earthly form has pass'd away,
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take then this feeble tribute:—'t is thine own—
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
And bid its waken'd music sleep no more!

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest;
But when its last sweet tones were borne away
One answering echo linger'd in my breast.

O! thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee!

The following lines addressed to her mother, a few days before her death, were the last she ever wrote:

O, mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lovest to hear,
And breathe each trembling new-born thought
Within thy fondly-listening ear,
As when in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother, now a shade hath pass'd
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapp'd
The remnant of my brief career;
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And O, how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
O, may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life!
Then when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

I said that Hope had pass'd from earth,
'T was but to fold her wings in heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven;
When mine are wash'd in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart—
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,
And all not offer'd at His shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

APPENDIX.

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

EDWARD EVERETT, LL. D.

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterward buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth;
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquer'd earth:
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain-tide
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonish'd realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where ALARIC and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fall
Beneath the terrors of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steer'd,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launch'd in fury on the flood,
I plough'd my ways through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I pour'd the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shriek'd for help
In vain within their seven-hill'd towers;
I quench'd in blood the brightest gem
That glitter'd in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done;
I go to Him from whence I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of ALARIC.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of ATTILA.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LL. D.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
 When *infant* innocence ascends,
 Some angel, brighter than the rest,
 The spotless spirit's flight attends.
 On wings of ecstasy they rise,
 Beyond where worlds material roll;
 Till some fair sister of the skies
 Receives the unpolluted soul.

That inextinguishable beam,
 With dust united at our birth,
 Sheds a more dim, discolour'd gleam
 The more it lingers upon earth.
 Closed in this dark abode of clay,
 The stream of glory faintly burns:—
 Not unobserved, the lucid ray
 To its own native fount returns.

But when the LORD of mortal breath
 Decrees his bounty to resume,
 And points the silent shaft of death
 Which speeds an infant to the tomb—
 No passion fierce, nor low desire,
 Has quench'd the radiance of the flame;
 Back to its GOD the living fire
 Reverts, unclouded as it came.

Fond mourner! be that solace thine!
 Let hope her healing charm impart,
 And soothe, with melodies divine,
 The anguish of a mother's heart.
 O, think! the darlings of thy love,
 Divested of this earthly clod,
 Amid unnumber'd saints above,
 Bask in the bosom of their GOD.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth
 Still tender images remain:
 Still, still they bless thee for their birth,
 Still filial gratitude retain.
 Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
 That wrung for them the parent's breast,
 Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
 Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;
 For thee the LORD of life implore;
 And oft from sainted bliss descend,
 Thy wounded quiet to restore.
 Oft, in the stillness of the night,
 They smooth the pillow of thy bed;
 Oft, till the morn's returning light,
 Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark! in such strains as saints employ,
 They whisper to thy bosom peace;
 Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
 And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
 Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear:
 Their part and thine inverted see:—
 Thou wert their guardian angel here,
 Thy guardian angels now to thee.

HENRY PICKERING.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.*

Joy fills the vale,
 With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
 As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
 Sweet bird of spring!

The violet
 Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
 Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
 Remain'd in doubt.

While, from the rock,
 The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
 That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
 The zephyr bends.

Say! when the blast
 Of winter swept our whiten'd plains, what clime,
 What sunnier realm thou charm'd'st,—and how
 Thy joyous time? [was past

Did the green isles
 Detain thee long! or, mid the palmy groves
 Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles,
 Didst sing thy loves?

O, well I know
 Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
 So near the sun have lesser charms than now
 Our land of flowers.

Thou art return'd
 On a glad errand,—to rebuild thy nest,
 And fan anew the gentle fire that burn'd
 Within thy breast.

And thy wild strain,
 Pour'd on the gale, is love's transporting voice—
 That, calling on the plummy choir again,
 Bids them rejoice.

Nor calls alone
 To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
 Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone,
 Or felt his power.

The poet, too,
 It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire;
 Yet, ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few
 His song admire!

But thy sweet lay,
 Thou darling of the spring! no ear disdains;
 Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, "Be gay!"
 And prompts thy strains.

O, if I knew
 Like thee to sing, like thee the heart to fire,—
 Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue
 To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year
 In gloom is wrapp'd, thy exile I shall mourn,—
 Oft as the spring returns shall hail sincere
 Thy glad return.

* The song-sparrow.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.*

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!

When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,

How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that JUPITER sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well.

JOHN SHAW, M. D.†

SONG.

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who, from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew?

Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;

Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air a heart;
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, O, take that heart from me.

* MR. WOODWORTH is the author of several volumes of songs, comedies, &c. He was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1783, and now resides in New York.

† Doctor SHAW was born in Maryland, in 1778, and died

ROBERT M. BIRD, M. D.*

ODE TO THE MOON.

O, MELANCHOLY moon,
Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away
Far in the dusky west, to vanish soon
Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,
Still art thou beautiful beyond all spheres,
The friend of grief, the confidant of tears,

Mine earliest friend wert thou:
My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under
The locust tree, and, through the chequer'd bough,
Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder
At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be
The nearest star to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew; but, as it came,
And sadness with it, still, with joy, I stole
To gaze, and dream, and breathe perchance the
That was the early music of my soul, [name
And seem'd upon thy pictured disc to trace
Remember'd features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring
A winter, to my bosom, cannot turn
Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness; still spring
My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern
Falters, in secret, with the ancient thrill,
The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

Would it were so; for earth
Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail;
And her sweet chimes, that once were woke to
Turn to a moody melody of wail, [mirth,
And through her stony throngs I go alone,
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so; for still
Thou art my only counsellor, with whom
Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,
Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom
Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,
Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak:—
I shall look up to thee from the deep sea,
And in the land of palms, and on the peak
Of her wild hills, still turn my eyes to thee;
And then, perhaps, lie down in solemn rest,
With naught but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so indeed!
Earth bath her peace beneath the trampled stone;
And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,
And naught, save passing winds, shall make my
moan;

No tears, save night's, to wash my humble shrine,
And watching o'er me no pale face but thine.

at sea, near the West India Islands, in 1809. He was secretary to General EATON, at Tunis, in 1800; and in 1803, accompanied Lord SELKIRK on his expedition to form a settlement on St. John's Island in Upper Canada. A collection of his poems was published in Philadelphia, in the year after his death.

* Author of "Calavar," "The Infidel," "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow," and other romances; and of "The Gladiator, a Tragedy," &c.

KATHERINE A. WARE.*

MARKS OF TIME.

AN infant boy was playing among flowers,
Old Time, that unbribed register of hours,
Came hobbling on, but smoothed his wrinkled face,
To mark the artless joy and blooming grace
Of the young cherub, on whose cheek so fair
He smiled, and press'd a rosy dimple there.

Next Boyhood follow'd, with his shout of glee,
Elastic step, and spirit wild and free
As the young fawn, that scales the mountain height,
Or new-fledged eaglet in his sunward flight;
Time cast a glance upon the careless boy,
Who frolick'd onward with a bound of joy! [eye

Then Youth came forward; his bright glancing
Seem'd a reflection of the cloudless sky!
The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,
Crimson'd his cheek, and beam'd upon his brow,
Giving expression to his blooming face,
And to his fragile form a manly grace;
His voice was harmony, his speech was truth—
Time lightly laid his hand upon the youth.

Manhood next follow'd, in the sunny prime
Of life's meridian bloom; all the sublime
And beautiful of nature met his view,
Brighten'd by Hope, whose radiant pencil drew
The rich perspective of a scene as fair
As that which smiled on Eden's sinless pair;
Love, fame, and glory, with alternate sway,
Thrill'd his warm heart, and with electric ray
Illumed his eye, yet still a shade of care,
Like a light cloud that floats in summer air,
Would shed at times a transitory gloom,
But shadow'd not one grace of manly bloom.
Time sigh'd, as on his polish'd brow he wrought
The first impressive line of care and thought.

Man in his proud maturity came next;
A bold review of life, from the broad text
Of nature's perfect volume! He had scan'd
Her varied page, and a high course had plann'd;
Humbled ambition, wealth's deceitful smile,
The loss of friends, disease, and mental toil,
Had blanch'd his cheek, and dimm'd his ardent eye,
But spared his noble spirit's energy!
Gon's proudest stamp of intellectual grace
Still shone unclouded on his care-worn face!
On his high brow still sat the firm resolve
Of judgment deep, whose issue might involve
A nation's fate. Yet thoughts of milder glow
Would oft, like sunbeams o'er a mound of snow,
Upon his cheek their genial influence cast,
While musing o'er the bright or shadowy past:
Time, as he mark'd his noblest victim, shed
The frost of years upon his honour'd head.

Last came, with trembling limbs and bending
form,
Like the old oak scathed by the wintry storm,

* MRS. KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE is a native of Massachusetts, and was at one time editor of a periodical published in Boston, called "The Bower of Taste." She has for several years resided in England, and a collection of her writings, entitled "Power of the Passions, and other Poems," appeared in London since the commencement of the present year, (1842.)

Man, in the last frail stage of human life—
Nigh pass'd his every scene of peace or strife.
Reason's proud triumph, passion's wild control,
No more dispute their mastery o'er his soul;
As rest the billows on the sea-beat shore,
The war of rivalry is heard no more;
Faith's steady light alone illumines his eye,
For Time is pointing to Eternity!

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.*

GEEHALE. AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever express'd, [the best.
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them
back.

Each bird, and each beast, it is bless'd in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore:
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colour'd stain;
Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor
snows;

His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was
black:

I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fuses,
They were people engender'd beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children,—O, spare me the tale!—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE!

* Author of "Algic Researches," "Expedition to Itasca Lake," "The Rise of the West," etc.

J. K. MITCHELL.*

THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

O! FLY to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
 'Tis as green and as wide and as wild as the sea:
 O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide,
 And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride.

The city's a prison too narrow for thee—
 Then away to the prairies so boundless and free:
 Where the sight is not check'd till the prairie and
 skies,

In harmony blending, commingle their dyes.

The fawns in the meadow-fields fearlessly play—
 Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away!
 Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near,
 And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

Let England exult in her dogs and her chase—

O! what's a king's park to this limitless space!
 No fences to leap and no thickets to turn,
 No owners to injure, no furrows to spurn.

But, softly as thine on the carpeted hall,
 Is heard the light foot of the courser to fall;
 And close-matted grass no impression receives,
 As ironless hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

O, fly to the prairie! the eagle is there:
 He gracefully wheels in the cloud-speckled air;
 And, timidly hiding her delicate young,
 The prairie-bird hushes her beautiful song.

O, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me!
 The vine and the prairie-rose blossom for thee;
 And, hailing the moon in the prairie-propp'd sky,
 The mocking-bird echoes the katydid's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds,
 The free prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs;
 The bison, like clouds, overshadow the place,
 And the wild, spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The farmer may boast of his grass and his grain—
 He sows them in labour, and reaps them in pain;
 But here the deep soil no exertion requires,
 Enrich'd by the ashes, and clear'd by the fires.

The woodman delights in his trees and his shade;
 But see! there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
 His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pale,
 And mildew is riding his vapourous gale.

Then fly to the prairie! in wonder there gaze,
 As sweeps o'er the grass the magnificent blaze,
 The land is o'erwhelm'd in an ocean of light,
 Whose flame-surges break in the breeze of the night.

Sublime from the north comes the wind in his wrath,
 And scatters the reeds in his desolate path;
 Or, loaded with incense, steals in from the west,
 As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

O, fly to the prairie! for freedom is there!
 Love lights not that home with the torch of despair!

* Doctor MITCHELL, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, is a native of Shepherdstown, in Virginia. He was educated at one of the universities of Scotland, and studied his profession in Philadelphia. In 1839, he published a volume, entitled "Indecision, and other Poems."

No wretch to entreat, and no lord to deny,
 No gossips to slander, no neighbour to pry.

But, struggling not there the heart's impulse to hide,
 Love leaps like the fount from the crystal-rock side,
 And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring,
 Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colour'd wing.

ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.*

THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

WHERE art thou? Thou! Source and Support
 That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen, [of all
 Unfelt, unknown—alas! unknowable!
 I look abroad among thy works: the sky,
 Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,
 Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
 And speaking winds, and ask if these are Thee!
 The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
 The restless tide's outgoing and return,
 The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
 Though hail'd as gods of old, and only less—
 Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
 I ask Thee from the past; if, in the years
 Since first intelligence could search its source,
 Or in some former, unremember'd being,
 (If such, perchance, were mine,) did they behold
 And next interrogate futurity— [Thee!
 So fondly tenanted with better things
 Than e'er experience own'd—but both are mute;
 And past and future, vocal on all else,
 So full of memories and phantasies,
 Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
 From all vain parley with the elements, [ward.
 And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn in—
 From each material thing its anxious guest,
 If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
 He may vouchsafe himself, Spirit to spirit!
 O, Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
 Pavilion'd still in darkness, wilt Thou hide Thee?
 What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
 Nor human eye may look-on thine and live?
 Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
 Which soon or late must come. For light like this
 Who would not dare to die!

Peace, my proud aim,
 And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
 Await His will, who hath appointed this
 With every other trial. Be that will
 Done now as ever. For thy curious search,
 And unprepared solicitude to gaze
 On Him—the Unreveal'd—learn hence, instead,
 To temper highest hope with humbleness.
 Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
 Till rent the veil, no longer separating
 The holiest of all; as erst disclosing
 A brighter dispensation; whose results
 Ineffable, interminable, tend
 E'en to the perfecting thyself, thy kind,
 Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
 By the firm promise of a voice from Heaven,
 Pledg'd to the pure in heart!

* Of Boston.

REVEREND R. C. WATERSTON.*

THE DYING ARCHER.

THE day has near ended, the light quivers through
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew,
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing
stream

Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream;
The low room is darken'd, there breathes not a sound,
While friends in their sadness are gathering round;
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh
done,

"Throw, throw back the lattice, and let in the sun."

The lattice is open'd; and now the blue sky
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye; [year,
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after
He "chased the wild roe-buck and follow'd the deer."
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,
Then bow'd he, in sorrow, a silent farewell:
"And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,
O, where shall we lay thee!" his followers said.

Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain;
"Now bring me my quiver, and tighten my bow,
And let the winged arrow my sepulchre show!"
Out, out through the lattice the arrow has pass'd,
And in the far forest has lighted at last;
And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,
Where wild deer are bounding beneath the green
shade.

His last words are finish'd: his spirit has fled,
And now lies in silence the form of the dead.
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn;
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod;
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave!

JAMES T. FIELDS.†

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

Nor a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell and blossom'd
the rose;

And hush'd is the cry of the swift-darting swallow
That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented brier
That bloom'd o'er the hillock and gladden'd the
vale;

And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-cover'd pale.

* Of Boston.

† Mr. FIELDS is a native of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, but has for several years resided in Boston. His principal poem, entitled "Commerce," was published in 1839. His writings are distinguished for a natural simplicity and elegance, and generally relate to rural or domestic subjects.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And lock'd up in silence its frolicksome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest
branches,

And gather about me, my children, in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low lying,

Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever-bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

SACO FALLS.

RUSH on, bold stream! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hush'd is every human sound;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away;
Dash on, bold stream! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'T is night in heaven—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And, thundering down the river's bed,
I see thy lengthen'd, darkling form;
No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low, each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wings, and gone to rest:
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away.

O! earth hath many a gallant show—
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er, beneath the glorious moon,
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And, o'er the bridge, the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.*

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go;—but never when there
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash it will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as the vestal fire;
'T will burn, 't will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest toss'd,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam,
But when sails are shiver'd and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame, 't will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er feels its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are like beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come:
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.†

LAND, HO!

FILL high the brimmer!—the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night:
The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm, genial earth glads our vision at last;
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

Fill high the brimmer!—till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our
birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!

* Mrs. HALE is a native of Newport, New Hampshire. She is the author of "Northwood," "Sketches of American Life," etc.

† General MORRIS was born in the city of New York, in the year 1800. Associated with SAMUEL WOODWORTH, in 1823, he established the New York Mirror, with which he has ever since been connected. He has written several popular songs, and some other brief poems, most of which were embraced in a collection of his lyrical writings published in 1838.

Dear country! our thoughts are more constant to thee

Than the steel to the star or the stream to the sea.
Then fill up the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

Fill high the brimmer!—the wine-sparkles rise
Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of
care,

Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
Drink deep to the chime of the nautical bells,
To woman,—God bless her, wherever she dwells!
Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

SONG.

WHEN other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine;
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee;
I know thy truth remains.
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea;
And whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

WOMAN.

AH, woman!—in this world of ours,
What boon can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling which no time can tame.
A feeling, which for years of fame,
I would not, could not crush!
And, sisters! ye are dear as life,
But when I look upon my wife
My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In mother, sisters, wife, and friend!

Yes, woman's love is free from guile
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away!
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

"TWELVE YEARS HAVE FLOWN."

TWELVE years have flown since last I saw
 My birth-place, and my home of youth:
 How oft its scenes would Memory draw,
 Her tints the pencillings of truth;
 Unto that spot I come once more,
 The dearest life hath ever known:
 And still it wears the look it wore,
 Although twelve weary years have flown.

Again upon the soil I stand
 Where first my infant footsteps stray'd;
 Again I view my "father-land,"
 And wander through its pleasant shade;
 I gaze upon the hills, the skies,
 The verdant banks, with flowers o'ergrown,
 And while I look with glistening eyes,
 Almost forget twelve years have flown.

Twelve years are flown! those words are brief,
 Yet in their sound what fancies dwell!
 The hours of bliss, the days of grief,
 The joys and woes remember'd well;
 The hopes that fill'd the youthful breast,
 Alas! how many a one o'erthrown!
 Deep thoughts, that long have been at rest,
 Wake at the words, twelve years have flown!

The past! the past! a saddening thought,
 A withering spell is in the sound!
 It comes with memories deeply fraught
 Of youthful pleasure's giddy round;
 Of forms that roved life's sunniest bowers,
 The cherish'd few, forever gone:
 Of dreams that fill'd life's morning hours,
 Where are they now? Twelve years have flown!

A brief but eloquent reply!
 Where are youth's hopes—life's morning dream?
 Seek for the flowers that floated by
 Upon the rushing mountain stream!
 Yet gems beneath that wave may sleep,
 Till after years shall make them known:
 Thus, golden thoughts the heart will keep,
 That perish not, though years have flown.

THE BANNER OF MURAT.

FOREMOST among the first,
 And bravest of the brave!
 Where'er the battle's fury burst,
 Or roll'd its purple wave,—
 There flash'd his glance, like a meteor,
 As he charged the foe afar;
 And the snowy plume his helmet bore
 Was the banner of Murat!

* PROSPER MONTGOMERY WETMORE was born at Stratford, in Connecticut, in 1799. In 1830, he published a volume entitled "Lexington, and other Fugitive Poems." He is now one of the regents of the university of New York, to whom are confided the various interests of education and literature in that state.

Mingler on many a field
 Where rung wild victory's peal!
 That fearless spirit was like a shield—
 A panoply of steel;
 For very joy in a glorious name
 He rush'd where danger stood;
 And that banner-plume, like a winged flame,
 Stream'd o'er the field of blood!

His followers loved to gaze
 On his form with a fierce delight,
 As it tower'd above the battle's blaze,
 A pillar midst the fight;
 And eyes look'd up, ere they closed in death,
 Through the thick and sulphury air—
 And lips shriek'd out, with their parting breath,
 "The lily plume is there!"

A cloud is o'er him now—
 For the peril-hour hath come—
 And he stands with his high, unshaded brow,
 On the fearful spot of doom!
 Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—
 No fear his soul appals:
 A rattling peal, and a shuddering cry,
 And bannerless he falls!

MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.*

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
 Fanes quiver in the air,
 A prostrate city is thy seat,
 And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
 Though ruin is around thee;
 Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now,
 As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
 Though friends and fame depart;
 The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
 Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
 Which earth can never tame;
 Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,
 Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
 May melt like mist away;
 High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
 Like Carthage in decay;

And proud hopes in the human heart
 May be to ruin hurl'd;
 Like mouldering monuments of art
 Heap'd on a sleeping world:

Yet, there is something will not die,
 Where life hath once been fair;
 Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
 Some Roman lingers there!

* Author of "Hobomok," "History of the Condition of Women," etc.

REVEREND WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.*

THE TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN OF THE
SABBATH SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK, CELE-
BRATING TOGETHER THE 4TH OF JULY, 1830.

O, sight sublime! O, sight of fear!
The shadowing of infinity!
Numbers, whose murmur rises here
Like whisperings of the mighty sea!
Ye bring strange visions to my gaze;
Earth's dreamer, heaven before me swims;
The sea of glass, the throne of days,
Crowns, harps, and the melodious hymns.
Ye rend the air with grateful songs
For freedom by old warriors won:
O, for the battle which your throngs
May wage and win through DAVID'S son!
Wealth of young beauty! that now blooms
Before me like a world of flowers;
High expectation! that assumes
The hue of life's serenest hours;
Are ye decaying? Must these forms,
So agile, fair, and brightly gay,
Hidden in dust, be given to worms
And everlasting night, the prey?
Are ye immortal? Will this mass
Of life, be life, undying still,
When all these sentient thousands pass
To where corruption works its will?
Thought! that takes hold of heaven and hell,
Be in each teacher's heart to-day!
So shall eternity be well
With these, when time has fled away.

TO THE SHIP OF THE LINE PENNSYLVANIA.

"LEAP forth to the careering seas,"
O, ship of lofty name!
And toss upon thy native breeze
The stars and stripes of fame!
And bear thy thunders o'er the deep
Where vaunting navies ride!
Thou hast a nation's gems to keep—
Her honour and her pride!
O! holy is the covenant made
With thee and us to-day;
None from the compact shrinks afraid,
No traitor utters nay!
We pledge our fervent love, and thou
Thy glorious ribs of oak,
Alive with men who cannot bow
To kings, nor kiss the yoke!
Speed lightnings o'er the Carib sea,
Which deeds of hell deform;
And look! her hands are spread to thee
Where Afric's robbers swarm.

*The Reverend WILLIAM B. TAPPAN is a native of Beverly, in Massachusetts, and now resides in Boston. He is the author of eight or nine volumes of poems, most of which are of a religious character.

Go! lie upon the Ægean's breast,
Where sparkle emerald isles—
Go! seek the lawless Suliote's nest,
And spoil his cruel wiles.
And keep, where sail the merchant ships,
Stern watch on their highway,
And promptly, through thine iron lips,
When urged, our tribute pay;
Yea, show thy bristling teeth of power,
Wherever tyrants bind,
In pride of their own little hour,
A freeborn, noble mind.

Spread out those ample wings of thine!—
While crime doth govern men,
'Tis fit such bulwark of the brine
Should leave the shores of PENN;
For hid within thy giant strength
Are germs of welcome peace,
And such as thou, shall cause at length
Man's feverish strife to cease.
From every vale, from every crag,
Word of thy beauty's past,
And joy we that our country's flag
Streams from thy towering mast—
Assured that in thy prowess, thou
For her wilt win renown,
Whose sons can die, but know not how
To strike that pennon down.

JAMES NACK.*

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping.
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing,
Scenes of late in deadness sadden'd,
Smile in animation gladden'd;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we then with Nature's voice,
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming, come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well-remember'd wild-wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood;
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-girdled river;
Let our youth of feeling out,
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

*Mr. NACK is deaf and dumb, and has been so from his childhood; yet his poetical writings, in almost every variety of measure, are distinguished for more than common melody of versification. A volume of his poems, with a memoir by PROSPER M. WETMORE, was published in New York, in 1836.

REVEREND GEORGE B. CHEEVER.*

TO MY SICK AND SUFFERING BROTHER, ON
HIS FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

I wish, dear N., my heart could weave
A strain of simple melody,
Where love in every line should leave
Its own dear tones for thee.

And, sooth, if love could teach the soul
The language of Apollo's lyre,
My thoughts would all be musical,
My words all wing'd with fire.

The wish, I know, is sadly vain:
Thoughts rise, and fond affections throng,
But with the sweetest, white-stoled train
There comes no tone of song.

I would chain down the airy crowds,
And keep them while I seek sweet words;
Alas! they change like summer-clouds,
They droop like prison'd birds.

How can I paint their changeful dyes,
Or stay them in their flight?
They come like birds from Paradise,
They fly away as light.

The simplest birthday wish is shy;
All Love's best thoughts, of the same race;
For, while I'm sure I have them nigh,
They've fled, and left no trace.

Dear brother, thou wilt then forgive,
Nor think me less affectionate,
If, while to meet thy wish I strive,
It comes a day too late.

For, were my soul all melody,
My words the same they use in heaven,
This earnest heart could never be
More freely to thee given.

We're one; our mother's equal care;
One in our mutual sympathies,—
And, more than all, in mutual prayer,
By endless, holy ties.

I've rock'd thee in thy cradle,—play'd
With thee in childhood's frolic hours,
With thee have roam'd through grove and glade,
And pluck'd the vernal flowers.

We've shared old winter's wild delight,
We've gather'd nuts in summer-woods,
We've proudly watch'd our breeze-borne kite
Among the sailing clouds.

But not in such gay sympathy
Our mutual love has tenderest grown,—
For oft must grief's sad harmony
Interpret its deep tone,

When sickness blanch'd thy rosy cheek,
And brought thy buoyant spirit low,
How dear thou wast from week to week,
I trembled then to know.

Our youngest, brightest household flower!
It was a melancholy thing
To see thee droop from hour to hour,
In patient suffering.

O, then I felt the privilege
To breathe my silent, humble prayer;—
We wept o'er pains whose wasting edge
My frame could better bear.

I watch'd thy restless sleep,—I tried
To woo thee to thy wonted smile,
And every way, when by thy side,
Thy sufferings to beguile.

These duties were love's natural sphere:
Our drooping flower I cherish'd so,
That still the more it ask'd my care,
The dearer still it grew.

This day, did fancy paint what's true,
I'm with thee in our own dear home,
To talk of such scenes past, and view
The heavenly life to come.

This day—'tis yet thy being's dawn,
But, ah, how full the mingled scene,
On memory's pictured tablets drawn,
Calm now, and all serene:

Serene, because a blessed faith
Throws o'er each melancholy line
That marks affliction's rugged path,
The gleam of Love Divine.

Through all it sees thy Father's form,
His gracious, guiding hand beholds;
And, in the gloomiest of the storm,
Some bright design unfolds.

Amidst the sufferings of years
Thou seest thou didst not walk alone;
Where all was agony and tears,
There most His mercy shone.

'Twas thus he drew thy careless heart
Up to a holier world above,
And bade thee choose that better part,
A Saviour's wondrous love.

There is a gayer-colour'd scene
Of laughing health, and dimpled ease,
Thy bounding heart, that knew no pain,
Was wild as any breeze.

The house was merry with thy song,
Thy fawn-like step danced free and wild;
And of the happy schoolboy throng
Thou wast the happiest child.

All elements to thee look'd gay,
All seasons minister'd delight;—
'Twas constant motion every day,
'Twas gentle sleep at night.

How soon a cloud of dreary hue
Chased the bright jubilee away!
Yet, wast thou happier then than now?
Dear, patient brother, say.

I know thine answer well. In vain
Are youth, and health, and spirits given,
If, strangers still to care and pain,
We never think of Heaven.

* Author of "God's Hand in America," "Travels in the East," Editor of "Common-Place Book of American Poetry," etc.

What soothes the soul, betrays ;—select
The best possessions earth can grant,
Our thankless heart may still reject
Its heavenly Visitant.

A life all ease is all abused ;—
O, precious grace ! that made thee wise
To know,—affliction, rightly used,
Is mercy in disguise.

The pleasures of the happiest boy
Are not so bright as fugitive ;—
But, O ! the endless, heavenly joy
Thy Saviour's smile can give !

For this my fervent thanks I raise,
That He, whose love is wisdom too,
Makes thee partaker of his grace,
By trials here below.

Should health and active power return,
And life put on a brighter glow,
Be often at his cross, and learn
His goodness best to show.

'Tis only He who gives the boon
By grace can make it truly good ;
And I would have thy life be one
Of ceaseless gratitude.

In active health or sad disease,
O, ne'er forget that precious word—
"He shall be kept in perfect peace,
Whose soul is stay'd on God."

If still thy feeble frame decay,
Thou art beyond its weak control,—
The vision of eternal day
Lifts up thy strengthen'd soul.

CHRIST holds thee in his powerful hand ;
Soon, every foe and fear subdued,
Thy feet shall press the shining land,
Beyond Death's narrow flood.

Yet, if his blessed will reserve
Thy faith for trials long and late,
Remember then, "they also serve,
Who only stand and wait."

—◆—
ALEXANDER H. BOGART.*

—◆—
ANACREONTIC.

THE flying joy through life we seek
For once is ours—the wine we sip
Blushes like beauty's glowing cheek,
To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more !
Friends of my youth and of my heart ;
No magic can this hour restore—
Then crown it ere we part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones—
Whose blood would flow with fervour true
For me—and free as this wine runs
Would mine, by heaven ! for you.

Yet, mark me ! When a few short years
Have hurried on their journey fleet,
Not one that now my accents hears
Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,
The startling thought ye scarce will brook,
Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then
In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile,
Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—
But shall that cloud to-night's bright smile !
No—pour the wine again !

—◆—
CATHERINE H. ESLING.*

—◆—
BROTHER, COME HOME.

—◆—
COME home !

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody ;
Brother, come home.

—◆—
Come home !

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,
Come where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,
Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's shrine ;
Brother, come home.

—◆—
Come home !

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love ;
Brother, come home.

—◆—
Come home !

It is not home without thee, the lone seat
Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee ;
Brother, come home.

—◆—
Come home !

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watch'd every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here ;
Brother, come home.

—◆—
Come home !

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody ;
Brother, come home.

* The maiden name of Mrs. ESLING WAS CATHERINE H. WATERMAN. She resides in Philadelphia, and has been for several years a frequent contributor to the periodicals of that city. She has also edited two or three annuaries. No collection of her metrical compositions has been published.

* Born, 1804. Died in the city of Albany, 1826.

JOHN B. VAN SCHAIK.*

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON
TO STAND STILL.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flash'd the red sunbeams gloriously back,
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet,
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armour on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp, without the walls,
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gather'd around their kings, and "JOSHUA!
From Gilgal, JOSHUA!" was whisper'd low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare,
And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd:
"God of this people hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased:
And, lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminish'd heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopp'd upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapours, that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand, [up,
Glancing o'er mountain-tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonish'd plains.
The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parch'd, baked earth, undamp'd by usual dews,
Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, midday heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
On with thy armies, JOSHUA! The LORD
God of Sabaoth is the avenger now!
His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky;
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
On! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all JERUSALEM'S enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave;
Then yonder orb shall set mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining, the rainbow-banner of the skies.

* For many years editor of "The Daily Advertiser," of Albany, New York. He died in 1839, at the age of thirty-six years.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.*

THE DEVOTED.†

STERN frowns were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire:
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;
A half-form'd smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;—
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free,
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly own'd their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou mayst win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honour to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden here!

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unarm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

* Born in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1807, and died in Michigan, in 1834. She was a member of the Society of Friends. A volume of her writings was published in 1836.

† It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that naught but confessing *where* she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

HUGH PETERS.*

A GOOD-NIGHT TO CONNECTICUT.

THE boat swings from the pebbled shore,
 And proudly drives her prow;
 The crested waves roll up before:
 Yon dark-gray land, I see no more,
 How sweet it seemeth now!
 Thou dark-gray land, my native land,
 Thou land of rock and pine,
 I'm speeding from thy golden sand;
 But can I wave a farewell hand
 To such a shore as thine?

I've gazed upon the golden cloud
 Which shades thine emerald sod;
 Thy hills, which Freedom's share hath plough'd,
 Which nurse a race that have not bow'd
 Their knee to aught but Gon;
 Thy mountain floods which proudly fling
 Their waters to the fall—
 Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing
 The sky that greets thy coming spring,
 And thought thy glories small.

But now ye've shrunk to yon blue line
 Between the sky and sea,
 I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,
 I feel my bosom cling to thine—
 That I am part of thee.
 I see thee blended with the wave,
 As children see the earth
 Close up a sainted mother's grave:
 They weep for her they cannot save,
 And feel her holy worth.

Thou mountain land—thou land of rock,
 I'm proud to call thee free;
 Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,
 And nerved like those who stood the shock
 At old Thermopylæ.
 The laurel wreaths their fathers won,
 The children wear them still—
 Proud deeds those iron men have done,
 They fought and won at Bennington,
 And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning stroke
 That rives thy mountain ash;
 There's glory in thy giant oak,
 And rainbow beauty in the smoke
 Where crystal waters dash:
 There's music in thy winter blast
 That sweeps the hollow glen;
 Less sturdy sons would shrink aghast
 From piercing winds like those thou hast
 To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems; ay, living pearls;
 And flowers of Eden hue:
 Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls,
 Of fairy forms and elin curls,
 And smiles like Hermon's dew:
 They've hearts like those they're born to wed,
 Too proud to nurse a slave;

They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,
 And sooner lay their angel head
 Deep in their humble grave.

And I have left thee, home, alone,
 A pilgrim from thy shore;
 The wind goes by with hollow moan,
 I hear it sigh a warning tone,
 "You see your home no more."
 I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,
 Torn like an ocean weed;
 I'm cast away, far, far from thee,
 I feel a thing I cannot be,
 A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my native land, farewell!
 That wave has hid thee now—
 My heart is bow'd as with a spell.
 This rending pang!—would I could tell
 What ails my throbbing brow!
 One look upon that fading streak
 Which bounds yon eastern sky;
 One tear to cool my burning cheek;
 And then a word I cannot speak—
 "My native land—Good-bye."

FREDERICK W. THOMAS.*

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, O! believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.
 Lady, though fate has bid us part,
 Yet still thou art as dear,
 As fix'd in this devoted heart
 As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
 And smile to hear thy name;
 And yet, as if I thought aloud,
 They know me still the same.
 And when the wine-cup passes round,
 I toast some other fair,—
 But when I ask my heart the sound,
 Thy name is echo'd there.

And when some other name I learn,
 And try to whisper love.
 Still will my heart to thee return,
 Like the returning dove.
 In vain! I never can forget,
 And would not be forgot;
 For I must bear the same regret,
 Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
 Its favourite bower to die,
 So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
 And yield my parting sigh.
 'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, O, believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.

* HUGH PETERS was a native of Connecticut. He was drowned, near Cincinnati, in 1832, aged about thirty years.

* Author of "East and West," "Clinton Bradshaw," "The Emigrant," &c.

C. G. GAMAGE.*

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

Be ye hush'd, every toil! and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart in Life's treacherous
snares;

And the hour that invites to the calm of Devotion,
Undisturb'd by regrets, unencumber'd with cares.
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to rest in his rapid career;
And pausing awhile midst his own desolation,
Looks exultingly back on the Grave of the Year.

Hark! the blast whistles loud, and the shadows are
closing

That inwrap his broad path in the mantle of
Night,

While Pleasure's gay sons are securely reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd
his flight,
From yon temple where Fashion's bright torches
are lighted,

Her votaries, in throngs, crown'd with garlands
appear;

And, (as yet their warm hopes by no spectres af-
frighted,)

Assemble to dance round the Grave of the Year.

O! I hate the stale banquet the triflers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of Life's comfortless day,
How the flowers of my childhood their verdure have
wasted,

And the friends of my youth have been stolen
away.

They know not how vain is the warmest endeavour
To woo the kind moments, so slighted when near;
When the hours that Oblivion has cancell'd forever,
Her hand has entomb'd—in the Grave of the Year.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What crowds have resign'd life's ephemeral
breath!

How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death?
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the sad pall that now covers their bier;
Or to Death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And found their last bed—with the Grave of the
Year.

'Tis the year that so late, its new promise disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless, and gay,
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses cold on their bosoms of clay.
Then talk not of Bliss—while her smile is expiring!
Disappointment still crowns it in Misery's tear:
Reflect and be wise, for the day is retiring, [Year.
And to-morrow will dawn—on the Grave of the

Ah! trust not the gleam of Life's perishing taper,
So faintly that shines o'er the wanderer's head;
'T will expire—when no sun may dispel the thick va-
No dawn of the morning revisit my bed. [pour,

* Mr. GAMAGE wrote for the literary journals for several years under the signature of "Montgarnier." I believe he was a native of Massachusetts. He died in 1823.

As breaks the white foam on the boisterous billow,
So the visions of Pleasure and Hope disappear,
Like night-winds that moan through the verdure-
less willow,

Or the shades that now meet—round the Grave
of the Year.

Yet awhile and around us no seasons will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where Beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of Despair!
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brighten'd,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere:
By sunbeams of splendour immortal enlighten'd,
Never more to go down—on the Grave of the Year!

HORACE GREELEY.*

THE PRESS.

Long slumber'd the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall:
To the mitre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall:
When a voice like the earthquake's reveal'd the dis-
honour—

A flash like the lightning's unseal'd every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gather'd to conquer or die!

'Twas the voice of the Press—on the startled ear
breaking,

In giant-born prowess, like PALLAS of old:
'T was the flash of intelligence gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat in the cloister and cowl,
And the chains which bound nations in ages be-
nighted

Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the owl.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of
truth!

We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need
them,)

The strength of our manhood, the fire of our
youth:

Should despot e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We swear that the earth shall close o'er our deploring
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds;
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who
bleeds—

And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honour and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong
emotion, [Press!]

And the earth echoes deep with "Long life to the

* Mr. GREELEY was for many years editor of "The New Yorker," one of the best literary journals ever published in America. He now conducts "The Tribune," an able daily gazette, in New York.

WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.*

A FESTAL SONG.

Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.
 In nectar *now* bedew the lips,
 And wake the voice of song,
 For clouds will gather, and eclipse
 The light of bliss ere long.
 Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The cup our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.
 The foam-bells on the ruby tide
 Are types of passing things,
 Reminding us that joy soon dies—
 That gray-beard Time hath wings;
 And a few more days will dawn and end,
 A few more moons wax old,
 Ere friend will darkly follow friend
 To homes in churchyard mould.
 Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd!
 Around this ancient festal board
 Glad spirits met of yore,
 But their merry strains are hush'd in death—
 Their laugh will ring no more:
 Under the yew-trees, moss'd and green,
 May their quiet graves be found,
 But *in soul* they hover nigh, unseen,
 While tale and jest go round.
 Then fill, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.

A FLORIDIAN SCENE.

WHERE Pablo to the broad St. John
 His dark and briny tribute pays,
 The wild deer leads her dappled fawn,
 Of graceful limb and timid gaze;
 Rich sunshine falls on wave and land,
 The gull is screaming overhead,
 And on a beach of whiten'd sand
 Lie wreathy shells with lips of red.
 The jessamine hangs golden flowers
 On ancient oaks in moss array'd,
 And proudly the palmetto towers,
 While mock-birds warble in the shade;
 Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near,
 Green from the summit to the base,
 Where, buried with the bow and spear,
 Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase.

* Mr. Hosmer is a native of Avon, in central New York, and is now a counsellor at law in that village. He has for several years been a frequent contributor to the literary journals, but no collection of his poems has been published.

Cassada,* nigh the ocean shore,
 Is now a ruin, wild and lone,
 And on her battlements no more
 Is banner waved or trumpet blown;
 Those doughty cavaliers are gone
 Who hurl'd defiance there to France,
 While the bright waters of St. John
 Reflected flash of sword and lance.

But when the light of dying day
 Falls on the crumbling wrecks of time,
 And the wan features of decay
 Wear soften'd beauty, like the clime,
 My fancy summons from the shroud
 The knights of old Castile again,
 And charging thousands shout aloud—
 "St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain!"

When mystic voices, on the breeze
 That fans the rolling deep, sweep by,
 The spirits of the Yemassee,
 Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh;
 For mournful marks, around where stood
 Their palm-roof'd lodges, yet are seen,
 And in the shadows of the wood
 Their tall, funereal mounds are green.

SEBA SMITH.†

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.‡

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wander'd with her child:
 As through the drifting snow she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifting snow:
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone;
 "O, God!" she cried, in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

* An old Spanish fort.

† Author of "Powhattan, a Metrical Romance," &c. He resides in New York.

‡ In the year 1821, a Mrs. BLAKE perished in a snow-storm in the night-time, while travelling over a spur of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.*

LIGHT.

From the quicken'd womb of the primal gloom
 The sun roll'd black and bare,
 Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
 Of the threads of my golden hair;
 And when the broad tent of the firmament
 Arose on its airy spars,
 I pencill'd the hue of its matchless blue,
 And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
 And their leaves of living green,
 And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
 Of Eden's virgin queen;
 And when the fiend's art, on her trustful heart,
 Had fasten'd its mortal spell,
 In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
 To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
 Their work of wrath hath sped,
 And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
 Came forth among the dead;
 With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams
 I bade their terrors cease;
 As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
 God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
 Night's funeral shadow slept,
 Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
 Their lonely vigils kept;
 When I flash'd on their sight the heralds bright
 Of heaven's redeeming plan,
 As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
 Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favour I show to the lofty and low,
 On the just and the unjust I descend;
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness
 and tears,
 Feel my smile the best smile of a friend:
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
 As the rose in the garden of kings;
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
 And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
 Conceals all the pride of her charms, {bowers,
 Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her
 And lead the young Day to her arms;
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fann'd west,
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from the sky;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

* Mr. PALMER resides in New York, and has been for several years a frequent contributor to the magazines.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in my matinal sheen.
 O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the bless'd,
 Ever bright with the DEITY's smile!

JAMES HALL.*

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'T WAS far beyond yon mountains, dear,
 We plighted vows of love;
 The ocean-wave was at our feet,
 The autumn sky above;
 The pebbly shore was cover'd o'er
 With many a varied shell,
 And on the billow's curling spray
 The sunbeams glittering fell.
 The storm has vex'd that billow oft,
 And oft that sun has set,
 But plighted love remains with us,
 In peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt,
 That bashful love might speak
 Where none could hear what love reveal'd,
 Or see the crimson cheek;
 The shore was all deserted,
 And we wander'd there alone,
 And not a human step impress'd
 The sand-beach but our own.
 Thy footsteps all have vanish'd
 From the willow-beaten strand—
 The vows we breathed remain with us—
 They were not traced in sand.

Far, far we left the sea-girt shore,
 Endeared by childhood's dream,
 To seek the humble cot, that smiled
 By fair Ohio's stream;
 In vain the mountain cliff opposed,
 The mountain torrent roar'd,
 For love unfurl'd her silken wing,
 And o'er each barrier soar'd;
 And many a wide domain we pass'd
 And many an ample dome,
 But none so bless'd, so dear to us,
 As wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all
 That e'er we loved or knew,
 The long-remember'd many,
 And the dearly-cherish'd few:
 The home of her we value,
 And the grave of him we mourn,
 Are there;—and there is all the past
 To which the heart can turn;
 But dearer scenes surround us here,
 And lovelier joys we trace,
 For here is wedded love's first home,
 Its hallow'd resting-place.

* Judge HALL has written several valuable works respecting the western states, and his name is woven with their periodical literature.

CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

THE road of life is but a game,
Where some a thirst for power and fame,
And some for pleasure feel—
But every player does not win,
Although he fairly may begin,
And make a proper deal.

Some men assume the part of trade,
Some turn the soil with active spade,
While some to wealth incline,
And making into earth their way,
Bring up, before the light of day,
The diamond of the mine.

In clubs some take an active part—
While some the dictates of the heart
With eager zeal pursue;
And, given to wine, their ruin prove,
Or, trusting else in faithless love,
Their disappointment rue.

All have their different parts assign'd,
And ranks throughout the world we find,
Mid people red and black,
Each on the one below him leans—
Some rise aloft to kings and queens,
Some sink to humble Jack.

But, whether station'd high or low,
He who his honest heart can know
Free from reproving thumps,
E'en though he own nor house, nor lands,
That man in native glory stands
The very ace of trumps.

Some men will shuffle through their day,
Unmindful how their partners play;
Unmoved they seem to stand,
And throw their cards with a most bold
And tranquil face, although they hold
A miserable hand.

The daring spirits take the lead,
While those that in the game succeed
Seem bound to follow suit;
Such play the very deuce at last,
Their fortune, character they blast,
And reap the bitter fruit.

How oft, alas! it is the fate
Of jarring comrades, wise too late,
To play a luckless club,
And sadly finding out at last
The time for meditation past,
A heart had gain'd the rub.

By honour some their fortunes win,
And some by trick, nor deem it sin
To profit as they may,—
But time will oft the wretch expose
To merited contempt, who chose
Dishonourable play.

'Tis only he, who, void of guile,
Knows that he has a right to smile,
And tells his heart the same—

'Tis only he, when fate shall close
His pack of chequer'd joys and woes,
Has fairly won the game.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.*

TO THE RIVER OGEECHEE.

O WAVE that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,—
Why leapest thou so joyously,
While coldly on thy shore
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore!
Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o'er his grave?
And when, in midnight's darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they mourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that's gone?
Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living,
They're needless for the dead.
His soul shall dwell in glory,
Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
Are buried in the grave.

HORATIO HALE.

THE BURIAL OF THE WITHLACOCHEE.

HOLLOW ye the lonely grave,
Make its caverns deep and wide;
In the soil they died to save
Lay the brave men side by side.
Side by side they fought and fell,
Hand to hand they met the foe;
Who has heard his grandsire tell
Braver strife or deadlier blow?
Wake no mournful harmonies,
Shed no earthly tear for them;
Summer dew and sighing breeze
Shall be wail and requiem.
Pile the grave-mound broad and high,
Where the martyr'd brethren sleep;
It shall point the pilgrim's eye
Here to bend—but not to weep.
Not to weep! O, no! the grief
Springing from a blow like this,
May not seek a fond relief
In the drops that mothers kiss.
But the kindling heart shall bear
Hence the lesson stern and high
With as proud a flame to dare—
With as calm a throb to die.

* Author of "The Sylph, and Other Poems," Philadelphia.

* Judge CHARLTON, of Georgia. A volume of his poems was published in Boston, in 1838.

REVEREND CHARLES W. EVEREST.*

AGRICULTURE.

How blest the farmer's simple life!—
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free, mid the scented fields!

When morning woos, with roseate hue,
O'er the far hills away,
His footsteps brush the silvery dew,
To greet the welcoming day.

When Sol's first beam in glory glows,
And blithe the skylark's song,
Pleased, to his toil the farmer goes,
With cheerful steps along.

While noon broods o'er the sultry sky,
And sunbeams fierce are cast,
Where the cool streamlet wanders by,
He shares his sweet repast.

When twilight's gentlest shadows fall
Along the darkening plain,
He lists his faithful watch-dog's call
To warn the listening train.

Down the green lane young hurrying feet
Their eager pathway press;
His loved ones come in joy to greet,
And claim their sire's caress.

Then, when the evening prayer is said,
And Heaven with praise is blest,
How sweet reclines his weary head
On slumber's couch of rest!

Nor deem that fears his dreams alarm,
Nor cares, with carking din:
Without, his dogs will guard from harm,
And all is peace within.

O ye, who run in folly's race,
To win a worthless prize,
Learn, from the simple tale we trace,
Where true contentment lies!

Ho! monarch! flush'd with glory's pride!
Thou painted, gilded thing!
Hie to the free-born farmer's side,
And learn to be a king!

MINSTREL, SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

MINSTREL, sing that song again,
Plaintive in its solemn flow;
Memory owns its magic strain,
Loved and cherish'd long ago:
Lo! the past, the mystic past,
Rises through the vista dim—
Just as twilight's shades are cast
At the day's departing hymn!
Minstrel, 'twas an eve like this:
Stars were spangling all the sky:
Every zephyr spoke of bliss,
Floating in its fragrance by;
Then, within our moon-lit bower,
One, with voice like music's own,
Sweetly charm'd the lingering hour,
To the soft lute's silvery tone.

* Of Meriden, Connecticut. Author of "Babylon," &c.

As the witching cadence fell
Wild within our bower of love,
Angel bands might prove the spell,
Bending from the courts above!
Minstrel, chant once more the air,
Soft as spring's departing breath:
She who sang its numbers there
Slumbers as the bride of Death!
Minstrel, chide thou not my tears—
Thou hast waked a mournful theme;
Memory roves the slumbering years,
Like some dear, forgotten dream:
Day will come, with joy and gladness—
Cares once more will fling their blight;
Chide not, then, my spirit's sadness—
Minstrel, let me weep to-night!

GEORGE W. PATTEN.*

TO S. T. P.

SHADOWS and clouds are o'er me;
Thou art not here, my bride!
The billows dash before me
Which bear me from thy side;
On lowering waves benighted,
Dim sets the weary day;
Thou art not here, my plighted,
To smile the storm away.
Where nymphs of ocean slumber,
I strike the measured stave,
With wild and mournful number,
To charm the wandering wave.
Hark to the words of sorrow
Along the fading main!
"Tis night—but will the morrow
Restore that smile again!"
Mid curtain'd dreams descending,
Thy gentle form I trace;
Dimly with shadows blending,
I gaze upon thy face;
Thy voice comes o'er me gladly,
Thy hand is on my brow;
I wake—the wave rolls madly
Beneath the ploughing prow!
Speed on, thou surging billow!
O'er ocean speed away!
And bear unto her pillow
The burden of my lay:
Invest her visions brightly
With passion's murmur'd word,
And bid her bless him nightly—
Him of the lute and sword.
And *her*, of dreams unclouded,
With tongue of lisping tale,
Whose eye I left soft shrouded
'Neath slumber's misty veil,—
When morn at length discloses
The smile I may not see,
Bear to her cheek of roses
A father's kiss for me.

* A lieutenant in the United States army, formerly of Rhode Island. He is the author of numerous metrical pieces in the periodicals.

WILLIAM WALLACE.*

TO THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

HARP of Eternity!—thy strings
 Ten thousand thousand years have told,
 Since o'er thy frame the mystic wings
 Of time unwearied roll'd;
 And still from that mysterious throne
 Thy song, magnificent and lone,
 Peals nightly as of old,
 When Chaldaea's Shepherd bent his ear
 To catch the music of each sphere.

How fondly gazed that old man round
 The dread magnificence above,
 Woo'd by the anthem's mellow sound,
 Breathing of seraph love;
 Whose brooding wings shed deathless bliss
 O'er pensile orb and starr'd abyss—
 Like Heaven's own holy dove—
 For he, on those high rocks, had caught
 Beams from the spirit-land of thought;

And heard thy music, mighty lyre,
 Struck by the giant hand of Time,
 Rolling amid yon worlds of fire,
 Their choral march sublime.

How leap'd his heart, how swell'd his soul,
 To hear those awful numbers roll
 In one eternal chime;
 And dream that, freed from earth's dark sod,
 Already he communed with God!

Bard of the stars! Thou led'st the dance
 Of thrice ten thousand thousand spheres,
 Wheeling in their delirious trance
 Through the unnumber'd years.
 Unmoved alike mid life or death—
 The storm's career, the tempest's breath,
 Or folly, crime, and tears—
 Still! still behind those cloudy bars,
 Glitters the poet of the stars!

Thou art alone!—At twilight dim,
 And in the night's transparent noon,
 Solemnly weaving thy wild hymn,
 And solitary tune,
 Like some sad hermit, whose lone heart
 Would from all earthly splendours part,
 Lured by their glare too soon,
 And mid the desert's silent gloom
 Wait uncomplainingly its doom.

Alone! O, sacred one,—Dost thou
 From that star-cinctured hall, behold
 Sorrows which scathe the human brow,
 And griefs that burn untold,
 Save to the night-winds drooping by,
 Like mourners journeying from the sky:
 Coldly and dark unroll'd!
 Vainly we ask, or low, or loud,
 Bright minstrel of the star and cloud.

Sound on, O mighty harp! Thy strain
 Comes floating sadly on the night,

* Mr. WALLACE is a young writer of much promise. He is a native of Lexington, and now resides in Louisville, Kentucky.

For we may ne'er behold again
 Thy pure and sacred light,
 But in the cold insensate tomb,
 Rest all unknowingly our doom;
 While thou, intensely bright,
 Shalt pour thy glorious music still,
 Alike unscathed by death or ill.

Sound on! But those sweet harps of earth,
 Whose strings lie shatter'd, cold and lone,
 Shall yet, restored by godlike worth,
 Resume their godlike tone;
 While thou must be, O! ancient lyre,
 Destroyed in Nature's funeral pyre,
 And broken on thy throne,
 Where they, undimn'd by earth-born jars,
 May lead, like thee, the dance of stars!
 O, glorious hope! O, thought divine!
 Soul! fired by the high-promised bliss,
 Kneel at thy God's eternal shrine,
 And breathe thy thanks for this!
 Harp! lift once more thy joyous song,
 Bear its—O, bear its notes along,
 O'er earth and far abyss!
 Hail with a smile Death's gloomy frown,
 Spirit! he brings thy brightest crown!

MARY E. BROOKS.*

A PLEDGE TO THE DYING YEAR.

FILL to the brim! one pledge to the past,
 As it sinks on its shadowy bier;
 Fill to the brim! 'tis the saddest and last
 We pour to the grave of the year!
 Wake, the light phantoms of beauty that won us
 To linger awhile in those bowers;
 And flash the bright day-beams of promise upon us,
 That gilded life's earlier hours.

Here's to the love—though it flitted away,
 We can never, no, never forget!
 Through the gathering darkness of many a day,
 One pledge will we pour to it yet.
 O, frail as the vision, that witching and tender,
 And bright on the wanderer broke,
 When Irem's own beauty in shadowless splendour,
 Along the wild desert awoke.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the glow
 Of the heart in its purity warm!
 Ere sorrow had sullied the fountain below,
 Or darkness enveloped the form;
 Fill to that life-tide! O, warm was its rushing
 Through Adens of arrowy light,
 And yet like the wave in the wilderness gushing,
 'Twill gladden the wine-cup to-night.

Fill to the past! from its dim, distant sphere
 Wild voices in melody come;
 The strains of the by-gone, deep-echoing here,
 We pledge to their shadowy tomb;
 And like the bright orb, that in sinking flings back
 One gleam o'er the cloud-cover'd dome,
 May the dreams of the past, on futurity track
 The hope of a holier home!

* Wife of the late JAMES G. BROOKS, and author of "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems," etc.

MICAH P. FLINT.*

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depths of shade,
Beneath the white-arm'd sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear.—A brother weeps.—
'Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmur'd at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then deepening to an organ tone,
In all their solemn calence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and pass'd. Can I forget,
How we whose hearts had hail'd her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consign'd her to her mother earth!
Joys, and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper plough'd than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heap'd the soft mould on her breast;
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it; may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone, with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting-place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robes of vernal bloom
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
Yet yearly is her grave-turf dress'd,
And still the summer vines are thrown,
In annual wreaths, across her breast,
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallow'd spot with leaves.

* MICAH P. FLINT was a son of the late Reverend TIMOTHY FLINT. He was the author of a volume entitled "The Hunter, and other Poems," and of many brief pieces in the magazines.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.*

THE FREE MIND.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

OTWAY CURRY.†

THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

Nor in the golden morning
Shall faded forms return,
For languidly and dimly then
The lights of memory burn:

Nor when the noon unfoldeth
Its sunny light and smile,
For these unto their bright repose
The wondering spirit wile:

But when the stars are wending
Their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back
The music of the sky;

O, then those starry millions
Their streaming banners weave,
To marshal on their wildering way
The Armies of the Eve:

The dim and shadowy armies
Of our unquiet dreams,
Whose footsteps brush the feathery fern
And print the sleeping streams.

We meet them in the calmness
Of high and holier climes;
We greet them with the blessed names
Of old and happier times.

And, marching in the starlight
Above the sleeping dust,
They freshen all the fountain-springs
Of our undying trust.

Around our every pathway,
In beauteous ranks they roam,
To guide us to the dreamy rest
Of our eternal home.

* WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is the editor of "The Liberator," at Boston. The sonnet quoted above, was written during his despotic imprisonment for the expression of opinions.

† MR. CURRY was formerly associated with Mr. GAL-
LAGHER in the editorship of "The Hesperian," at Cin-
cinnati.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.*

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

"AZURE-EYED ELOISE! beauty is thine,
 Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
 Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
 Poets have gladden'd the world with thy fame;
 Painters, half-holy thy loved image keep;
 Beautiful ELOISE! why do you weep!"

Still bows the lady her light tresses low,—
 Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow!

"SUNNY-hair'd ELOISE! wealth is thine own;
 Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone;
 Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
 Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips' play;
 Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck;
 Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
 Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep—
 Angels watch over it!—why do you weep?"

Bows the fair lady her light tresses low,—
 Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow!

"GIFTED and worshipp'd one! genius and grace
 Play in each motion, and beam in thy face:
 When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
 Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong!
 Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
 Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
 One only spirit thou'st fail'd to bring down,—
 Exquisite ELOISE! why do you frown?"

Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
 Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul!

"TOUCH'd by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
 Charm'd by the magic of mind in thy face—
 Bewitch'd by thy beauty, e'en his haughty strength,
 The strength of the stoic, is conquer'd at length!
 Lo! at thy feet see him kneeling the while—
 ELOISE! ELOISE! why do you smile?"

The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
 She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise;
 While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her
 cheek,

Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to
 speak!

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!

With exquisite tunes at command,
 Of melody sweetest and clearest,
 If tried by a delicate hand;
 But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
 At a single rude touch it would break:
 Then, O! be the magic key mine,
 Its fairy-like whispers to wake!

* MISS LOCKE, now Mrs. Osgood, is the wife of Mr. Osgood, the painter. In 1838, while she resided with her husband in London, she published there a volume entitled "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," containing many graceful poems, of which those quoted above are specimens.

And there's one little tune it can play
 That I fancy all others above—
 You learn'd it of CUPID one day—
 It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
 It begins with and ends with "I love!"

NATHAN C. BROOKS.*

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.

BENEATH the axle of departing day
 The weary waters, on the horizon's verge,
 Blush'd like the cheek of children tired in play,
 As bore the surge
 The wasted poet's form with slow and mournful
 dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand,
 The late-relenting sea, with hollow moan,
 Gave back the storm-toss'd body to the land;
 As if, in tone
 Of sorrow, it bewail'd the deed itself had done.

There, laid upon his bier of shells—around
 The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept,
 While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound,
 And night bewept
 The bard of nature, as in death's cold arms he
 slept.

The tuneful morn arose, with locks of light—
 The ear that drank her music's call was chill;
 The eye that shone was seal'd in endless night;
 And cold and still
 The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont
 to thrill.

With trees, e'en like the sleeper's honours, sered,
 And prowls of galleys, like his bosom riven,
 The melancholy pile of death was rear'd
 Aloft to heaven;
 And on its pillar'd height the corse to torches
 given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day
 Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,
 Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay
 Upon his pyre,
 The poet of the broken heart and broken lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came,
 And fann'd the blaze, until the smoke that rush'd
 In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame,
 All redly blush'd,
 Like Melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping
 flush'd.

And brother-bards† upon that lonely shore
 Were standing by, and wept, as brightly burn'd
 The pyre, till all the form they loved before,
 To ashes turn'd,
 With incense, wine and tears, was sprinkled and
 inurned.

* NATHAN C. BROOKS, the principal of an academy in Baltimore, is the author of "Scripture Anthology," "The South Sea Islands, a Poem," "The History of the Church, a Poem," "The Literary Amaranth," (prose and verse,) and several other works.

† Byron and Leigh Hunt.

MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.*

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

THE green hills of my father-land
 In dreams still greet my view;
 I see once more the wave-girt strand,
 The ocean-depth of blue:
 The sky, the glorious sky, outspread
 Above their calm repose:
 The river, o'er its rocky bed
 Still singing as it flows;
 The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
 When men go up to pray;
 The sun-light resting on the flowers,
 The birds that sing among the bowers,
 Through all the summer-day.

Land of my birth! mine early love!
 Once more thine airs I breathe!
 I see thy proud hills tower above,
 Thy green vales sleep beneath;
 Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
 All rise before mine eyes,
 The dawn of morning on thy hills,
 Thy gorgeous sunset skies,
 Thy forests, from whose deep recess
 A thousand streams have birth,
 Gladdening the lonely wilderness,
 And filling the green silentness
 With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
 As lovely as of yore!
 I wonder if the mountain stream
 Goes singing by the door!
 And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
 And if the woodbines climb,
 As when I used to train them there,
 In the dear olden time!
 I wonder if the birds still sing
 Upon the garden tree,
 As sweetly as in that sweet spring
 Whose golden memories gently bring
 So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,
 A change o'er hall and hearth!
 Faces and footsteps new and strange,
 About my place of birth!
 The heavens above are still as bright
 As in the days gone by,
 But vanish'd is the beacon light
 That cheer'd my morning sky!
 And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
 And rock, and murmuring stream,
 That wore such glorious beauty then,
 Would seem, should I return again,
 The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
 Since, in the far-off west,
 'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
 My heart hath found its rest.

I mourn not for the hills and streams
 That chain'd my steps so long,

* Mrs. THURSTON is a native of Vermont, and now resides in Indiana.

Yet still I see them in my dreams,
 And hail them in my song;
 And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
 When winter eves shall come,
 We'll sit and talk of other days,
 And sing the well-remember'd lays
 Of my green-mountain home.

CARTER MORRIS.*

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."
MAVOR's Voyages.

Lonely and wild it rose,
 That strain of solemn music from the sea,
 As though the bright air trembled to disclose
 An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
 Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
 Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
 Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
 Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
 Thrill'd a rich peal triumphantly around,
 And fled again.

O, boundless deep! we know.
 Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom conceal'd,
 Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
 Sunlight is seal'd.

And an eternal spring
 Showers her rich colours with unsparing hand,
 Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
 O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
 Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
 That thus the watery realm cannot contain
 The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
 Are thy wild children like thyself array'd,
 Strong in immortal and uncheck'd delight,
 Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
 Toiling with wo, and passion's fiery sting,
 Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
 As the winds bring?

Alas for human thought!
 How does it flee existence, worn and old,
 To win companionship with beings wrought
 Of finer mould!

'Tis vain—the reckless waves
 Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
 But keep each secret of their hidden caves
 Dark and unknown.

* This poem was published anonymously in WALSH'S Philadelphia "National Gazette," previous to the year 1830. I have been informed that it was written by a gentleman named CARTER MORRIS, who was at the time a contributor to several periodicals.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.*

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother!—Manhood's anxious brow
 And sterner cares have long been mine;
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine
 My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
 And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.

I never call that gentle name,
 My mother! but I am again
 E'en as a child; the very same
 That prattled at thy knee; and fain
 Would I forget, in momentary joy,
 That I no more can be thy happy boy;—

The artless boy, to whom thy smile
 Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night,
 (Though rare that frown, and brief the while
 It veil'd from me thy loving light;)
 For well-conn'd task, ambition's highest bliss,
 To win from thine approving lips a kiss.

I've loved through foreign lands to roam,
 And gazed o'er many a classic scene;
 Yet would the thought of that dear home,
 Which once was ours, oft intervene,
 And bid me close again my weary eye
 To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,
 Where, by the Hudson's verdant side,
 My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,
 And he, we loved, at eventide
 Would hastening come from distant toil to bless
 Thine, and his children's radiant happiness.

Alas, the change! the rattling car
 On flint-paved streets profanes the spot,
 Where o'er the sod, we sow'd the Star
 Of Bethlehem, and Forget-me-not.
 O, wo to Mammon's desolating reign!
 We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
 Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
 Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage
 Or bard have never taught thy son
 Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
 As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

If, by the Saviour's grace made meet,
 My Gon will own my life and love,
 Methinks, when singing at His feet,
 Amid the ransom'd throng above,
 Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be,
 And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

For thee and heaven; for thou didst tread
 The way that leads me heavenward, and
 My often wayward footsteps led
 In the same path with patient hand;
 And when I wander'd far, thy earnest call
 Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

* Doctor BETHUNE is a native of New York. He has been for several years the minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of Philadelphia.

I have been bless'd with other ties,
 Fond ties and true, yet never deem
 That I the less thy fondness prize;
 No, mother! in my warmest dream
 Of answer'd passion, through this heart of mine
 One chord will vibrate to no name but thine.

Mother! thy name is widow—well
 I know no love of mine can fill
 The waste place of thy heart, or dwell
 Within one sacred recess: still
 Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
 My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one!

TO MY WIFE.

Afar from thee! the morning breaks,
 But morning brings no joy to me;
 Alas! my spirit only wakes
 To know I am afar from thee.
 In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
 And thou wert nestled on my breast;
 In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
 And to mine own thy heart was press'd.

Afar from thee! 'tis solitude!
 Though smiling crowds around me be,
 The kind, the beautiful, the good,
 For I can only think of thee;
 Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
 My earliest and my only one!
 Without thee I am all unblest'd,
 And wholly bless'd with thee alone.

Afar from thee! the words of praise
 My listless ear unheeded greet;
 What sweetest seem'd, in better days,
 Without thee seems no longer sweet.
 The dearest joy fame can bestow
 Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
 And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
 Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
 But slumbers from my pillow flee;
 O, who can rest so far from home?
 And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
 I kneel me down in silent prayer,
 And then I know that thou art nigh:
 For Gon, who seeth everywhere,
 Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,
 No distance can our hearts divide;
 Forgotten quite the mediate space,
 I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
 My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
 But soars the spirit far and free;
 O, welcome be night's slumbers deep,
 For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone; and yet
 In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
 A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
 Of utter'd harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
 Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you far in the unknown, unseen immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye?
Whence!

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit;
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good,
The wise *departed*—ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
For many a distant age;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the *ATONER* stood, when *HE*,
Trembling, saw round him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,
With courage strong: the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep! O, keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings:
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel like you, mid the white-robed throng.

JOB DURFEE.*

EXTRACT FROM "WHATCHEER."

THE winds of March o'er Narragansett's bay
Move in their strength, the waves with foam are
white;

O'er Seekonk's tide the waving branches play,
The woods roar o'er resounding plain and height;
'Twixt sailing clouds, the sun's inconstant ray
But glances on the scene, then fades from sight;
The frequent showers dash from the passing clouds;
The hills are peeping through their wintry shrouds.

Dissolving snows each downward channel fill,
Each swollen brook a foaming torrent brawls,
Old Seekonk murmurs, and from every hill
Answers aloud the coming waterfalls;
Deep-voiced Pawtucket thunders louder still,
To dark Mooshausick joyously he calls,
Who breaks his bondage, and, through forests
brown, [down,
Murmurs the hoarse response, and rolls his tribute

* Honourable JOB DURFEE, of Rhode Island, author of
"Whatcheer? a Poem in Ten Cantos," &c.

But, hark! that sound, about the cataracts
And hollow winds in this wild solitude, [axe,
Seems passing strange. Who, with the labouring
On Seekonk's eastern marge, invades the wood?
Stroke follows stroke—some sturdy hind attacks
Yon ancient groves, which from their birth have
stood

Unmoved by steel—and, startled at the sound,
The wild deer snuffs the gale, then, with a bound,

Vaults o'er the thickets, and, down yonder glen,
His antlers vanish—on yon shaggy height
Sits the lone wolf, half-peering from his den,
And howls regardless of the morning light—
Unwonted sounds and a strange denizen

Vex his repose—then, cowering with affright,
He shrinks away, for, with a crackling sound,
Yon lofty hemlock bows, and thunders to the ground.

BRYAN FITCH RANSOM, M. D.*

RIZPAH.†

O! MOMENTS to others, but ages to me,
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my knee;
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,
I have bento'erthe cherish'd, that left me: how soon!
And I look'd on the dimness that froze on the eye,
So bright in its burning,—its glances so high!
And I watch'd the consumer, as ever he crept,
And feasted where beauty and manhood still slept.

I loved the dark eye, though its kindling was dead,
And the pride of that lip, though its blushing was
O, sons of the kingly! how lovely in death! [shed.
Though your frown, when ye died, flitted not with
your breath;

As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and chill,
There was daring, calm daring, that death could not
So mighty to conquer, and never to fly, [kill;
And life in its fulness,—O, how did ye die!

The eagle, at dawning, stoop'd down in his pride,
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions were
died;

But he look'd on that eye, and he shrouded his own,
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone.
The leopard, at evening, leap'd onward in play,
And he plunged where I knelt as he scented his prey:
But he knew the strong arm he had met in his mood,
And he crept to his lair like a fawn of the wood.

O, yon moon, with her cold light, had madden'd
my brain!

In the wildness of midnight they waken again:
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness and glee,
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright smile
to me;

The frown when they struck mid the carnage begun,
The smile as we met when the conflict was done;
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest
As I, with my dead in their desolate rest.

* Born in Poultney, Vermont, about 1813: studied medi-
cine at Albany: and now practises his profession at Ca-
nandaigua, New York.

† 2 Samuel xxi. 10.

HENRY CAREY.

"GIVE ME THE OLD."

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO
READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink!

Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose,
Within the tun;

Pluck'd from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripen'd 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!

Peat whiskey hot,
Temper'd with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter!

Old wood to burn!

Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;

The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame dawning, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking!
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum writ,
Time-honour'd tomes!

The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earn'd meed
Of Oxford's domes;
Old HOMER blind,

Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by
Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie;
MORT ARTHUR's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint BURTON, quaint SPENSER, ay,
And GERVASE MARKHAM's veneric—
Nor leave behind

The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!

Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly and the true,
So rarely found!

Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!

Bring WALTER good:
With soulful FRED; and learned WILL,
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
For every mood.)

These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.*

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF
THE MOSHASSUCK.

"Now to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past."

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umber'd hills away,
And melts into the coming night.
Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tassell'd wreath and tangling vine
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And, standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more,
Far winding on through vale and wood.
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last glinting sunbeams kiss'd,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft, where pine trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapours cloud the illumined air,
And parting daylight lingers there.

But, ah, no longer *thou* art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee;—
The flowers thy gentle hand caress'd
Still lie unwither'd on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the murmuring fall
Of water from some distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell,—
Again, again those sounds I hear,
But, O, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night—how like a knell
The music of that evening bell.

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest
With one pale planet trembling nigh,—
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we bless'd its beams last night,
But thou art on the far blue sea,
And I can only think of thee.

* MR. CAREY resides in New York. He is the author of "Poems by John Waters," originally printed in the "New York American" and the "Knickerbocker" magazine.

* MRS. WHITMAN, formerly Miss POWER, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, in which city she now resides.

REVEREND BENJAMIN D. WINSLOW.*

THE LOVER STUDENT.

WITH a burning brow and weary limb,
 From the parting glance of day,
 The student sits in his study dim,
 Till the east with dawn is gray;
 But what are those musty tomes to him?
 His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light
 Where his lady leads the dance,
 Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
 Lit up by her sunny glance;
 And he thinks of her the livelong night—
 She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,
 To dwell on each gushing tone,
 To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,
 Which should beam on him alone;
 To woo with the vow, the glance and sigh,
 The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
 And he grasps his well-worn pen,
 That he may write him a lesson sage,
 To read to the sons of men;
 But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
 And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
 At the vesper's solemn peal,
 So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,
 Which no angel forms reveal,
 But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
 Mid his whisper'd prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
 To his little study dim,
 In vain the notes of the vesper stir
 In the cloister cold and grim;
 Through the livelong night he thinks of her—
 Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,
 But no calm to him she brings;
 His troubled spirit is out of tune,
 And loosen'd its countless strings;
 Yet, in the quiet of night's still noon,
 To his lady-love he sings:

"Thou in thy bower,
 And I in my cell,
 Through each festal hour
 Divided must dwell;
 Yet we're united,
 Though forms are apart,
 Since love's vows plighted
 Have bound us in heart.

"Proud sons of fashion
 Now murmur to thee
 Accents of passion,
 All treason to me;

* The "Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Reverend B. D. WINSLOW," edited by Bishop DOANE, were published in 1841. He died in 1840, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Others are gazing
 On that glance divine,
 Others are praising—
 Are their words like *mine*?

"Heed not the wooer
 With soft vows express'd,
 One heart beats truer—
 Thou know'st in *whose* breast.
 To him thou hast spoken
 Words not lightly told;
 His heart would be broken
 If thine should grow cold!

"The stars faintly glimmer
 And fade into day,
 This taper burns dimmer
 With vanishing ray;
 O, never thus fading,
 May fortune grow pale,
 With sorrow-clouds shading,
 Or plighted faith fail!

"Hush, my wild numbers!
 Dawn breaketh above—
 Soft be thy slumbers,
 Adieu to thee, love!
 Sad vigils keeping,
 I think upon thee,
 And dream of thee sleeping,
 My own MELANIE!"

C. G. EASTMAN.*

A MID-SUMMER DAY SCENE.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee was catching the flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face,
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat long ago in that place!
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
 "Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog slumber'd upon the floor,
 Where the sun, after noon, would steal;
 The busy old wife, by the open door,
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantletree,
 Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moisten'd brow and the head so fair
 Of his dear grandchild were press'd.
 His frosty locks mid her soft hair lay—
 Fast asleep were they both, on that summer day!

* Mr. EASTMAN, the author of "Lyrical, and other Poems," is a native of Vermont, and now conducts "The Spirit of the Age" newspaper, at Woodstock, in that state.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.*

LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores! how lone and still
 A hundred years ago,
 The unbroken forest stood above,
 The waters dash'd below:
 The waters of a lonely sea,
 Where never sail was furl'd,
 Embosom'd in a wilderness,
 Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go back; and lo!
 Where, closing in the view,
 Juts out the shore, with rapid oar
 Darts round a frail canoe.—
 'Tis a white voyager, and see,
 His prow is westward set*
 O'er the calm wave: hail to thy bold,
 World-seeking bark, MARQUETTE!

The lonely bird, that picks his food
 Where rise the waves, and sink,
 At their strange coming, with shrill scream,
 Starts from the sandy brink;
 The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,
 Floats o'er on level wing,
 And the savage from his covert looks,
 With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,
 And all the rocky coast
 Is turreted with shining towns,
 An empire's noble boast.
 And the old wilderness is changed
 To cultured vale and hill;
 And the circuit of its mountains
 An empire's numbers fill.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

THE silent wilderness for me!
 Where never sound is heard,
 Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
 And the flitting wing of bird,
 Or its low and interrupted note,
 And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
 And the swaying of the forest boughs,
 As the wind moves overhead.
 Alone, (how glorious to be free!)
 My good dog at my side,
 My rifle hanging in my arm,
 I range the forests wide.
 And now the regal buffalo
 Across the plains I chase;
 Now track the mountain stream, to find
 The beaver's lurking place.
 I stand upon the mountain's top,
 And (solitude profound!)
 Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
 Within the horizon's bound.

* Mr. PEABODY is a Unitarian clergyman. He is a native of New Hampshire, and has resided several years in the western states.

Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
 The air's light currents run,
 The wilderness of moving leaves
 Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
 Meets the far forest line,
 And this imperial domain—
 This kingdom—all is mine.
 This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
 Waters that ever roll,
 And wilderness of glory, bring
 Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
 The world's fresh prime hath seen;
 Wide stretch its living halls away,
 Pillar'd and roof'd with green.
 My music is the wind that now
 Pours loud its swelling bars,
 Now lulls in dying cadences,
 My festal lamps are stars.

Though when in this, my lonely home,
 My star-watch'd couch I press,
 I hear no fond "good-night"—think not
 I am companionless.
 O, no! I see my father's house,
 The hill, the tree, the stream,
 And the looks and voices of my home
 Come gently to my dream.

And in these solitary haunts,
 While slumbers every tree
 In night and silence, God himself
 Seems nearer unto me.
 I feel His presence in these shades,
 Like the embracing air;
 And as my eyelids close in sleep,
 My heart is hush'd in prayer.

JOHN M. HARNEY, M.D.*

ON A FRIEND.

DEVOUT, yet cheerful; pious, not austere;
 To others lenient, to himself severe;
 Though honour'd, modest; diffident, though praised;
 The proud he humbled, and the humble raised;
 Studious, yet social; though polite, yet plain;
 No man more learned, yet no man less vain.
 His fame would universal envy move,
 But envy's lost in universal love.
 That he has faults, it may be bold to doubt,
 Yet certain 'tis we ne'er have found them out.
 If faults he has, (as man, 'tis said, must have,)
 They are the only faults he ne'er forgave.
 I flatter not: absurd to flatter where
 Just praise is fulsome, and offends the ear.

* Doctor HARNEY, I believe, was a native of Kentucky. His principal poetical work, "Crystallina, a Fairy Tale," was published in New York in 1816. He was the author of several other poems, the best known of which is "The Fever Dream."

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.*

THE HUMA.†

FLY on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
 Too near our shaded earth,
 Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
 May lose its note of mirth.
 Fly on—nor seek a place of rest
 In the home of “care-worn things;”
 ’T would dim the light of thy shining crest
 And thy brightly burnish’d wings,
 To dip them where the waters glide
 That flow from a troubled earthly tide.
 The fields of upper air are thine,
 Thy place where stars shine free;
 I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
 Above life’s stormy sea.
 I would never wander, bird, like thee,
 So near this place again,
 With wing and spirit once light and free,
 They should wear no more the chain
 With which they are bound and fetter’d here,
 Forever struggling for skies more clear.
 There are many things like thee, bright bird,
 Hopes as thy plumage gay;
 Our air is with them forever stirr’d,
 But still in air they stay.
 And happiness, like thee, fair one,
 Is ever hovering o’er,
 But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
 On a waveless, peaceful shore,
 And stoops to lave her weary wings
 Where the fount of “living waters” springs.

ELIZABETH BOGART.‡

HE CAME TOO LATE!

HE came too late!—Neglect had tried
 Her constancy too long;
 Her love had yielded to her pride,
 And the deep sense of wrong.
 She scorn’d the offering of a heart
 Which linger’d on its way,
 Till it could no delight impart,
 Nor spread one cheering ray.
 He came too late!—At once he felt
 That all his power was o’er!
 Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
 She thought of him no more.
 Anger and grief had pass’d away,
 Her heart and thoughts were free;
 She met him and her words were gay,
 No spell had memory.

* Mrs. SMITH was born at Detroit, in June, 1811. Her maiden name was HICKMAN. In 1828 she was married to the late SAMUEL JENKS SMITH, then editor of a literary journal in Providence. A collection of her poems was published in that city in 1830. She died in February, 1832.

† A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air and never touch the ground.

‡ Miss BOGART, of New York, is a daughter of the late Reverend Doctor BOGART, of that city. Her poems have been published under the signature of “ESTELLE.”

He came too late!—The subtle chords
 Of love were all unbound,
 Not by offence of spoken words,
 But by the slights that wound.
 She knew that life held nothing now
 That could the past repay,
 Yet she disdain’d his tardy vow,
 And coldly turn’d away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
 Of hope had long since flown;
 No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
 Nor in his whisper’d tone.
 And when, with word and smile he tried
 Affection still to prove,
 She nerved her heart with woman’s pride,
 And spurn’d his fickle love.

P. P. COOKE.*

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life’s bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew, in my fond vision,
 My heart’s dear pain,
 My hopes, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.
 The ruin, lone and hoary,
 The ruin old
 Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told,—
 That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.
 Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excell’d the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!
 But, fairest, coldest, wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under—
 Alas, the day!
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain—
 To quicken love’s pale ember,
 Florence Vane.
 The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

* Of Winchester, Virginia.

JULIA H. SCOTT.*

MY CHILD.

THE foot of Spring is on yon blue-topp'd mountain,
 Leaving its green prints neath each spreading tree;
 Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,
 Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.
 From the warm south she brings unnumber'd roses
 To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;
 Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,
 And her rich gifts are scatter'd everywhere:
 I heed them not, my child!

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
 The golden dandelion by its side,
 The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth
 To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.
 The hyacinth and polyanthus render,
 From their deep hearts, an offering of love;
 And fresh May-pinks, and half-blown lilacs, tender
 Their grateful homage to the skies above:
 I heed them not, my child!

In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,
 And pale, green rushes, and fair nameless flowers;
 While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,
 Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.
 The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping
 Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves;
 O, Spring bath fairy treasures in her keeping,
 And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves:
 'Tis naught to me, my child!

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter;
 The school has sent its eldest inmates forth;
 And now a smaller band comes dancing after,
 Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.
 At the rude gate the anxious dame is bending
 To clasp her rosy darling to her breast;
 Joy, pride, and hope are in her bosom blending;
 Ah, peace with her is no unusual guest!
 Not so with me, my child!

All the day long I listen to the singing
 Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;
 But a sad under-string is ever ringing
 A tale of death and its dread mysteries.
 Nature to me the letter is that killeth:
 The spirit of her charms has pass'd away;
 A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth—
 Slumbers its idol in unconscious clay!
 Thou art in the grave, my child!

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth;
 I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light;
 Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth;
 Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night!
 I walk in darkness, with the tomb before me,
 Longing to lay my dust beside thy own;
 O, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me!
 Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone!
 Come back to me, my child!

Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,
 Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou;

Nor turn'd away petitioner the meanest;
 Pray to HIM, sinless: HE will hear thee now.
 Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;
 Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace;
 Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;
 Speak, and her bitter sorrows shall cease:
 Come back to me, my child!

Come but in dreams: let me once more behold thee,
 As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,
 And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee;
 Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me!
 Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
 Which memory strives so vainly to recall,
 And I will onward in the path of duty,
 Restraining tears that ever fain would fall!
 Come but in dreams, my child!

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.*

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

WARRIOR, rest! thy toils are ended:
 Life's last fearful strife is o'er;
 Clarion-calls, with death-notes blended,
 Shall disturb thine ear no more!
 Peaceful is thy dreamless slumber;
 Peaceful, but how cold and stern!
 Thou hast joined that silent number
 In the land whence none return!

Warrior, rest! thy banner o'er thee
 Hangs in many a drooping fold;
 Many a manly cheek before thee
 Stain'd with tear-drops we behold!
 Thine was not a hand to falter
 When thy sword should leave its sheath;
 Thine was not a cheek to alter,
 Though thy duty led to death!

Warrior, rest! a dirge is knelling
 Solemnly from shore to shore:
 'Tis a nation's tribute, telling
 That a patriot is no more!
 Thou where Freedom's sons have striven,
 Firm and bold, didst foremost stand!
 Freely was thy life-blood given
 For thy home and father-land!

Warrior, rest! our star is vanish'd
 That to victory led the way;
 And from our lone heart is banish'd
 All that cheer'd Life's weary day!
 There thy young bride weeps in sorrow
 That no more she hears thy tread;
 That the night which knows no morrow
 Darkly veils thy laurel'd head!

Warrior, rest! we smooth thy pillow,
 For thy last, long earthly sleep;
 O! beneath yon verdant willow
 Storms unheard will o'er thee sweep!
 There, 'tis done! thy couch awaits thee!
 Softly down thy head we lay;
 Here repose, till God translates thee
 From the dust to endless day!

* The maiden name of Mrs. SCOTT was KINNEY. She died in Towanda, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1842.

* Mrs. SAWYER, of New York, is the wife of the Rev. endred T. J. SAWYER, of that city. She is the author of two or three volumes of tales, sketches, and poems.

W. J. SNELLING.*

THE BIRTH OF THUNDER.†

Look, white man, well on all around,
 These hoary oaks, those boundless plains;
 Tread lightly; this is holy ground:
 Here Thunder, awful spirit! reigns.
 Look on those waters far below,
 So deep beneath the prairie sleeping,
 The summer sun's meridian glow
 Scarce warms the sands their waves are heaping;
 And scarce the bitter blast can blow
 In winter on their icy cover;
 The Wind Sprite may not stoop so low,
 But bows his head and passes over.
 Perch'd on the top of yonder pine,
 The heron's billow-searching eye
 Can scarce his finny prey descrie,
 Glad leaping where their colours shine.
 Those lakes, whose shores but now we trod,
 Scarce deeply on earth's bosom dinted,
 Are the strong impress of a god,
 By Thunder's giant foot imprinted.
 Nay, stranger, as I live, 'tis truth!
 The lips of those who never lied,
 Repeat it daily to our youth.
 Famed heroes, erst my nation's pride,
 Beheld the wonder; and our sages
 Gave down the tale to after ages.
 Dost not believe! though blooming fair
 The flowerets court the breezes coy,
 Though now the sweet-grass scents the air,
 And sunny nature basks in joy,
 It is not ever so.
 Come when the lightning flashes,
 Come when the forest crashes,
 When shrieks of pain and woe
 Break on thine ear-drum thick and fast,
 From ghosts that shiver in the blast;
 Then shalt thou know and bend the knee
 Before the angry deity.
 But now attend, while I unfold
 The lore my brave forefathers taught:
 As yet the storm, the heat, the cold,
 The changing seasons had not brought,
 Famine was not; each tree and grove
 Grew greener for the rain;
 The wanton doe, the buffalo,
 Blithe bounded on the plain.

* Mr. SNELLING, I believe, is a native of Boston. He is the author of "Truth," a satire; and of numerous papers, in prose and verse, in the magazines.

† Twenty-eight miles from the Big Stone Lake, near the sources of the St. Peter's River, is a cluster of small lakes or ponds, lying much below the level of the surrounding prairie, and ornamented with an oak wood. The Dakotas call this place The Nest of Thunder, and say that here Thunder was born. As soon as the infant spirit could go alone, he set out to see the world, and, at the first step, placed his foot upon a hill twenty-five miles distant; a rock on the top of which actually seems to bear the print of a gigantic human foot. The Indians call the hill Thunder's Tracks. The Nest of Thunder is, to this day, visited by the being whose birth it witnessed. He comes clad in a mantle of storms, and lightnings play round his head.

In mirth did man the hours employ
 Of that eternal spring;
 With song and dance, and shouts of joy,
 Did hill and valley ring.
 No death-shot peal'd upon the ear,
 No painted warrior poised the spear,
 No stake-doom'd captive shook for fear;
 No arrow left the string,
 Save when the wolf to earth was borne;
 From foeman's head no scalp was torn;
 Nor did the pangs of hate and scorn
 The red man's bosom wring.
 Then waving fields of yellow corn
 Did our bless'd villages adorn.

Alas! that man will never learn
 His good from evil to discern.
 At length, by furious passions driven,
 The Indian left his babes and wife,
 And every blessing Gun has given,
 To mingle in the deadly strife.
 Fierce Wrath and haggard Envy soon
 Achieved the work that War begun;
 He left, unsought, the beast of chase,
 And prey'd upon his kindred race.
 But He who rules the earth and skies,
 Who watches every bolt that flies;
 From whom all gifts, all blessings flow,
 With grief beheld the scene below.
 He wept; and, as the balmy shower
 Refreshing to the ground descended,
 Each drop gave being to a flower,
 And all the hills in homage bended.

"Alas!" the good Great Spirit said,
 "Man merits not the climes I gave;
 Where'er a hillock rears its head,
 He digs his brother's timeless grave:
 To every crystal rill of water,
 He gives the crimson stain of slaughter.
 No more for him my brow shall wear
 A constant, glad, approving smile;
 Ah, no! my eyes must withering glare
 On bloody hands and deeds of guile.
 Henceforth shall my lost children know
 The piercing wind, the blinding snow;
 The storm shall drench; the sun shall burn,
 The winter freeze them, each in turn.
 Henceforth their feeble frames shall feel
 A climate like their hearts of steel."

The moon that night withheld her light.
 By fits, instead, a lurid glare
 Illumed the skies; while mortal eyes
 Were closed, and voices rose in prayer.
 While the revolving sun
 Three times his course might run,
 The dreadful darkness lasted.
 And all that time the red man's eye
 A sleeping spirit might espy,
 Upon a tree-top cradled high,
 Whose trunk his breath had blasted.
 So long he slept, he grew so fast,
 Beneath his weight the gnarled oak
 Snapp'd, as the tempest snaps the mast.
 It fell, and Thunder woke!

The world to its foundation shook,
The grisly bear his prey forsook,
The scowling heaven an aspect bore
That man had never seen before;
The wolf in terror fled away,
And shone at last the light of day.

'Twas here he stood; these lakes attest
Where first WAW-KEE-AN's footsteps press'd.
About his burning brow a cloud,
Black as the raven's wing, he wore;
Thick tempests wrapt him like a shroud,
Red lightnings in his hand he bore;
Like two bright suns his eyeballs shone,
His voice was like the cannon's tone;
And, where he breathed, the land became,
Prairie and wood, one sheet of flame.

Not long upon this mountain height
The first and worst of storms abode,
For, moving in his fearful night,
Abroad the Gon-begotten strode.
Afar, on yonder faint blue mound,
In the horizon's utmost bound,
At the first stride his foot he set;
The jarring world confess'd the shock.
Stranger! the track of Thunder yet
Remains upon the living rock.

The second step, he gain'd the sand
On far Superior's storm-beat strand:
Then with his shout the concave rung,
As up to heaven the giant sprung
On high, beside his sire to dwell;
But still, of all the spots on earth,
He loves the woods that gave him birth.—
Such is the tale our fathers tell.

LINDLEY MURRAY.*

TO MY WIFE.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

* LINDLEY MURRAY, author of the "English Grammar," and other works, was a native of New York, though the greater portion of his life was passed in England.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair!
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one,—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER.*

FADED HOURS.

O! for my bright and faded hours
When life was like a summer stream,
On whose gay banks the virgin flowers
Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam;
Or danced upon the breeze that bare
Its store of rich perfume along,
While the wood-robin pour'd on air
The ravishing delights of song.

The sun look'd from his lofty cloud,
While flow'd its sparkling waters fair,
And went upon his pathway proud,
And threw a brighter lustre there;
And smiled upon the golden heaven,
And on the earth's sweet loveliness,
Where light, and joy, and song were given,
The glad and fairy scene to bless!

Ah! these were bright and joyous hours,
When youth awoke from boyhood's dream,
To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers,
While young hope bask'd in morning's beam!
And proffer'd thanks to Heaven above,
While glow'd his fond and grateful breast,
Who spread for him that scene of love,
And made him so supremely blest!

That scene of love!—where hath it gone?
Where have its charms and beauty sped?
My hours of youth, that o'er me shone,
Where have their light and splendour fled?
Into the silent lapse of years,
And I am left on earth to mourn;
And I am left to drop my tears
O'er memory's lone and icy urn!
Yet why pour forth the voice of wail
O'er feeling's blighted coronal?
Ere many gorgeous suns shall fail,
I shall be gather'd in my pall;
O, my dark hours on earth are few—
My hopes are crush'd, my heart is riven;
And I shall soon bid life adieu,
To seek enduring joys in heaven!

* MR. SUTERMEISTER was born in Curaçoa, in the West Indies, and came to New York with his parents, when about four years old. He wrote many brief poems while a law student, but no collection of his writings has been published. He died in 1836, in the twenty-third year of his age.

B. B. THATCHER.*

THE BIRD OF THE BASTILE.†

COME to my breast, thou lone
And weary bird!—one tone
Of the rare music of my childhood!—dear
Is that strange sound to me;
Dear is the memory
It brings my soul of many a parted year.

Again, yet once again,
O minstrel of the main!
Lo! festal face and form familiar throng
Unto my waking eye;
And voices of the sky
Sing from these walls of death unwonted song.

Nay, cease not—I would call,
Thus, from the silent hall
Of the unlighted grave, the joys of old:
Beam on me yet once more,
Ye blessed eyes of yore,
Startling life-blood through all my being cold.

Ah! cease not—phantoms fair
Fill thick the dungeon's air;
They wave me from its gloom—I fly—I stand
Again upon that spot,
Which ne'er hath been forgot
In all time's tears, my own green, glorious land!

There, on each noon-bright hill,
By fount and flashing rill,
Slowly the faint flocks sought the breezy shade;
There gleam'd the sunset's fire,
On the tall taper spire,
And windows low, along the upland glade.

Sing, sing!—I do not dream—
It is my own blue stream,
Far, far below, amid the balmy vale;—
I know it by the hedge
Of rose-trees at its edge,
Vaunting their crimson beauty to the gale:

There, there, mid clustering leaves,
Glimmer my father's eaves,
And the worn threshold of my youth beneath;—
I know them by the moss,
And the old elms that toss [wreath.
Their lithe arms up where winds the smoke's gray

Sing, sing!—I am not mad—
Sing! that the visions glad [now;—
May smile that smiled, and speak that spake but

* BENJAMIN B. THATCHER, author of "Indian Biography," "Indian Traits," and numerous contributions to our periodical literature, died in Boston on the 14th of July, 1840, in the thirty-second year of his age. He was a native of Maine, and was educated at Bowdoin College, in that state.

† One prisoner I saw there, who had been imprisoned from his youth, and was said to be occasionally insane in consequence. He enjoyed no companionship (the keeper told me) but that of a beautiful tamed bird. Of what name or clime it was, I know not—only that he called it fondly, *his dove*, and seemed never happy but when it sang to him.—*MS. of a Tour through France.*

Sing, sing!—I might have knelt
And pray'd; I might have felt
Their breath upon my bosom and my brow.
I might have press'd to this
Cold bosom, in my bliss,
Each long-lost form that ancient hearth beside;
O heaven! I might have heard,
From living lips, one word,
Thou mother of my childhood,—and have died.

Nay, nay, 'tis sweet to weep,
Ere yet in death I sleep;
It minds me I have been, and am again,—
And the world wakes around;
It breaks the madness bound,
While I have dream'd, these ages, on my brain.

And sweet it is to love
Even this gentle dove,
This breathing thing from all life else apart:—
Ah! leave me not the gloom
Of my eternal tomb
To bear alone—alone!—come to my heart,
My bird!—*Thou* shalt go free;
And come, O come to me
Again, when from the hills the spring-gale blows;
So shall I learn, at least,
One other year hath ceased,
And the long woe throbs lingering to its close.

REVEREND D. HUNTINGTON.*

THE RELIGIOUS COTTAGE.

SEEST thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,
With little garden neatly plann'd before,
Its roof deep-shaded by the elms above, [o'er?
Moss-grown, and deck'd with velvet verdure
Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—
Sweet peace, and love, and joy thou there shalt find;

For there Religion dwells; whose sacred lore
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,
And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.

When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,
Up springs the peasant from his calm repose;
Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,
And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes—
But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose,
He breathes the fragrance and pours forth the praise;

Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,
Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,
And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend;
His faithful partner and their blooming train,
The precious word, with reverent minds, attend,
The heaven-directed path of life to gain.

Their voices mingle in the grateful strain—
The lay of love and joy together sing,

To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,
Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,
And tunes the warbling throats that make the
valleys ring.

* A Congregational clergyman of Connecticut.

JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.*

TO A SHOWER.

THE pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!
 By fits it plashing falls
 On twangling leaf and dimpling pool—
 How sweet its warning calls!
 They know it—all the bosomy vales,
 High slopes, and verdant meads;
 The queenly elms and princely oaks
 Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
 And drooping shrubs look gay;
 The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,
 Hies on its endless way;
 All things of earth—the grateful things!
 Put on their robes of cheer,
 They hear the sound of the warning burst,
 And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!
 I drink its cooler breath;
 It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers,
 And roses' fragrant death;
 It hath kiss'd the tomb of the lily pale,
 The beds where violets die,
 And it bears their life on its living wings—
 I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes! the lightning's flash
 Hath torn the lowering cloud,
 With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,
 Out bursts the thunder loud.

It comes with the rush of a god's descent
 On the hush'd and trembling earth,
 To visit the shrines of the hallow'd groves
 Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
 Is the mighty god's descent;
 Beneath the weight of his passing tread,
 The conscious groves are bent.

His heavy tread—it is lighter now—
 And yet it passeth on;
 And now it is up, with a sudden lift—
 The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!
 It hath passed above the earth,
 I see the smile of the opening cloud,
 Like the parted lips of mirth.

The golden joy is spreading wide
 Along the blushing west,
 And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
 Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
 That knoweth all its need,
 So came the good of the pleasant rain,
 O'er hill and verdant mead.

It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
 In hall and cotter's home,
 That to bring the gift of a bounteous Heaven,
 The pleasant rain hath come.

* J. W. MILLER was a native of Boston, and at one period connected with JOHN NEAL in the editorship of "The Yankee." I believe he died in 1826.

WILLIAM B. WALTER.*

TO AN INFANT.

AND art thou here, sweet boy, among
 The crowds that come this world to throng?
 The loveliest dream of waking life!
 Hope of the bosom's secret strife!
 Emblem of all the heart can love!
 Vision of all that's bright above!
 Pledge, promise of remember'd years!
 Seal of pure souls, yet bought with tears!

Hail! child of love!—I linger yet
 Around thy couch, where slumber sweet
 Hangs on thine eyelids' living shroud;
 And thoughts and dreamings thickly crowd
 Upon the mind like gleams of light
 Which sweep along the darksome night,
 Lurid and strange, all fearful sent
 In flashings o'er the firmament!

O! wake not from that tranquil sleep!
 Too soon 'twill break, and thou shalt weep;
 Such is thy destiny and doom,
 O'er this long past and long to come;
 Earth's mockery, guilt, and nameless woe;
 The pangs which thou canst only know;
 All crowded in a little span,
 The being of the creature Man!

Ah! little deemest thou, my child,
 The way of life is dark and wild;
 Its sunshine, but a light whose play
 Serves but to dazzle and betray;
 Weary and long—its end, the tomb,
 Where darkness spreads her wings of gloom!
 That resting-place of things which live,
 The goal of all that earth can give!

It may be that the dreams of fame,
 Proud Glory's plume, the warrior's name,
 Shall lure thee to the field of blood;
 There, like a god, war's fiery flood
 May bear thee on! while far above,
 Thy crimson banners proudly move,
 Like the red clouds which skirt the sun,
 When the fierce tempest-day is done!

O! lead thee to a cloister'd cell,
 Where Learning's votaries lonely dwell;
 The midnight lamp and brow of care;
 The frozen heart that mocks despair;
 Consumption's fires to burn thy cheek;
 The brain that throbs, but will not break;
 The travail of the soul, to gain
 A name, and die—alas! in vain!

Thou reckest not, sweet slumberer, there,
 Of this world's crimes; of many a snare
 To catch the soul; of pleasures wild,
 Friends false—foes dark—and hearts beguiled;
 Of Passion's ministers who sway,
 With iron sceptre, all who stray;

* WILLIAM B. WALTER was born in Boston, in 18—, and was educated at Bowdoin College. He wrote "Sukey, a poem," in the style of "Don Juan," "Visions of Romance," and some other metrical compositions, which were popular in their time. He died in 18—.

Of broken hearts—still loving on,
When all is lost, and changed, and gone!
What is it that thou wilt not prove?
Power, Wealth, Dominion, Grandeur, Love—
All the soul's idols in their turn!
And find each false, yet wildly burn
To grasp at all—and love the cheat;
Smile, when the ravening vultures eat
Into thy very bosom's core,
And drink up that—which is not gore!

Thy tears shalt flow, and thou shalt weep
As he has wept who eyes thy sleep,
But weeps no more—his heart is cold,
Warp'd, sicken'd, sear'd, with woes untold.
And be it so! the clouds which roll
Dark, heavy o'er my troubled soul,
Bring with them lightnings which illumine,
To shroud the mind in deeper gloom!

But no! dear boy, my earnest prayer
Shall call on Heaven to bless thee here!
Long mayst thou live to love thy kind—
Brave, generous, of a lofty mind!
Thy father live again in thee,
Thy mother long her virtues see
Brightly reflected forth in thine—
Her solace in life's sad decline.

Sleep on! sleep on! but, O my soul,
This is not slumber's soft control!
Boy!—boy! awake—that struggling cry
So faint and low—that agony!
The long, sunk, heavy gasp and groan!
And O, that desolate, last moan!—
My God! the infant spirit's gone!
Are there no tears?—dark—dark—alone!

'Tis past! farewell! I little thought
The mockeries which my fancy wrought,
From fate's dark book were rudely torn!—
That clouds would darken o'er thy morn!
That death's stern hand would sweep away
The flower just springing to the day!
But wounded hearts must still bleed on!
Enough, enough—God's WILL BE DONE!

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.*

TO PNEUMA.

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,
Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
And wrap the groaning world in shade;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power;—
There is a tempest of the soul,
A gloom where wilder billows roll!

The howling wilderness may spread
Its pathless deserts, parch'd and dread,
Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes;

* Mr. EASTBURN was associated with ROBERT C. SANDS in writing "Yamoyden." See page 204.

Where silence, death, and horror reign,
Uncheck'd, across the wide domain;—
There is a desert of the mind.
More hopeless, dreary, undefined!

There Sorrow, moody Discontent,
And gnawing Care are wildly blent;
There Horror hangs her darkest clouds,
And the whole scene in gloom enshrouds;
A sickly ray is cast around,
Where naught but dreariness is found;
A feeling that may not be told,
Dark, rending, lonely, drear, and cold.

The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;
The ocean, lash'd to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To passion's dark and boundless sea.

There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lash'd by hidden woes;
The scorpion sting the fury rears,
And every trembling fibre tears;
The vulture preys with bloody beak
Upon the heart that can but break!

JAMES N. BARKER.*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,
So meek, so modest; what a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf.

— The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though in the time of Æsop, or before.
— Was't not a wolf, then? I have read the story
A hundred times; and heard it told: nay, told it
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And, with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobb'd ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,
With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely,
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,
That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood!
— Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.

— Hidden: nay,

I'm not so young but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.

* Mr. BARKER is a native of Philadelphia, and is now in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department, at Washington. He is the author of "Tears and Smiles," "How to try a Lover," and several other dramatic compositions.

—Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to me, child?
—Say on, dear grandma.

— Thus, then, dear, my daughter:
In this young person culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.

— Nay, none but children
Could gather butter-cups and May-weed, mother;
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.

— You die, indeed,
At your years die!

— Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,
As you did yesterday in that sweet spot
Down by the fountain; where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'y'e call't—
The Prairie, was it not?

— It was, my love,
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillow'd my aged head: 'twas irksome, sure,
To your young limbs and spirit.

— No, believe me,
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lull'd.

— You're a dear child!
— And, then,
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each
tint.

There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake, Innocence;
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dress'd
In varied pink. The partridge ever-green,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries—
—Did you see all those flowers? I mark'd them
not.

—O many more, whose names I have not learn'd.
And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee;
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leap'd joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then pass'd prattling on,
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.

— I dream'd not of these sights or sounds.
— Then just
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enamell'd meadow,

Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crown'd with rose-bay. Halfway down there
stood,
Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine
As ready to leap down unto her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

— Tut! enough, enough,
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.
We must shut up your books of botany,
And give you graver studies.

— Will you shut
The book of nature, too?—for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
O let me hold communion here with nature.
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—

— Poor Red Riding Hood!
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now the hidden moral.

— Thus it is:
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—*LOVE*.
—I thought love was an infant; "toujours enfant."
—The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas! time changes all things.
—True, I remember, love is now a man.
And, the song says, "a very saucy one,"—
But how a wolf!

— In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

— I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

— You'll do wisely.
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

— That's my child.
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

— Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.
— Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

— Say what, my love,
I will explain.

— This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:
What is the moral here! Have all our grandams
Been first devour'd by love!

— Let us go in;
The air grows cool; you are a forward chit.

THEODORE S. FAY.*

MY NATIVE LAND.

COLUMBIA, was thy continent stretch'd wild,
In later ages, the huge seas above?
And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest child,
Most favour'd by thy gentle mother's love?
Where now we stand, did ocean monsters rove,
Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd years,
When through the Red Sea PHARAOH's thousands
drove,

When struggling JOSEPH dropp'd fraternal tears,
When GOD came down from heaven, and mortal
men were seers?

Or, have thy forests waved, thy rivers run,
Elysian solitudes, untrod by man,
Silent and lonely, since, around the sun,
Her ever-wheeling circle earth began?
Thy unseen flowers did here the breezes fan,
With wasted perfume ever on them flung?
And o'er thy showers neglected rainbows span,
When ALEXANDER fought, when HOMER sung,
And the old populous world with thundering battle
rung?

Yet, what to me, or when, or how thy birth,—
No musty tomes are here to tell of thee;
None know, if cast when nature first the earth
Shaped round, and clothed with grass, and flower,
and tree,

Or whether since, by changes, silently,
Of sand, and shell, and wave, thy wonders grew;
Or if, before man's little memory,
Some shock stupendous rent the globe in two,
And thee, a fragment, far in western oceans threw.

I know but that I love thee. On my heart,
Like a dear friend's, are stamp'd thy features now;
Though there the Roman or the Grecian art
Hath lent, to deck thy plain and mountain brow,
No broken temples, fain at length to bow, [time.
Moss-grown and crumbling with the weight of
Not these o'er thee their mystic splendours throw,
Themes eloquent for pencil or for rhyme,
As many a soul can tell that pours its thoughts
sublime.

But thou art sternly artless, wildly free:
We worship thee for beauties all thine own:
Like damsel, young and sweet, and sure to be
Admired, but only for herself alone.
With richer foliage ne'er was land o'ergrown,
No mightier rivers run, nor mountains rise,
Nor ever lakes with lovelier graces shone,
Nor wealthier harvests waved in human eyes,
Nor lay more liquid stars along more heavenly skies.

I dream of thee, fairest of fairy streams,
Sweet Hudson! Float we on thy summer breast,
Who views thy enchanted windings ever deems
Thy banks, of mortal shores, the loveliest!
Hail to thy shelving slopes, with verdure dress'd,

* Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida,"
etc., and now Secretary of Legation at Berlin. He is a
native of New York.

Bright break thy waves the varied beach upon;
Soft rise thy hills, by amorous clouds caress'd;
Clear flow thy waters, laughing in the sun—
Would through such peaceful scenes my life might
gently run!

And, lo! the Catskills print the distant sky,
And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending, that the cheated eye
Forgets or which is earth or which is heaven,—
Sometimes, like thunder-clouds, they shade the
even,

Till, as you nearer draw, each wooded height
Puts off the azure hues by distance given;
And slowly break upon the enamour'd sight
Ravine, crag, field, and wood, in colours true and
bright.

Mount to the cloud-kiss'd summit. Far below
Spreads the vast champaign like a shoreless sea.
Mark yonder narrow streamlet feebly flow,
Like idle brook that creeps ingloriously;
Can that the lovely, lordly Hudson be,
Stealing by town and mountain? Who beholds,
At break of day this scene, when, silently,
Its map of field, wood, hamlet, is unroll'd,
While, in the east, the sun uprears his locks of gold,

Till earth receive him never can forget?
Even when return'd amid the city's roar,
The fairy vision haunts his memory yet,
As in the sailor's fancy shines the shore.
Imagination cons the moment o'er,
When first discover'd, awe-struck and amazed,
Scarce loftier JOVE—whom men and gods adore—
On the extended earth beneath him gazed,
Temple, and tower, and town, by human insect
raised.

Blow, scented gale, the snowy canvass swell,
And flow, thou silver, eddying current on.
Grieve we to bid each lovely point farewell,
That, ere its graces half are seen, is gone.
By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise,
At every turn the vision breaks upon;
Till to our wondering and uplifted eyes [rise.
The Highland rocks and hills in solemn grandeur

Nor clouds in heaven, nor billows in the deep,
More graceful shapes did ever heave or roll,
Nor came such pictures to a painter's sleep,
Nor beam'd such visions on a poet's soul!
The pent-up flood, impatient of control,
In ages past here broke its granite bound,
Then to the sea in broad meanders stole,
While ponderous ruins strew'd the broken ground,
And these gigantic hills forever closed around.

And ever-wakeful echo here doth dwell,
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still
Hides behind every rock, in every dell,
And softly glides, unseen, from hill to hill,
No sound doth rise but mimic it she will,—
The sturgeon's splash repeating from the shore,
Aping the boy's voice with a voice as shrill,
The bird's low warble, and the thunder's roar,
Always she watches there, each murmur telling o'er.

Awake, my lyre, with other themes inspired.
Where yon bold point repels the crystal tide,
The Briton youth, lamented and admired,
His country's hope, her ornament and pride,
A traitor's death ingloriously died,
On freedom's altar offer'd; in the sight
Of God, by men who will their act abide,
On the great day, and hold their deed aright,
To stop the breath would quench young freedom's
holy light.

But see! the broadening river deeper flows,
Its tribute floods intent to reach the sea,
While, from the west, the fading sunlight throws
Its softening hues on stream, and field, and tree;
All silent nature bathing, wondrously,
In charms that soothe the heart with sweet desires,
And thoughts of friends we ne'er again may see,
Till, lo! ahead Manhatta's bristling spires,
Above her thousand roofs red with day's dying fires.

May greet the wanderer of Columbia's shore,
Proud Venice of the west! no lovelier scene.
Of thy vast throngs now faintly comes the roar,
Though late like beating ocean surf I ween,—
And everywhere thy various barks are seen,
Cleaving the limpid floods that round thee flow,
Encircled by thy banks of sunny green,—
The panting steamer plying to and fro,
Or the tall sea-bound ship abroad on wings of snow.

And radiantly upon the glittering mass
The god of day his parting glances sends,
As some warm soul, from earth about to pass,
Back on its fading scenes and mourning friends
Deep words of love and looks of rapture bends,
More bright and bright, as near their end they be.
On, on, great orb! to earth's remotest ends,
Each land irradiate, and every sea—
But O, my native land, not one, not one like thee!

C. C. MOORE.*

FROM A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN,
AFTER HAVING HAD HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN FOR THEM.

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear:
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place
The lines of care, the tracks of many a tear!

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure
Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave:
We pant for something that may still endure,
And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Poor, weak, and transient mortals! why so vain
Of manly vigour, or of beauty's bloom?
An empty shade for ages may remain
When we have moulder'd in the silent tomb.

But no! it is not *we* who moulder there,
We, of essential light that ever burns;
We take our way through untried fields of air,
When to the earth this earth-born frame returns.

* CLEMENT C. MOORE, formerly one of the professors in Columbia College, resides in New York. Most of his poems were composed many years ago.

And 'tis the glory of the master's art
Some radiance of this inward light to find,
Some touch that to his canvases may impart
A breath, a sparkle of the immortal mind.

Alas! the pencil's noblest power can show
But some faint shadow of a transient thought,
Some waken'd feeling's momentary glow,
Some swift impression in its passage caught.

O that the artist's pencil could portray
A father's inward bosom to your eyes,
What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,
What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,
A friend for ever urging you to move
In paths of honour, holiness, and truth.

Let fond imagination's power supply
The void that baffles all the painter's art;
And when those mimic features meet your eye,
Then fancy that they speak a parent's heart.

Think that you still can trace within those eyes
The kindling of affection's fervid beam,
The searching glance that every fault espies,
The fond anticipation's pleasing dream.

Fancy those lips still utter sounds of praise,
Or kind reproof that checks each wayward will,
The warning voice, or precepts that may raise
Your thoughts above this treacherous world of ill.

And thus shall Art attain her loftiest power;
To noblest purpose shall her efforts tend:
Not the companion of an idle hour,
But Virtue's handmaid and Religion's friend.

F. S. KEY.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly
streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

* FRANCIS S. KEY is a native of Baltimore. This song is supposed to have been written by a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort Mifflin.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's deso-
lation;

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.*

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,

Rallying round our Liberty;

As a band of brothers join'd,

Peace and safety we shall find.

* With the popular national song, "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Hail, Columbia," I bring to a close this volume of specimens of American poetry. These lyrics have not much poetic merit, but they are as well known throughout the United States as the *Rhine Song* is in Germany, or the *Marseilles Hymn* in France. The late excellent Judge Hopkinson,† a few months before his death, addressed to me a letter from which I quote the following account of the circumstances attending the composition of "Hail, Columbia!"

"It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice

† The Honourable Joseph Hopkinson, LL. D. Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, and President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, &c., died in Philadelphia on the fifteenth of January, 1842, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was a son of Francis Hopkinson, one of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!

Let WASHINGTON's great name

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause:

Let every clime to Freedom dear

Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, and godlike power,

He governs in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,

The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—

The rock on which the storm will beat,

The rock on which the storm will beat:

But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,

His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.

When Hope was sinking in dismay,

And glooms obscured Columbia's day,

His steady mind, from changes free,

Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm—united, &c.

to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon; and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents: and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them: or to the question, which was most in fault in their treatment of us: of course the song found favour with both parties, for both were Americans; at least neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"JOS. HOPKINSON.

"REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD."

What is the future?

23.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

... ..

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1997

1. 1990-1991

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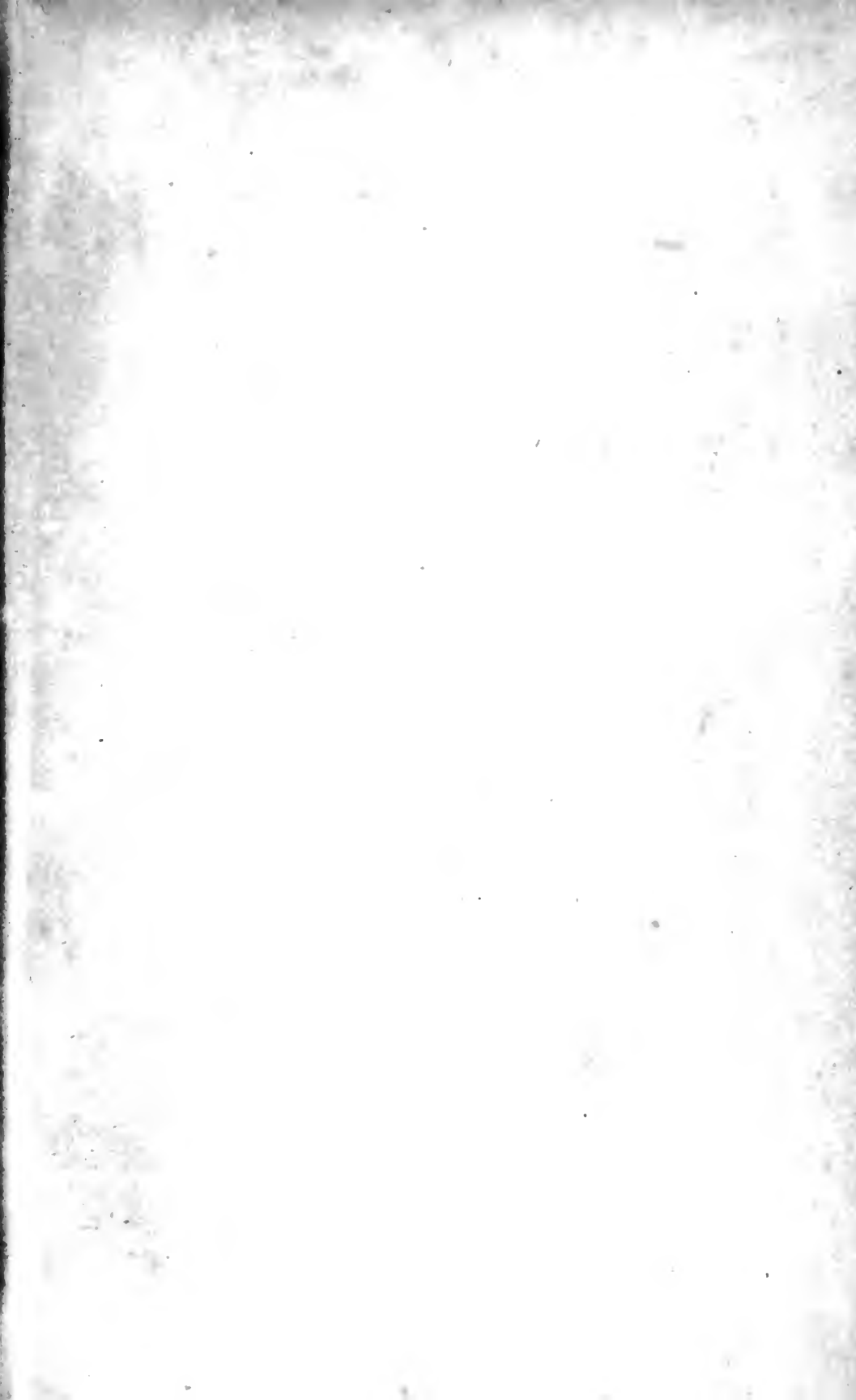
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The following table shows the results of the survey conducted in the year 1998. The data is presented in a tabular format, with the first column representing the year and the subsequent columns representing the different categories of the survey. The data is as follows:

Year	Category 1	Category 2	Category 3	Category 4	Category 5
1998	12	15	18	20	22
1999	10	12	14	16	18
2000	8	10	12	14	16
2001	6	8	10	12	14
2002	4	6	8	10	12
2003	2	4	6	8	10
2004	1	2	4	6	8
2005	0	1	2	4	6
2006	0	0	1	2	4
2007	0	0	0	1	2
2008	0	0	0	0	1
2009	0	0	0	0	0

The data shows a general downward trend in the values across all categories from 1998 to 2009. The values for Category 1 start at 12 in 1998 and decrease to 0 by 2005. The values for Category 2 start at 15 in 1998 and decrease to 0 by 2005. The values for Category 3 start at 18 in 1998 and decrease to 0 by 2005. The values for Category 4 start at 20 in 1998 and decrease to 0 by 2005. The values for Category 5 start at 22 in 1998 and decrease to 0 by 2005.





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